THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Vol. 193, No. 10. Published Weekly at Philadelphia. Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Fou n

SEPT. 4, 1920

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

COLES PHILLIPS

HENRY PAYSON DOWST—HUGH WILEY—ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE
IRVIN S. COBB — MAY EDGINTON — STEWART EDWARD WHITE

THE NASH PERFECTED VALVE-IN-HEAD MOTOR

THE NASH SIX

ALL models of the Nash Six, both open and closed, have cord tires as standard equipment and are distinguished by rare beauty of design, finish and appointment.

THE Nash Six is an uncommonly fine motor car, not in a few outstanding features only but in all of the many particulars of manufacture essential to consistent, satisfactory operation.

That is why this car has established a performance record of more than ordinary excellence in every community.

Nash Passenger Cars: 5-Passenger Car; 4-Passenger Sport Model
2-Passenger Roadster; 7-Passenger Sedan
4-Passenger Coupé; 7-Passenger Car

The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin
Manufacturers of Passenger Cars and Trucks, including the famous Nash Quad

Nash Motor Sales, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Distributors
of Nash Cars and Trucks for the Dominion of Canada

NASH MOTORS

© A. D. & C., 1920

STYLE changes for Fall as interpreted by Society Brand Clothes will be heartily welcomed by men who pay particular heed to their appearance. Gone are the pinched-in effect, the high waist line, and the long vent. Coats hang with greater fullness from the shoulder with pleasing ease and smartness.

WITH THE VARIED GRADES OF CLOTHING FLOODING THE MARKET, LOOK FOR THE LABEL AS YOUR GUIDE

ALFRED DECKER & COHN, Makers, Chicago, New York In Canada: SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES, Limited, Montreal

Society Brand Clothes

FOR YOUNG MEN AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG

why will Crisco improve your cooking?

Get Crisco from your grocer in this sanitary, dust-proof container. Convenient sizes, one pound and larger, net weights. *Never sold in bulk.*

Also made and sold in Canada.

—because Crisco is 100% rich—a solid white cream produced by hardening edible vegetable oil. This richness accounts for the tender flakiness of Crisco pastries and biscuits, and the butter-like quality of Crisco cakes.

—because Crisco has no taste, no color, no odor. It does not make foods look, taste or smell greasy. It lets the natural food flavors prevail.

—because Crisco is a digestible fat. This is because it is strictly vegetable. The richest fried foods and pastries can be eaten safely if they are made with Crisco.

Try Crisco and see for yourself what an improvement it is.

Would you serve beans, macaroni and corn at the same meal?

"*Balanced Daily Diet*" will give you real, practical help in planning meals that contain the proper combinations of food elements to build strong, healthy bodies and minds. This is not a "fad" book. It uses the ordinary, easily cooked foods that everybody likes, and tells how to combine them to get the best food value at every meal. Gives recipes, 72 sample menus, and classified lists from which you can select the dishes you especially like. Written by the cookery authority, Janet McKenzie Hill, founder of the Boston Cooking School and editor of "American Cookery." Illustrated in color. Each copy of this valuable cookbook costs us 28c. You may have one copy, for personal use, for only 10 cents in stamps. Send stamps and your name and address to Department K-8, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS · EST. 1837 ·

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 0, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1920, by the Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
E. Dinsmore,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879
Additional Entry as Second-Class Matter at Columbus, Ohio

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 193 — 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada — PHILADELPHIA, PA., SEPTEMBER 4, 1920 — $2.50 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 10

FOUR FLIGHTS UP

"He Says He Wants a Dozen Poses for Some Cracker Advertisements—Boggs' Biscuits. You've Heard of 'em. He's the Boggs, by Golly!"

By Henry Payson Dowst

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

THIS is the story of Benjamin F. Merriweather, who was a photographer, and in time discovered himself to be an artist as well; and of Marjie Paul, who helped Merriweather in the making of this discovery, and also still later in finding out that he was a business man. He did not—or at least he thought for a while that he did not—want to be a business man. But Marjie Paul had a way of inducing Merry to do things concerning which he was inclined to be indifferent, not to say downright lazy—several ways in fact, as shall be set forth hereinafter.

So if you are one of those who entertain preconceived and conventional notions as to the identity of the so-called sterner sex you shall have your prejudices knocked rudely askew, for Marjie Paul could be stern to the point of implacable and Gibraltarlike firmness, while Merry could do no such thing—at least until he learned to take pattern from Marjie.

Not that you would ever have suspected Marjie of sternness. She was little and slender and very sunbeamy in aspect, with dimples and highly decorative hair that was like shiny gold with a kind of ruddy undercolor which gave it a surprising vividness. This ornamental quality of Marjie's hair was due to no art of the hairdresser, and her permanent wave required no six months' guaranty to make it stay permanent. As hair goes, and comes, it was rather obstreperous, and would have given Miss Paul a good deal of trouble if her mind had not been occupied with other and weightier matters.

There were, first, pa and the twins. As a father, pa wasn't much of a success. Nominally he was a plumber, proving by the rule of exceptions the general plutocracy of plumbers. But then pa did not plumb as a steady thing. He plumbed when he felt like it. When he felt like drinking he drank, provided he had the price; and he only plumbed long enough at a time to obtain the price. As time went on it developed that the plumbers who were not exceptions were inclined to take exception to employing one who plumbed not for plumbing's sake but rather as a means to an end, that of indurating his liver by repeated and persistent applications of alcohol.

So much of the time pa was out of a job. But he usually had a first-rate appetite, and as his children had no notion of letting him starve, he came to realize that steady employment was not an absolute essential to living. Existence with him had come to mean what may be called a round of cycles. He would find work and stick to it for a while, weathering the first pay day or two in an earnest and complacent state of sobriety. Then he would get drunk and stay drunk until his money was gone; go home and sober up, repent as he sobered, and eat in proportion to the intensity of his repentance. He was perfectly sincere in his belief always that his remorse was alterative and salutary. He knew sure enough that he would never have occasion to repent again.

Finally his repentance would develop into active conscientious scruples against allowing his children to support him. It took him days and days—usually weeks—to arrive at this stage. It was a thing he never felt in a hurry about. It takes time to do a good job of repenting so that one can be certain he can make it stick. What would be the use of going out and finding a job before you were satisfied that your reform was permanent?

But finally the day would come when pa felt morally buttressed and bulwarked enough to trust himself out in the world with a week's pay in his pocket, and he would go job hunting. If the master plumbers who knew him and his failing declined to employ him there were always those unacquainted with him who needed men, or he could drive a team of horses or wash windows or handle furniture for a department store. Any honest employment that would yield him the price of—that is, that would enable him to support his family was all right. It was pa's worthy ambition to support his family. That he had never as yet reached the height of fulfillment did not deter him from making repeated starts. Like any other man's ambition, it was a goal that continually beckoned. It was the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Only the

journey was long and tedious, and the road bordered with cafés. A person really needed a little stimulant to keep up his courage. That was the way with pa—just one cycle after another. Marjie and the twins had long since learned to forecast pa's procedure from past performances.

The twins, Thad and Ted, were past sixteen and working. Thad was an errand boy in one of the big establishments of Rodney Baker & Co., the chain-clothes-shop people; and Ted was the kid in the art department of Bond & Bent, an advertising agency. Ted's job was to file the drawings and paste on the flaps and mark them with their correct order numbers and keep track of a dozen different kinds of blank forms and run round in little and big utility circles all over the office. In his spare moments, if he had any, he sat at a drawing-board in a corner and inked in or practiced lettering or made pantograph enlargements of advertising elements. He was supposed to be laying the foundation for an art education, furthering this laudable purpose by attending a life class three nights a week. Thad got more pay than Ted, but Ted counted his opportunity as part of his compensation for days and nights of hard work.

Marjie gave them both all the encouragement in the world. She hoped Thad would expand to fit the plans and specifications of a merchant prince, and believed Ted would some day decorate the covers of magazines with plain and assorted blondes, brunettes and millinery. So they all lived in a state of semidivine discontent and a cheap tenement in a side street off Eighth Avenue, and Marjie fluttered out of bed at five-thirty all the year round to get the family breakfast and start the boys off to work on time—the boys including pa if he happened to be at that point in the cycle which required such assistance.

Marjie also kept her brothers' clothes pressed and mended, as well as her own. When she got home at night she usually found one or both of the twins attending to the preliminaries of supper. Afterward they helped her wash the dishes and tidy up. Ted went off to his life class and Thad settled down with a couple of big books and struggled with a correspondence course in accountancy or efficiency or something useful that Marjie had spurred him on to undertake. Pa read the evening paper and made remarks about the mounting cost of living, and it did beat the Dutch how hard it was for an honest working man to bring up a family in these days and times.

After all the others were in bed Marjie sat up an hour or so and pored over the magazines Ted borrowed for her from the files at the advertising agency.

It was all rather sordid and pathetic and—one would have said—quite hopeless. These were the most ordinary of common people. They were milling about in a circle, straining after the unattainable, chasing the will-o'-the-wisp of a fortune as remote as the moon and almost as inaccessible. They were just like countless thousands of others in their class who sought to build success upon an underpinning cemented with an unstable composition of ignorant hopes and vague ambitions for things which a little more education would have told them were impossible.

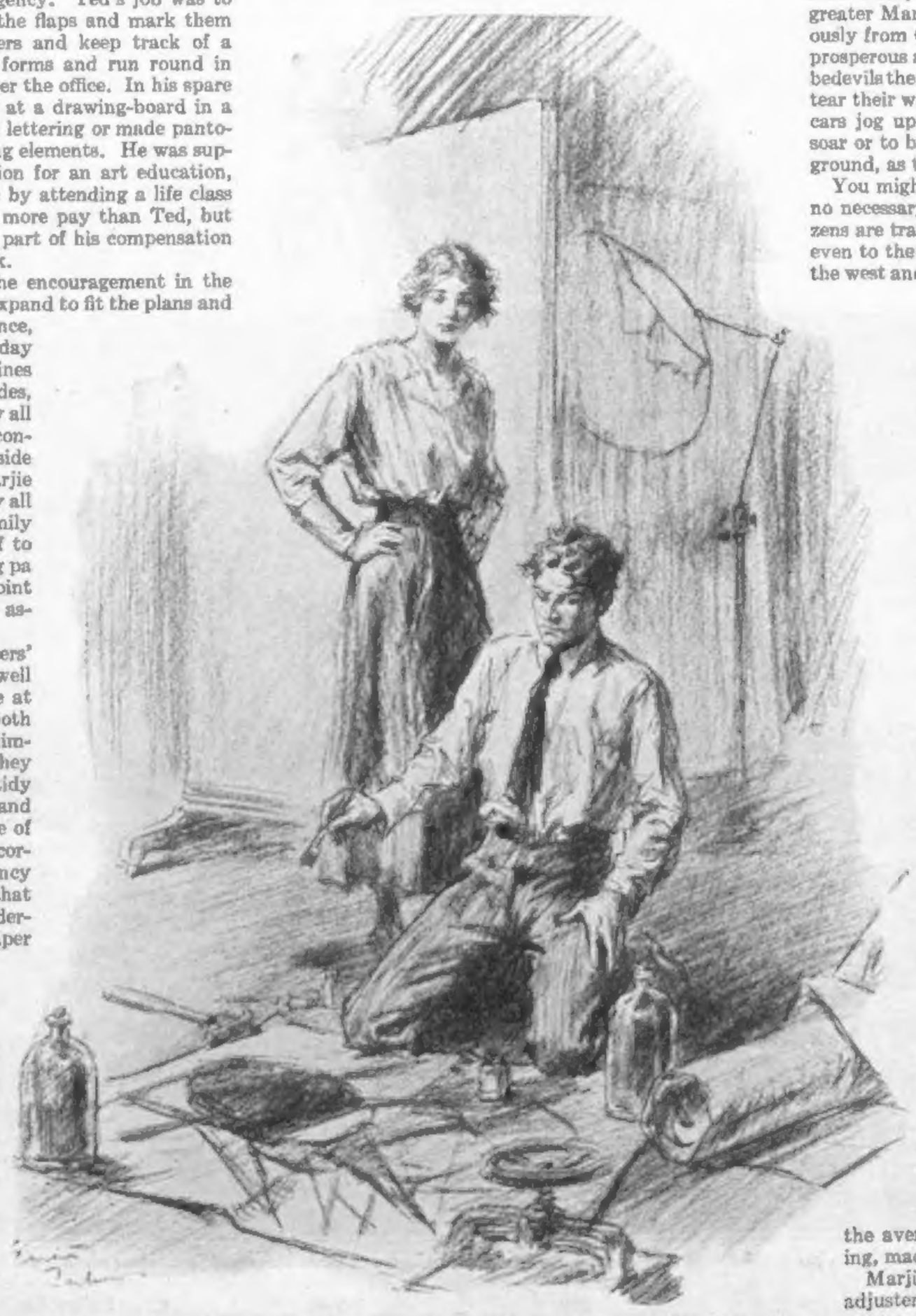
Well, many a millionaire of to-day would have stayed clerking in a country store if he had known that you absolutely cannot make a silken purse out of a pig under a gate. Lucky clerk! Lucky twins!

But this is not their story—it's Marjie's.

II

BENJAMIN MERRIWEATHER'S studio was in the top of a five-story building on Eighth Avenue. The stairs were steep, worn and not scrupulously clean. Their faces, or risers, were embellished with the signs of the building's occupants. These signs were mostly red or blue, with white lettering. The barber on the second floor had his done in diagonal white and scarlet stripes. Then there were on the same landing with the barber a mattress maker and a framer of pictures. Other useful and gainful trades were represented on the succeeding levels until you reached the fifth, where Ben Merriweather did his work, either in the specious refulgence of a large, sloping skylight, or in the Stygian shades of his smelly little dark room.

Ben was an unheard-of nonentity. His name on a photograph didn't mean anything to people of the slightest consequence. He wrought obscurely, reproducing for low prices the uninspiring maps of the proletariat and Hoi Polloi, a Greek gentleman with a large family engaged extensively in the fruit business. When not selling apples, bananas and oranges the scions of H. P. seemed to occupy their time in getting married and having their photographs taken while garbed for the ceremony.



"Looks Like Some of These Cuban Pictures—No, Cubical"

On the sidewalk in front of the entrance to the building where Merriweather occupied the top floor stood his showcase, a little four-sided affair displaying samples of his handiwork. It was exactly like scores of other little four-sided cases. Eighth Avenue is lined with them.

The samples always included several newly married couples posed jauntily, the bride seated, the groom standing just back of her and at the left, his hand resting lightly on her shoulder. In conscious elegance the bride sustained the weight of half a bushel of artificial lilies of the valley lent her for the occasion by the obliging portraitist. The groom's clothes were so new you could almost hear them creak.

Yes, it must be confessed, our hero was of this type of criminal. He was guilty of even more atrocious photographic offenses than the wedding group. He did not hesitate to stoop to the lowest depths of his calling, as witness the chilly but well-cushioned infant in the washbowl. Witness the head-and-shoulders composition entitled Rock of Ages, in which the belle of the neighborhood posed for an art study clad in a section of lace window curtain and a Godivalike arrangement of hair which we trust was her own.

Ben Merriweather was as bad as that—until he reformed. He used a kind of jointed pie lifter to clamp his subject's head in a position of careless ease, or wiggled a phony canary to keep the baby from staring the lens out of countenance, while he remarked vacuously: "Eetchy, keetchy! Baby see nice 'ittle birdie. Tweet, tweet!"

The mothers in the neighborhood agreed that Ben had a wonderful way with children. His fame extended for a whole block in both directions along Eighth Avenue. He was as much the village photographer as is the lonely bulb squeezer who enjoys a monopoly of the picture-making business in the town of Split Rock, Nebraska.

For Eighth Avenue, though geographically a part of New York, is a community strangely independent of the greater Manhattan. It is a town in itself, spun out tenuously from Columbus Circle to Chelsea Village, populous, prosperous and seemly. No roaring L darkens its days or bedevils the quiet of its nights. No rumbling mole expresses tear their way along its bowels. Placidly its green surface cars jog up and down, displaying no tendency either to soar or to burrow, but sticking earnestly to the face of the ground, as the Lord intended.

You might dwell on Eighth Avenue a lifetime and lack no necessary or luxury of well-being. Doubtless its citizens are traveled, adventuring as far east as Broadway or even to the nearer marge of Fifth Avenue, or questing to the west and the dock-bordered Hudson, where great ships lay down coffee, spices and other merchandise of far-away places.

Eighth Avenue has its own banks, its multifarious shops, its places of refined and adequate amusement. Here and there along its edge tower vast buildings—ten, fifteen, twenty or more stories in height. These quiver by day with the vibrations of machining industry, glow by night with myriad electric-lighted eyes. In the morning hungrily they suck up their thousands of workers as maelstroms draw in floating débris. At night these throngs are disgorged, homebound, weary and hungry.

And from Eighth Avenue extend east and west, like the teeth of a double comb, the thickly peopled cross streets whose denizens compose its citizenry. They are of goodness knows how many races, how many occupations. They shade off from the pale tint of Scandinavia to the charcoal hue of Africa. They are industrious, self-respecting, good Americans all. They raise car conductors, aldermen, printers, priests, waiters, bankers, merchants, fruiterers and—why not?—presidents.

Eighth Avenue possesses breadth, length, depth and color. Northward it leads you gently to the sylvan solitudes of Central Park, southward to the quaint vicinage of Jackson Square. Its Acropolis is the huge general post office crowning a wide eminence of aspiring steps; its Coliseum the Pennsylvania Station, where daily thousands of commuters are thrown to the lions.

Truly some street!

Ben Merriweather was therefore not a born New Yorker. He was—to condense the specific—a native of Eighth Avenue at Fifty-seventh, while his assistant, Marjory Paul, had first seen the light of Mr. Edison in a small but cozy tenement in the vicinity of Twenty-third Street. Marjie's present abode was in Thirty-seventh, half a block east of the avenue; and Ben, an orphan of some years' standing, made his home in the studio.

Marjie was a retoucher by trade; by inclination an adjuster of difficulties. She was a natural fixer. It is women like Marjie who keep in good humor a world inclined to become irritable under provocation. All the Marjies, if rolled into one, would pick up this recalcitrant sphere like a mussed pillow, give it a shake and a pat and restore it to plump and agreeable symmetry.

Every morning Marjie climbed the four long, dingy flights of stairs, entered the studio and hung up her hat—plus, in winter, her coat—remarking as she did so, "Gee! Some climb! Wish we had an elevator."

Ben Merriweather, from a remote cubby-hole whence issued the odor of bacon and coffee, sang out, "'Mornin', Marjie. Nice day," "Rainy day," "Quite a storm," "Hot ain't it?" or "Cold out?"

Of course Ben filled in whichever phrase suited the circumstances, but the formula was standard.

Marjie had worked for Merriweather more than two years. He had taught her all she knew about retouching negatives. This was not a great deal, but it served. She had something on the best of the beauty specialists, for she could unfailingly remove wrinkles, modify a too-pendulous chin, remove warts and moles, remodel eyebrows and soften the shadows of age. Ben's clients were invariably charmed with the results of Marjie's skill. They found themselves reproduced upon the glossy-surfaced paper, not as their over-frank mirrors said they looked, but somewhere nearly as they thought they really did look. They had more confidence in the truthfulness of Ben's camera, supplemented by Marjie's pencil, than in all the

looking-glasses in the world. And in this they proved their kinship with the patrons of those exclusive portrait makers of Fifth Avenue and the high Forties.

Merry couldn't afford to pay Marjie the wages he knew she could readily get in more prominent establishments, and he was honest enough to suggest more than once that she seek more profitable employment. But Marjie made reply somewhat in this fashion: "Oh, I don't know. I guess I'll stick along here for a while. Y'know, I'm funny that way. I'd hate to change. You taught me and I got kind of a feelin' I wouldn't want to quit you."

"But I could break in another retoucher after a little."

"I don't want to be throwing no bouquets at myself, Ben, but you'd be some time teachin' a girl to retouch as good as me. Besides, things won't always be like this. You can pay me more one of these days."

"It'll be a long time, I guess."

"How long? Say, you don't intend to go on like this all your life, do you?"

"Oh, I don't know. Don't see much chance of growin' very much. A feller can't have everything."

"Can't he?" Marjie's young lip curled with a scorn taught her by twenty years of meeting life at catchweights. "Well, say, ain't you the ambitious young man, Ben Merriweather! My Lord! I guess that's why I won't leave you flat. You hafter have someone round to throw a little jazz into you."

Ben would grin good-humoredly and fall to sorting out plate holders, printing frames or negatives, planning his day's work of printing and toning, or fussing with the camera. Marjie's worktable and little retouching desk were in the gallery. At the front of the shop was a tiny waiting room, where either Ben or his assistant met customers at the summons of a bell which jingled when the front door was pushed open.

Ben liked Marjie. She was easy to look at, but not obtrusive. Somehow, with all her wise airs, he had never thought her flippant or impertinent. Her solicitude might take the form of downright insolence; it never seemed so to Ben. She did her work well, and undertook many extra tasks. She kept the studio tidy, helped him make his simple records of negatives, even took a hand at developing, perhaps as much to learn how as to assist her employer. She was undoubtedly mighty useful, a bargain in efficiency. Ben's conscience kept bothering him about the absurdly small salary he was able to pay her. Still she stayed on and on, and Merry applied to a chafed conscience the same healing unguent used by John L. Sullivan, who remarked when he had fruitlessly required whale steak on a Friday, "God knows I asked for fish!"

It was Marjie's own fault if she would not take Ben's advice and look for a better job.

III

WHEN Merriweather won a fifty-dollar prize for the best portrait of a young lady it swept him quite off his feet. He owed it to Marjie Paul, of course. Marjie had run across the prize offer in a small trade magazine circulated by a great manufacturing house which produces vast quantities of supplies for photographers, both professional and amateur. When she proposed that Ben enter the competition he hunched his shoulders and required to know what was the use.

"Lots of use," rejoined Marjie. "In the first place you could use the fifty."

"Aw, gwan! I haven't got a picture in the place that's got the class that wins prizes."

"Who said you had? You don't suppose you'd stand a show with one of those bum art subjects of yours, do you? You wouldn't have noive enough to try 'em with that pose of Miss Rosie Goldmark's, the one in the cheesecloth kimono an' the Easter lily in her hand that you and her decided to call Love's Sacrifice, would you? Not so you could notice it, Benuel—nor them either."

"Now look here, Marjie, what's the matter with that study, hey? Miss Goldmark was very well pleased with it, and I got a nice price for the colored enlargement."

"Yeah! Hand painted—like Rosie. Don't make me laugh!"

Marjie turned back to her retouching with a little hopeless sigh. How could one penetrate a dome like that with anything short of a power drill? After all, maybe her employer was right about her present job. It really didn't promise a particularly inviting future.

"I might try 'em with that one of Selma Petersen," began Ben doggedly, just as if it had been his idea all along. "You know, the ——"

"Yes, I know, I know! Where you had her fixed up like a choir boy, with the beam o' light comin' down from the upper left-hand corner and a dictionary for a prayer book. I remember retouchin' out the name off'n the back of it and puttin' on a cross. The only reason you ever got away with that one was because Miss Squarehead had short yellow curls, and them big blue eyes of hers has a come-kiss-baby expression that says innocence all over the place. No, Ben, you'll have to stop in the nearest garage and have your batteries charged. The parade's losing you."

"Oh, you give me a pain," muttered the photographer in unaccustomed irritation. "Anyone'd think I didn't know my business."

Marjie stippled away at her negative in glum silence. Ben rattled his printing frames and made ready to mount to the roof, where he could take advantage of the bright sun.

"I may not do the biggest business on the avenue," he grumbled, "but my work's as good as the next."

"Avenue?" demanded Marjie, spinning round. "Avenue? What avenue?"

"Eighth Avenue, of course. What avenue did you think ——"

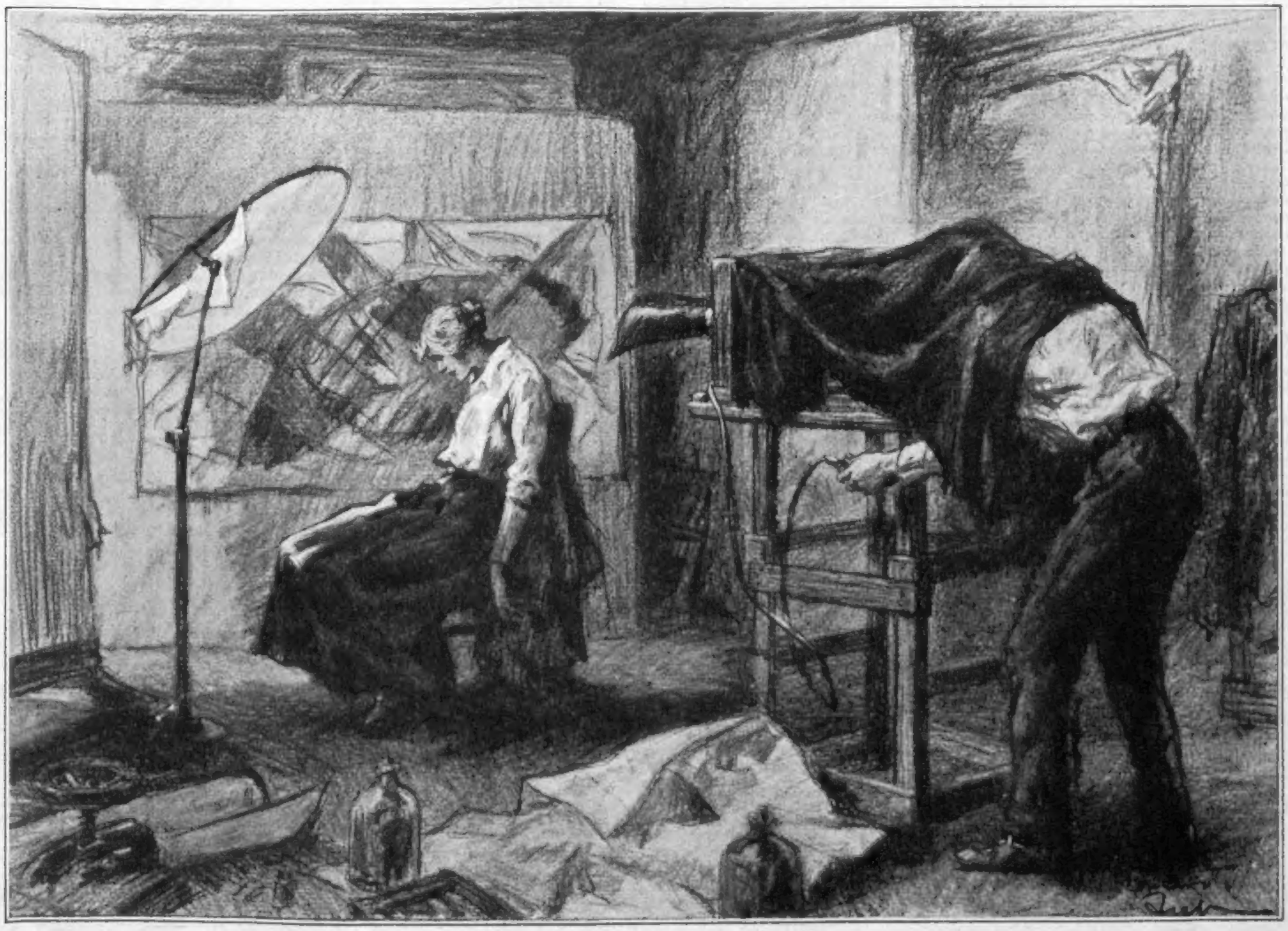
"Oh, pardon me! I thought you might be referring to Fifth."

"Gettin' sarcastic, aren't you?"

"Ben Merriweather, isn't there anything that can wake you up? You're advising me to go out and get a place where I would earn more pay. I ought to, but I don't. I stick along here with you, because—because—oh, darn, I don't know! I think I must be crazy. But, Ben, if you only realized it, this is a dandy business. You can do most anything you want to with it if you try. Did you look over that bunch of magazines I brought you the other day?"

Ben paused, his hand on the knob of the door at the foot of the stairs leading to the scuttle in the roof. His arms

(Continued on Page 119)



"Just a Minute More! Still, Now —— There!"

Some Decisive Quarrels and Jealousies in American Politics

DRAWN BY W. D. WHITE

By George F. Parker

A STUDY of much interest might be made by a writer who would examine the quarrels between some of the men known to history. It would be an ambitious undertaking, and would require study, but it would emphasize anew the universal dominance of individuality. I shall not undertake this, but it seems pertinent to recall, during one of our quadrennial election periods, the few key instances in our politics where personal differences or the clashing of ambitions have circled about the Presidency. This will serve to recall some of the striking features of our history during the past one hundred and twenty years. There have not been many of them, but those we have are striking. I shall not cite the contests between opposing parties or their leaders, but will limit myself to interparty differences, those movements that have sought to wield the power that lies in party organization.

Fortunately none of these rose during the struggle for independence or as the result of the movement promoted by Franklin in 1754 looking to the association of the colonies. The convention then held at Albany was a striking beginning, but it fortunately did not rouse enmity or incite the ambitions of contending individuals. The success of the movement, culminating in the making of the Constitution in 1787, and its final adoption, was due to union and not to division, for which the praise must go to Washington. There could be no division into parties so long as he lived and kept the helm steady. He had opponents and a few enemies, but his commanding service, his lofty character and his piercing foresight prevented any such division.

When the Republic Was Young

THE germ of party differences did indeed appear in Washington's day. It was then that Jefferson and Hamilton, representing different ideas about government, having antagonistic conceptions of power and its use, began to think along party lines. These were simple—nothing but a working out of ideas that had run through the history of the English-speaking peoples as a whole and had only been held in abeyance here because our great division with the mother country overshadowed local differences. But my theme does not call for setting Hamilton and Jefferson in juxtaposition. They and their ideas were antagonistic, but they were held in abeyance during the only coalition we have known. Jefferson had an interparty quarrel with Burr, but it was so soon settled by the principal rival of both that it does not demand separate treatment.

The first of these differences is that between John Adams and Alexander Hamilton. The former had served as Vice President under both Washington administrations, and was then grudgingly elected President in his own right. When in 1800 he came up for reëlection as his own successor Hamilton turned upon him and not only accomplished his defeat but killed and buried the Federal Party beyond resurrection.

Hamilton had in many respects the greatest mind outside of Washington that has been developed in American politics. Though born in a foreign country, he was eligible to the Presidency, but he did not aspire to it. His attitude was not assumed from rivalry. He defeated John Adams because of an ingrained feeling that Adams was not a fit man to be President of the United States. His feeling against Burr, his rival in New York, and Jefferson, his rival in the country, both with ideas and purposes different from his own, was so strong that it was difficult, when it became necessary, for him to make up his mind between them. But he did not hesitate, and Jefferson won.

In the Presidential election of 1800 Adams and Pinckney were the Federal candidates for President, while the young Republican Party formed round Jefferson and Aaron Burr. Under the workings of the law at that time electors were supposed to be men of independent character, who—once chosen—would vote for whom they pleased. Hamilton's association with Adams had been so close as to give him an intimate knowledge of his peculiarities, and especially of his weaknesses. His vanity had long been a laughingstock, and when he became President—the most difficult position that any man could have as the successor of Washington—these qualities were heightened.

The country was new and raw, its finances were unsettled and practically no other man besides Hamilton, who had started them, knew anything about them. Attachment to the separate colonies, which had become states, was still strong; discontent raged in many quarters and open rebellion in others; so that few men have come into a more difficult position than that inherited by John Adams on March 4, 1797. The death of Washington shortly afterward; the passage of the Alien and Sedition Laws, and the difficulties that accompanied their enforcement; the threat of war with the French Directory; the difficulties surrounding the building of a navy; and the command of the army to which Hamilton had succeeded against the will or the power of Adams, all presented difficulties that would have been almost insuperable even for a well-balanced man. But Adams, able though he was, distinguished as were the services he had rendered, was a profound egotist, prone to bombast and display, lacking in executive ability, was the wrong man in an important place at an almost vital juncture in our history.

Adams having these qualities, and Hamilton being the opposite—with commanding ability and full consciousness of it, a genius in government, both as to its theory and practice, a successful soldier, a lawyer of unquestioned standing, the maker of the Constitution, the leader of the so-called Federal Party in his quarter of the Union, and in every respect the commanding man of his time—it was natural that he should have little patience with the hesitations and tergiversations of Adams.

When the election approached the candidacy of Adams was assured. In the absence of conventions or formal methods of presentation the field was open, so that the voters of the country, few in number and widely scattered, with imperfect knowledge of the conditions under which they were working, went to the polls. Jefferson and Burr had an equal number of votes, and Adams had one more vote than Pinckney, both being in the minority. This made it incumbent, when the contest was thrown into the House, to choose between Jefferson and Burr. After a long contest Jefferson won by a single vote, becoming President, while Burr became Vice President. This was effected by the influence and act of Hamilton, who, when compelled to choose between what he considered evils, took the lesser, with the result that when the inauguration day came Adams left Washington before his successor could arrive and never returned to the Presidential Mansion—as it was then called—which he was the first to occupy, during the twenty-five years of life that were left to him.

The Jefferson Period

THIS was due to Hamilton's letter to Adams—a pamphlet of the most searching nature, never issued and not intended to be. When it fell, however, into the hands of the opposition party, and became known, the defeat of the man to whom it was addressed was assured. Adams had, however, the high honor of having left behind him as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, John Marshall, the one figure who was to create the great original judicial system of the world.

The Jefferson period, which began in 1801, lasted until the retirement of the second Adams in 1829. It included the so-called Era of Good Feeling, which, in full accord with its name, was feeble in executive ability, contributing in Albert Gallatin its one outstanding administrator. It produced many factions and jealousies and more than its permitted number of mediocrities all along the line of our public life. It had more than its share of humiliation in war and of discouragement in peace. But with all its weakness, Louisiana was purchased and the Monroe Doctrine was promulgated, both of which had been prefigured by Hamilton.

New as was the Government under the Constitution, its essential features had been fixed. Population was rapidly increasing, assimilation was going on steadily both among the people and between the states, and no perilous internal contentions had risen. This period was also marked by the disappearance of the original, or Revolutionary, heroes, and toward its close the strong men of the coming day—among whom were Jackson, Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Benton and Van Buren—had already been projected upon the political horizon.

When Jackson finally succeeded in 1829 new commotions came in for their own, and our people learned for the first time that they could not escape personal government.

Nor was it long in coming. Jackson had been defeated four years before, but his running mate, Calhoun, under the conditions then prevailing in our electoral system, was chosen as Vice President and was regularly re-elected to the same office in 1828.

The stage was thus set for the second decisive party quarrel. Everybody knew that suspicion and ill will existed in the President's mind about the Vice President. The former only learned after his inauguration the full truth about the treatment which had been meted out to him by the latter when Secretary of War under Monroe. At the same time Jackson's attitude on the question of nullification was not then known. The almost defiant position of the Vice President, cut off though he was from debate, was soon, however, to reveal Jackson's opinion upon what was to be the vital question of the day.

Martin Van Buren's Astuteness

IN JANUARY, 1830, less than a year after Jackson's inauguration, there came on in the United States Senate one of the most important debates heard before or since that time in an American legislative body. It was then that Col. Robert Y. Hayne and Daniel Webster engaged in that discussion of the question of nullification, made vital by the sentiment existing in South Carolina and known mainly by the advocacy of the Vice President. It was also assumed that the latter expected to succeed the President at the next election. Though therefore he was not in a position to participate in the Senate debate, it was pressed to the front in all its bareness, so far as this had been developed by the senator from South Carolina, to whom Mr. Webster's immediate answer was directed. Though Jackson's opinion of this debate or of the question behind it was not then known, because no occasion had risen for him to express it, it was clearly evident that he looked upon the Vice President with a feeling that betokened ill will, and the character of the man made it impossible that these feelings should be long suppressed. He still rankled under the sense of personal wrong just revealed, so that nothing could long restrain his resentment. Some idea of his bitterness was apparent when he nominated Martin Van Buren as Secretary of State, with the almost avowed purpose of pushing him into the presidential succession, thus both defeating and humiliating the Vice President.

How the difference was pressed and kept open, how the President issued in due course that wonderful proclamation written by Edward Livingston, how the politics of the next thirty years was dominated by this quarrel, how Clay and Webster were thus thrown into the hands of mediocrities, and how in its various phases slavery, which back of it all was the bone of contention, gradually came to dominate the scene—all these are so well known as to render repetition or discussion unnecessary.

This division also foreshadowed the entire reorganization of parties which came about four years later when the Democratic Party, which was to be known during the next generation, became a strong and dominant body, while its later successor, the Republican Party, since that time its opponent, was also scheduled to be formed. Both these were in reality, though not in name, the creations of Martin Van Buren, who was thus to show himself the most astute of the great political managers of the century.

Before the attitude of the President had been publicly announced it was generally known what he would do if the laws should be nullified in South Carolina or elsewhere. His threats against the Vice President were clearly defined, so far as his friends or intimates were concerned. Without mentioning Calhoun or any individual, the President had said to a friend from South Carolina, with his latest and most powerful enemy clearly in mind:

"Please give my compliments to my friends in your state, and say to them that if a single drop of blood shall be shed there in opposition to the laws of the United States I will hang the first man I can lay my hand on engaged in such treasonable conduct, upon the first tree I can reach."

To another friend, a visitor, he said: "Dale, they are trying me here; you will witness it; but by the God of heaven I will uphold the laws!"

But it was some time before the quarrel was pushed to its uttermost limits. On April 13, 1830, the birthday of Thomas Jefferson—dead only four years before—was celebrated. This was to be the cause and the occasion for the new quarrel. Not that Andrew Jackson ever needed an excuse. He had been so accustomed during his sixty-three years of life to finding questions of difference with his fellow men that a new one was in nowise astonishing.

This particular dinner, or celebration, was scheduled under many mysterious conditions. At the beginning there was no clear indication that the President was either invited or would attend. Its managers had settled its twenty-four toasts, to be accompanied in the main by very short speeches. After these had been presented the President asked the privilege of giving a volunteer, or extra, toast. It was then that he proposed the sentiment which was to start in the country a fire that was only quenched thirty-five years later when the Civil War came to an end.

All he said was: "Our Federal Union! It must be preserved"; but it was enough. It was followed by a quibbling or explanatory toast by the Vice President. The rest was inevitable, and followed as the night the day.

Perhaps nothing was ever simpler, and yet nothing could have been more premeditated or more public or more humiliating to the victim of it. It swept away all concealment and took for granted what had long been in the public mind. Not only did it start a quarrel between Jackson and Calhoun, but it was to give the President a real idea of his power. He was a Southern man, supposed to be devoted to the institutions and ideas of the South. This utterance at once made him a nationalist, and thus took him out of the category of the sectional. In revealing his power it showed him, by the aid of Van Buren and other clever managers, how he could dominate the country.

He thus entered upon that fight against the Bank of the United States in which every force available was exercised. Everything that the terrible and assertive will of such a man could suggest was used until this quarrel for more than thirty years ruled the country, and during the most astonishing development the world has ever seen, considering the modulus upon which it was based, it developed those material resources which were to save the Union when the threat was finally carried out.

The Seward-Weed and Greeley Quarrel

THE third outstanding quarrel, decisive in its relations to the Presidency, was that between William H. Seward and Thurlow Weed, closely bound together, on the one part, and Horace Greeley on the other. Like all others, this was in reality a two-man quarrel, in spite of the fact that it involves three names; but the first two were associated in the making of one man.

Without his political foil, or double, neither Seward nor Weed would have become so conspicuous and powerful as to be a strong figure, whether in a quarrel or a constructive movement. This does not mean that either the one or the other was a weakling, but that they so complemented each other in the curious political and party conditions of the time that they could not have played with effect separate parts in the history of the day.

Seward had the oratorical power that enabled him first to put before the people of New York his own personality and the questions of the time in such a form that he could command an outward hearing. He was fluent in speech, rather picturesque in statement, bold when courage was wholly safe, timid when forced by necessity, plausible without being deep, inclined to truculence when there was no equal to challenge his position, not successful as an executive or wholly wise in the choice of helpers, always an unrelenting partisan, to whom—by reason of many elements and forces almost beyond understanding—success came at an early day before the people, never creative when left to himself, and an almost entire failure when it came to managing his own political affairs. Seward became governor while still young, and for many years, both in the politics of New York state and in the Senate, he had great difficulty in living up to his reputation.

But he was fortunate in his foil, or assistant. Thurlow Weed was a printer of strong, rugged character, lacking in delicacy, without any special knowledge of or devotion to great moral issues. Clever rather than solid, a profound student of the men he had to use from day to day, though with never a deep knowledge of them or their motives in the long run, with a power to take opportunity by the hand so far as it related to his own advancement or that of his immediate friends, he never let a chance go by to gather in for himself and for these helpers the lucrative offices in the state or—when in power—in the nation. He was content with the manipulation of the state printing, but always passed by or declined any and all places in which he might—outside of profit—interfere with the ambitions of useful helpers.

He was an editor, but not influential purely in this capacity. He early developed a real gift as a paragrapher, and was one of the first to use with effect this form of writing. Such a style, however, never wields much influence, so that he had to depend for his position in his party upon his genius for management. He was an early example of the modern boss, less for personal profit than for power, though, as has been said, he always had an eye out for the main chance, but not in crooked ways. He had some reading tastes, and in this respect was far above those of the present day who attempt his rôle.

Siamese Twins of New York Politics

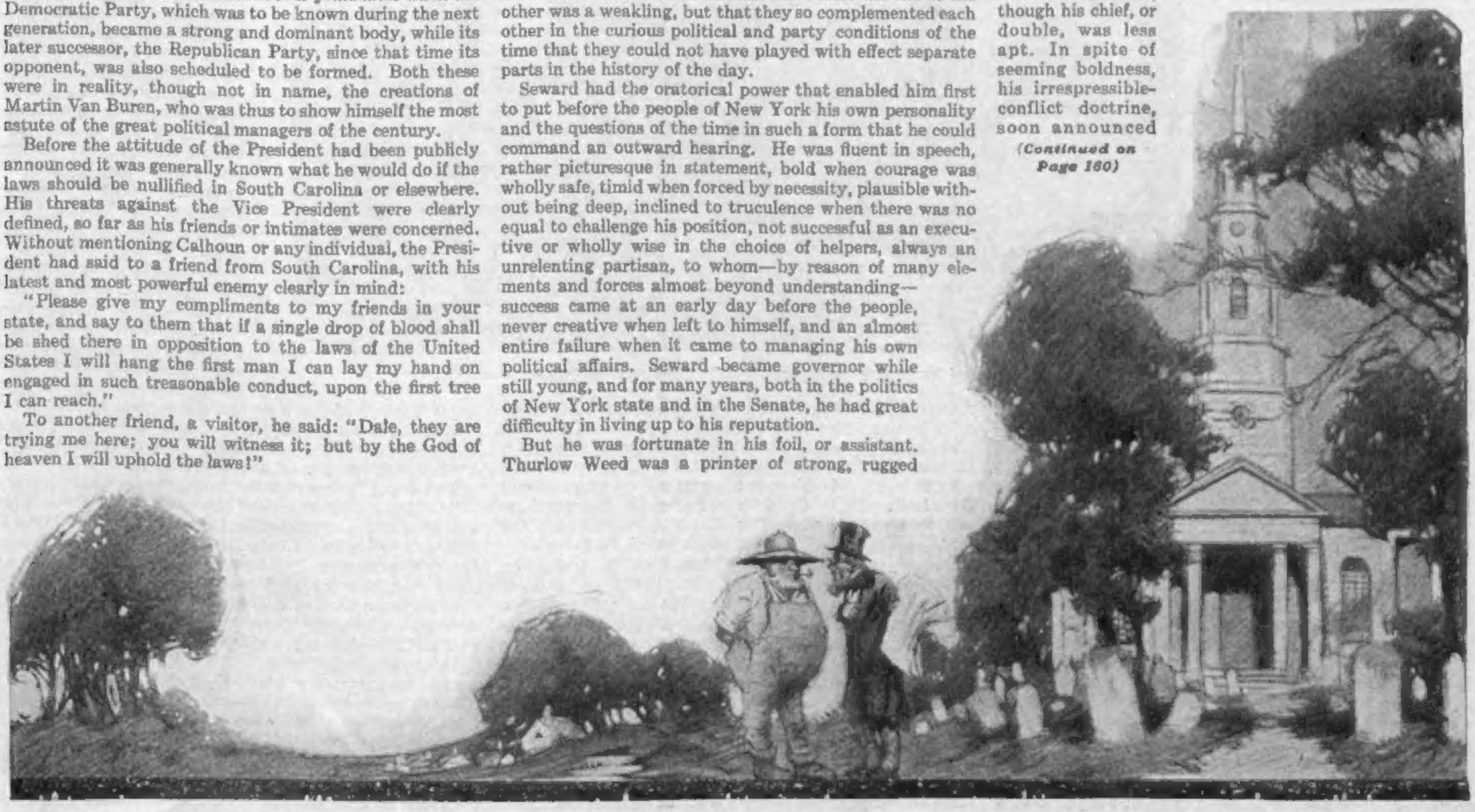
THESE men worked together with an accurate understanding of each other and of the narrow opportunities open in the curious Whig Party of their day. They knew how to make the most of the few chances that came to them, and never failed to use them for their common advantage, so that in due time they were the party, so far as New York and its neighbor states were concerned.

What Weed conceived and did as a manipulator Seward could supplement and clinch and place before the public in the most attractive way. So in spite of the fact that their party was naturally weak, everywhere they were able to get all the possible advantage for themselves—and Seward could command, in spite of his peculiar qualities and his inclination to talk more than was necessary, a really national reputation—and do their common best with a party that took more than thirty years to die.

When it finally passed off the troublous scene and was merged in the Republican Party, formed for a certain definite purpose, Seward and Weed, in their capacity as the Siamese Twins of New York politics, came fairly to their own. Weed still loved power, and worked for it, and the only way to attain this was by putting and keeping Seward to the front as a candidate for President. The Whig Party was hardly dead before he was anxious to push him to the front for the Republican nomination in 1856, but that organization did not have the courage, and Frémont was named and beaten.

This was the signal for planning and organization against 1860, and here Weed was at home. He played the game with rare cleverness, though his chief, or double, was less apt. In spite of seeming boldness, his irrespressible-conflict doctrine, soon announced

(Continued on Page 160)



THE STORY THAT ENDS TWICE

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

NOW every story, we'll concede, should have a beginning and an ending. But suppose you have a story to tell which ends twice instead of once. Obviously the fair thing to do is to tell both endings and let the hearer take his pick. In the present instance that exactly is what I must aim to do, seeing that the tale is doubletailed.

The beginning of it was in the springtime of yellow journalism when The Daily Beam, first and foremost expositor of the new cult, was setting a standard for enterprise which made copy cats in the same field to gasp with envy and to wriggle with jealousy. In one regard The Beam was most aptly named, and in another most ineptly misnamed. It cast its lights afield and far; but they shone not with the healthy glow of sun-born shafts nor yet with the honest yellow of true gold, but rather with the poisonous shine of a copperhead's skullcap, gleaming from out of a rank growth.

Chiefly to its city editor, Ben Ali Crisp, better known behind his back as old Ben Alibi, the paper owed its evil eminence in those times. Jason Wendover, its owner, might be the man who put up the money to run it, but the hand which forged its bolts and sped them forth was the hand of Ben Ali. It was Crisp who, day in and day out, sat making unholy publicity of what by every right should have been hallowed privacy; stirring streaky sensationalism into the news mixture; tearing down this one the while he built up that one; now, by ruthless but libelproof indirection, destroying some woman's reputation and making a mock of some man's peace of mind; now fighting municipal corruption even while The Beam stewed in the scarcely less unpleasant mess of its own ethical shortcomings. He was like a sinister sort of scientist who at will distilled unpleasant essences out of the air and harnessed them into orange-tinted rays. He was a huckster of the salacious and a monger of the suggestive; granted. But one thing every rival editor on the Row begrudgingly did concede to him: Even though, as they claimed, he might know the news only to distort it, still he knew it, right enough. Sitting at his cluttered desk, with steel spindles pointing up in front of him like the protective quillery of a porcupine; sitting there coining imaginary headlines in his head when he was not building real ones, he could smell a human-interest yarn nine miles away. He could scent the track of hidden scandal as the Australian aboriginal is said to be able to scent footprints. These open critics of his—who in secret, if the truth were known, were likewise his admirers—proclaimed his besetting fault to be that he so rarely was satisfied with the news just dry-so; always he must dress it up in fancy circus clothes. They called it his fault, but in their hearts they meant it was his virtue, for, as I said a bit ago, this was in the seedtime of the yellow journalism when the printed stuff had to wear spangles.

Of a Sudden They Were Up on Their Feet and at Each Other's Throats

Crusades against this or that, campaigns in favor of the other thing were as fat on the bones of The Daily Beam, for they made copy which made talk which made subscribers; also they made enemies, but along with the enemies, friends. And the friends bought The Beam. Every week day a half million or more of them bought it at a cent a copy. Translate half a million daily cents into terms of dollars and you have something. Out of The Beam, Wendover garnered profits sufficient to enable him to run at least two other daily papers at a loss. That they did run at a loss was because, so some folks thought, neither of them had a Ben Ali Crisp for its first mate. You see there was only one Crisp, and he was The Beam's and The Beam was his and these twain were as one flesh.

Having set up a mayor of his choosing, Wendover, through his papers, undertook to tear him down. Current rumor had it that a personal quarrel between the publisher and the publisher's mayor lay at the back of the suddenly blossoming quarrel. By one report the puppet in the City Hall, having gone drunk on sudden power, refused point-blank to be a puppet any longer, and turned and struck the hand that had stroked him. On the other hand it was said that Wendover made such demands of the creature of his favor as to fray the bond of political gratitude, which at best is a fragile thing, to the sundering point.

Without inquiring into actions and reactions it is sufficient for our purposes to state that the fight on both sides was a bitter one. The administration whacked hard at The Beam and The Beam went after the administration blood-raw. Going after somebody or something was gravy in Ben Ali's dish, a sop most savory and pleasing to his professional palate. With that almost uncanny instinct of his for finding vulnerable chinks in the armor-proofings of a foe, he promptly fell upon the police department as offering the best areas of attack.

Well, the police department, and especially that wing of it called the detective bureau, was in a pretty bad way. Even the most ardent backers of the City Hall crowd admitted in confidence that something might be wrong with the present conduct of the detective bureau. It remained for Ben Alibi to demonstrate how utterly wrong it was; and here is the way this was to come about:

Almost literally it might be said that Crisp was married to The Beam. Certainly he had no other wife, being a widower and childless. Also he was a creature of solitary habits, having few interests outside of the daily job. He was not much of a reader—that is to say, though he read all the papers he rarely read books. Evenings he mainly patronized theaters. Vaudeville, drama, comedy, musical show, burlesque show or what not, it made no great difference to him. What he sought was entertainment between dinnertime and bedtime. More often than not he did his theatergoing without company. He went alone on a night I have in mind.

The theater which drew his patronage was one of the lesser uptown theaters well off the main beat of Broadway. Here a manager with more of money than experience, and more of hope than either money or experience, was trying the annual autumnal experiment of offering repertoire by a resident stock company with a weekly change of bill. The play this night was a Broadway success of ten years before, which very possibly ten years thence would be a Broadway success again, when the present generation of theatergoers had died off or lost their memories and when a playwright, who perhaps now was schoolboy or office boy, had dug it up and rewritten it and given to it a different setting and a new and seasonable name. It is easy enough to stroll round the copyright law, though hard enough sometimes to tear through it.

To Crisp, sitting well down front, the play itself meant little. The acting of it bored him to his very marrow, but he stayed on for the reason that he would have been bored still more had he left. It was in the second act that a small thing, occurring on the stage, whittled his interest to a sharp point. There came on a player playing a minor part. The part was that of a lawyer, and in accord with an honored tradition of drama the actor wore the side whiskers and the white spats which so many lawyers wear on the stage and so few wear off of it. It was only a shred of a part—an entrance, a few lines, then off again.

What focused Crisp's attention was the peculiar pronunciation of one word—a forced and unnatural intonation rather than a grammatical fault—into which the character lapsed as he made his farewell speech at the moment of his exit. Crisp recalled that an exactly similar small crime of misinflection had annoyed his ear at an earlier period of

the play. Yet to the best of his recollection this had been the first appearance of this particular actor. It was a curious coincidence—if coincidence it was—that two men had given the same unusual twist of accentuation to the same syllables of the same word.

He thought a bit—and he had the answer. An identical artificiality of voice pitch had been employed by the actor who had played the part of a dissolute youth in Act One. Physically there had been nothing about the first man to suggest the second; all the stranger, then, that they should share so pronounced a mannerism.

Crisp's program had fallen out of his lap upon the floor. He bent sidewise and picked it up and smoothed it out and found the page in it whereon the names of the members of the cast followed one another in the order of their appearances. In the half light of the theater his eye ran part way through the list, and at once he experienced a little shock of surprise. A man wearing the somewhat stagy-sounding name of Wilfred Dean had played both parts—in Act One, the dissipated brother of the heroine; in Act Two, the family lawyer. Reading on farther down a line or so, Crisp saw a second repetition of the name. Before the piece ended this Dean would be seen again, this time in the rôle of a police captain. As though wishful to advertise the versatility of an otherwise unimportant figure in his troupe the manager had altogether discarded the old playhouse subterfuge of tacking a different name to a small-part actor for each character assumed by that actor.

On the tail of his discovery an idea—an audacious, gorgeous idea—germed in Crisp's brain. With impatience he waited for the next reëntry of the Dean man. After the raising of the curtain for Act Three he had not very long to wait.

The trend of action gave warning, and certain spoken lines came as cues to pave the path for the intervention into the plot of the police captain. He appeared, and at sight of him Crisp uttered a small grunt of admiration. At the beginning, as the profligate brother, the actor had been to the life a very young man, youthful in gesture, in gait, in the way he wore his clothes, in the way he used his hands. Presenting the lawyer rôle he had been an embodiment of dignified middle age, deliberate and slow spoken, and finicky in his movements. Now, by processes of transition the police officer, the figure he offered was bulky and overfed, with a stolid mien, a husky voice and an air of lurking sagacity.

It was true, of course, that in each part the man had had the advantages of the customary counterfeiting devices of grease paint and wigs and costumes and crape hair to help him out; a sketchy mustache for the nephew, gray mutton-chops to bracket the lawyer's face, a sorrel-colored and bristly overhang on the top lip of the policeman. But watching him in this reincarnation Crisp realized that something more than the use of common accessories of stage disguisement lay behind the illusory marvel of it. Before now in vaudeville he had seen a so-called protean artist give imitations of various notables, but there, no matter how lifelike the impersonation, no matter how deft the use of false beards and the trickery of certain features painted in or certain features painted out, still had he been able, from the audience, to see behind these maskings always the same man with the same shape of figure, the same unmistakable outlines of contour.

Here, though, was something bigger and more subtle than mimetic skill; more than mere adeptness at the stage science of building one face on top of another. Here exhibited was an innate ability on the part of this man Dean to bury his own self within the form of the character he simulated. It was a plastic physical adaptability carried to the nth power. For not only his expression but all about him—the set of his head upon his shoulders, the play of his limbs, the very length of his limbs, the tone and timbre of his voice, the fashion after which he sat down and the fashion after which he got up again—had at each appearance seemed altered, made over literally.

And yet, granting to him the possession of this almost miraculous gift for bodily transfiguration, Crisp sensed why the man still was what he was—a small-part mummer, a doer of bits in a second-rate stock company. And the reason for it was this: On his own account he radiated nothing. All that he had of dramatic strength was sucked up and absorbed in the part he played and none of it remained to him. Plainly he lacked the thing called magnetism, and, lacking it, plainly was destined to go on to the end of his little theatrical chapter being merely a scrap of living background, a fragment of animated scenery, as it were, with no earthly prospects of developing a distinguished name in his profession.

Another time Crisp, who in many of his attributes was human enough outside of the newspaper shop, might have found it in his heart to pity a man so gifted in certain regards and so utterly lacking in a greater quality. But now he tingled with a mounting gratification as the curtain dropped on an old-fashioned climax and he rose and joined one of the queues of men filing up the aisles to stretch their legs and puff cigarettes in the lobby through the intermission

He, though, had something better to do than the stretching of legs or the burning of tobacco. Behind the wicket in the box office he found the house manager—the manager's name was Simonson, and Crisp knew him slightly—and he beckoned to him to come outside. Simonson quit his job of checking up the night's slim receipts and straightway came. His manner was the heavily genial, almost the affectionate.

House managers crave to be on friendly terms with city editors, for out of the relationship often grows the most delectable fruit that sprouts in the orchard of theatrical by-product—free publicity

By word and by deed Mr. Simonson published it that it was a pleasure to see Mr. Crisp, and by those same tokens made it evident that it would be an added pleasure to serve him in any way possible. Hopefully, in the moment of warmly clasping Crisp's hand, he advanced the suggestion that if there was anything now he could do?—with a tentative rising inflection.

"Yes," said Crisp, "there is something you can do. You can tell me something about a chap that's playing here in your company. His work, in a way, struck me as being high class. His name, as the program gives it, is Dean—Wilfred Dean."

"Oh, yes," said Simonson. "New man -came on and joined us last week from somewhere out West." In the approved Broadway manner he spoke of the West as a cosmopolite might speak, say, of Equatorial Africa. "Clever, isn't he?"

There, a Rod Away, Stood He, Himself, While He, Himself, Crouched in a Doorway and Looked Upon Himself

"In some respects, very," said Crisp. "At make-up I think he's the best I've seen in a long while. Is he a young fellow? It's hard to tell, seeing him only in character."

"About twenty-four I should guess," said Simonson; "maybe twenty-five or six. If he only had a little more stuff of his own it would help. That's what he lacks now—the knack of putting himself over—personality, you know."

"I noticed that lack," said Crisp. "Well, so much the better."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Nothing," said Crisp. "I was just thinking out loud, that's all."

"Would you like to meet him, Mr. Crisp?" asked Simonson. "I can take you round behind right now if you'd care to go. He doesn't change for the last act—plays the police captain right through to the finish. He'd interest you, I think, as a study; he's got such a large fine opinion of himself."

"I want very much to meet him," said Crisp, "but I don't believe I care to meet him to-night. I don't want to run any risk of his getting self-conscious and overdoing his acting because he thinks possibly there's someone out in the audience who's especially interested in him. I want to study him as he is. But I'll tell you what you can do for me, Simonson. You can send that young chap down to me at The Beam to-morrow morning. Round eleven o'clock would be a good time if you can drag him out of bed that early. If an idea that I've got in my head now pans out, after I've talked with him, there may be something in it for him personally and there's sure to be a whaling big slug of good press stuff in it for this theater—that is if, as I say, the scheme I've got in mind should develop."

"My dear Mr. Crisp," stated Simonson with enthusiasm, "he'll be there at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning without fail. I assure you, sir, without fail."

"Good," said Crisp. He turned away, then turned back. "Oh, by the way, how tall is this chap Dean?"

"Offhand I should say about five feet, eight or nine. But I've noticed that, playing, he seems to have the knack of shrinking in or stretching out, depending on the character he's doing."

"And what would you figure his weight to be?"

"At a rough guess, somewhere round a hundred and fifty pounds."

"Fair enough," said Crisp, evidently pleased at these details. "One thing more: What's the color of his eyes? That's one thing no man on earth can change—the color of his eyes."

"Brown, I think," said the puzzled Simonson, "sort of hazel, you know."

"Better and better," said Crisp cryptically. "Well, good night." And he returned to his seat, leaving Simonson cooking hot with a fever of unslaked curiosity.

The following day, sharp at eleven, Crisp, having read a card brought in to him from the anteroom and having dispatched an office boy to escort the caller through the mystic maze of the overcrowded city room, stared across his desk at the approaching visitor. What he saw pleased him: A slender, compactly built young man, cheaply but affectedly overdressed, with a commonplace, rather vain face. The ceremonials of introductions and handshaking having been accomplished, Crisp lost no time in getting to the start of his business. In his professional aspects Crisp never did waste time. It was a habit born of working ten hours a day with one eye on a restless staff and the other on a dependable clock.

"Sit down, please," he said, indicating a chair alongside his own and sinking his voice to a pitch where it was inaudible to any person excepting the one for whose ears his words were intended. "I'll come right to the point with you, Mr. Dean. I saw you last night up at the Royalton Theater. You seem to know a good deal about the art of make-up."

"Thank you—my admirers think so too." At the compliment the smirk on Dean's face greatly had magnified itself.

Crisp gathered up from his desk top a sheaf of photographs, and with them two larger squares of bristol board bearing newspaper pen-and-ink drawings; and he thrust the whole lot of them into the actor's hands.

"Look through these pictures," he bade Dean. "They're all of the same man but made at different times and in different attitudes and under different circumstances. Take as much time as you please to go through them, and when you're through tell me whether you honestly believe you could make up so as to pass for that man—so that you could even deceive people who knew him by sight—so that you could fool his own mother if she were alive. It's not an easy job, this one that I have in mind for you to tackle, because if my little plan appeals to you and goes through, you're not going to be on a stage with lighting effects to help you and to hide the marks of the grease paints and the gum where the false whiskers are stuck on your face. You're going to be out on the public street, in the broad daylight, face to face with the people you'll have to fool. So please think it over carefully, Mr. Dean, before you commit yourself."

He reared back in his swivel chair, studying Dean while Dean in turn painstakingly studied the dozen or more photographs and the two drawings. At the end perhaps of the fifth minute Dean handed back the collection and made his answer.

"I can do it," he said. "I don't want to talk about myself—that's something I rarely or never do—but I give you my word of honor, sir, that I'm the only man in the profession here in New York or anywhere else who could do it. Of course you understand I'm speaking now only of the face itself. A pair of those thick eyeglasses such as this man wore—whoever he was—ought to help me some, and that heavy black hair of his and those spindly whiskers will be a cinch to reproduce. The nose will be the hardest of all—I mean that peculiar

What Focused Crisp's Attention Was the Peculiar Pronunciation of One Word as He Made His Farewell Speech

flare of the nostrils—but I can get away with that, too, by a little original device of my own. If I can judge by these photographs, the man you want me to imitate has a dark skin, so there's no need of using any grease paint. I can make up for the complexion with a vegetable dye, and that I mix myself according to a private recipe I discovered. Yes, sir, I'll guarantee to get away with the face part of it; but you see I don't know anything about this man's build or about the way he walked or the way he handled his hands and his body, or any little mannerisms that he may have had. Those are the things that count in a real true-to-life impersonation, and if you watched me closely last night you may have noticed that those are the very points where I've got a shade the best of it on any actor you ever saw."

"You needn't worry about that," said Crisp. "If, with your help, this plan of mine goes through—and it looks to me now as though it might—I'll put you in touch with a man who'll spend days or weeks, if necessary, in drilling you in every noticeable peculiarity, every important habit of gesture and speech and movement that characterized the original of these photographs. He knows them all—Horowitz does.

"You'll have still another advantage on your side, too. I'm going to be able to rig you out from head to foot in clothes which once belonged to the man you are to impersonate. I can even furnish you with a shirt he has worn and one of his neckties. And now then," he went on, "I suppose it's up to me to end this little mystery and to give you the inside facts. I understand you're more or less of a stranger in this town; that you came here lately. All the same, I presume you must have heard something about the Magrune murder case?"

"I've seen something about it in the newspapers somewhere," said Dean vaguely. "Wasn't it a man named Magrune who killed a woman or somebody?"

"You've got it. About a month ago one Sidney Magrune murdered a woman named Sonia Gradleigh. He called himself a doctor and she called herself his wife. They were both of them liars. He wasn't a doctor and never had been one, though I believe at one time he was a medical student. He was a general-purposes crook—fake trance medium, fake fortune teller, quack healer, malpractitioner, confidence man—yes, and ex-jailbird too. And she'd never been married to him nor to anyone else, so far as we can learn. They lived in a flat over here on the lower West Side, upstairs over a Syrian bakeshop. Well, it seems they fell out about something—by all accounts they'd been quarreling for months—and he killed her. It was about as brutal an affair as you can imagine. After he'd choked her he cut her throat and—well, anyhow, there were a lot of messy and unpleasant details. You can read all about it in some clippings that I'm going to hand you to read in order that you may familiarize yourself with the man's personality.

"Anyhow, before he'd finished with the ghastly job of getting rid of the body the thing was discovered. He had a warning and he made his getaway. That is to say, he escaped out of the house and probably out of the neighborhood, but from all the available evidence on hand he didn't succeed in getting out of town, either because he figured that New York would be a safer place to hide in than any smaller place in the country would be, or because the general alarm was out so quickly he didn't have the nerve to try to get away by train or boat, knowing that all the railroad stations and all the ferry slips and docks would be guarded.

"At least, it's the theory of the police that he stayed on Manhattan Island, and, for once, at least, probably the police are right in their guess. So it practically amounts to a certainty that for more than a month now this man Magrune, with a reward out for him, with his pictures and his complete description tacked up in every police station, has been at large right here in town, and still the police aren't able to find him. They know his habits and his mannerisms and all his former hang outs. They know his Bertillon measurements and his height and his weight and his thumb prints; all these things were already on file up at headquarters. And still they can't nail him!"

"Sounds almost incredible," said Dean.

"It isn't so incredible as it sounds if you know something about the rotten condition which prevails in the police," stated Crisp. "The force has fallen down on nearly every big job that it's tackled since the new city administration went into power. This Magrune case is only the culmination of eight or nine solid months of absolute inefficiency. We've had a regular reign of crime—a crime wave. Why, there've been more holdups, more burglaries, more assaults and more homicides committed in this town in the last eight months than ever before in any five years.

"Now then, day in and day out, ever since early last spring The Beam has been pounding the police department for failing to give the people service and protection. We're going after the police all the time and particularly we're going after Inspector Malachi Prendergast. He's the pompous old stiff who's supposed to be the head of the detective bureau. We're particularly anxious to smoke him out because he's a pet of the present police commissioner and the commissioner is a pet of the mayor's and the mayor is no friend of this paper, believe me! You get my drift, don't you? They call him Honest Mal Prendergast. Well, according to his own lights he may be honest; anyhow we haven't been able to bring any of the grafting home to him yet, but he's an obstinate, swelled-up, chesty,

(Continued on Page 56)

THE SEQUEL

A Comedy—By Percival Wilde

"Milly! Now I Haven't Offended You Again, Have I?"

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STICK

CHARACTERS

HE,
SHE,
THE BUTLER,
HORROCKS, INC.

PROLOGUE

(Spoken by any man who can wear full dress becomingly, generally
THE BUTLER:

Do you recall the situation on which the curtain has fallen thousands of times in thousands of well-regulated dramas? Do you remember how they faced each other, and how there were tears in his eyes—or her eyes—or their eyes? Do you mentally picture how he—or she—or they brushed the above-mentioned tears away? Or let them remain where they were? And how she whispered, "Yes, Jack"— or "Yes, William"—or "Yes, Elipha-let"—as the case might have been? Or sometimes only plain "Yes"? And how he, with the expertness gained by many rehearsals, gathered her into his arms, and printed a kiss on her brow—or her cheek—or her hair—or behind her ear—but only in the rarest of instances on her lips? And how the happy pair, now forever united—until the next performance—stood looking out over the footlights, estimating the box-office receipts and the amount of paper in the house, until the curtain fell, and the thoughts of the audience turned to the inner man?

And then? What happens next? There are inquisitive souls who ask that question. Will they live happily ever afterward? Or will the matrimonial bark encounter one of the many obstacles which somehow have been forgotten? The dramatist, looking upon marriage, or its forerunner, engagement, as the end of all things, neglects to tell us. Starting with a variable number of eligible young persons of opposite sex, he has paired them off in such combinations as his experience tells him will be pleasing to the magnate who produces the play, to the temperamental ladies and gentlemen who condescend to act in it, and, last and most important, to that source from which all royalties flow, that unaccountable, irresponsible, conscienceless creature, the audience. To the very portals of marriage he travels with his charges, but there he leaves them, to act as guide, philosopher, friend, to others following in their footsteps.

And then? Perhaps they do not live happily ever after. Perhaps she is extravagant, or he smokes in the parlor. Or he repents his rashness in recanting bachelorhood, and she reflects, as his faults become plain to her, that she might have done better. And they do not increase and multiply, and are unhappy, and so come to furnish material for another play.

But of the time between? Of the time immediately after she has said "Yes" and before she has begun to say "No"?

[*The person who has spoken the prologue bows and retires. The curtain rises. It is early evening, and they are in the parlor of her house. There are heavy tapestries at the doors and perfectly opaque hangings at the windows—which is satisfactory, for even in the subdued light neither would welcome the inspection of a third person.*

HE *(interrupting his embrace for an instant to hold her off at arms' length and look into her eyes)*: Milly!

SHE *(blushing prettily)*: Jack!

[*They embrace again.*

HE *(after a pause)*: So—so you're going to marry me!

SHE: Yes, Jack. *(She looks up at him shyly.)* Isn't it wonderful? *(He nods.)* To think that we two—just we two —— *(He kisses her again. There is another pause.)* Come *(she draws him to a sofa)*, we have so much to say to each other! Isn't that so?

[*He is a little uneasy; even embarrassed. It is easy to see that sentiment is not his forte. On the other hand, she is absolutely at home. She has spent a considerable portion of her twenty-odd years looking forward to this moment. Now that it has come she is completely mistress of the situation. He seats himself on the sofa—a little gingerly—not that he is afraid of hurting the sofa, but because his entire attitude, now that the worst is over, has become distinctly timid; because some sixth sense warns him that he will not appear to his best advantage in the nonsensical half hour which is to follow, and which by no possible device may be avoided. Once seated he recalls his duty sufficiently to put his arms round her in rather a clumsy fashion. She, however, is not satisfied, and releasing his clasp, rises with delicious abandon and installs herself on his lap. There is a further pause.*

HE: Are you comfortable—dear?

SHE: Perfectly! Perfectly! *(She closes her eyes contentedly. He, rather relieved that he no longer has to meet them, looks at her sharply. She is rather a winsome bit of femininity, whether he knows it or not. She puts her lips close to his ear.)* Jack!

HE *(starting)*: Yes? *(Correcting himself)*: Yes, dear?

SHE: Now that we are alone—we are alone, aren't we?

HE: Of course. *(He looks round nervously).*

SHE: There is one thing I want you to tell me.

HE: Yes?

SHE: Jack, when did you begin to love me?

HE *(flushing uncomfortably)*: Well ——

SHE *(closing her eyes in anticipation)*: Yes?

HE: When I began to love you?

SHE: Yes.

HE *(plunging in)*: Well, I think it was the first time I met you.

SHE *(sitting bolt upright in surprise)*: Jack! You don't mean it!

HE: I am quite sure. It was in December, 1919.

SHE *(surprised)*: What?

HE *(holding his ground)*: Just after Christmas.

SHE: But that wasn't the first time I met you! It was long before that!

HE: Was it?

SHE *(a little disappointed)*: Didn't you know it? It was at Barton's house party, Jack.

HE: Oh. *(After a pause, with a sickly smile)*: Barton's house party. So it was!

SHE: And then the second time —— *(Sinking back into his arms)*: When was it, Jack?

HE: The second time?

SHE: Yes.

HE: The time after Barton's?

SHE: Yes, Jack.

HE *(thinking desperately, then turning on her suddenly)*: Don't you know?

SHE: Of course I know. *(She sits up slowly.)* You don't mean to say you've forgotten that also?

HE: I'm sorry.

SHE *(indignantly)*: Sorry?

HE: I'm absent-minded, you know.

SHE: And you loved me from the first time we met! *(She rises in vexation.)* Oh! And I thought everything would be so different!

HE *(also rising)*: Now, Milly, don't get angry.

SHE *(coming back to him)*: I'm not angry, Jack. I'm hurt—just hurt.

HE *(putting his arms round her)*: I made a mistake, that's all. I thought the first time was later on.

SHE: In December?

HE: Yes.

SHE: Where?

HE: Eh?

SHE: Where did we meet in December, Jack? Just after Christmas?

HE: It's on the tip of my tongue.

SHE *(waiting impatiently)*: Well?

HE *(triumphantly)*: At Phelps'! It was at Phelps'! You see, I know, Milly! Am I right?

SHE *(capitulating)*: Yes, Jack.

HE: That was the time! Father was there

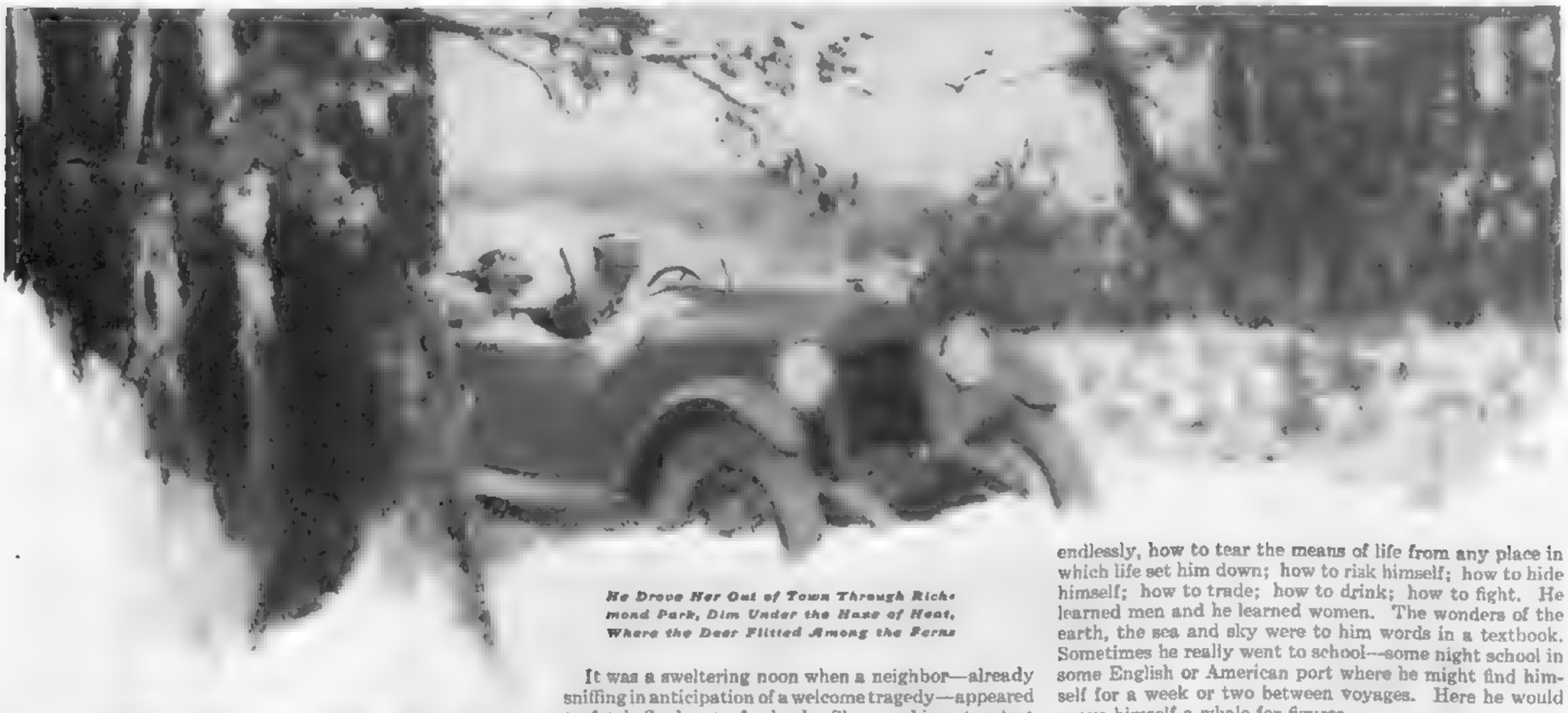
(Concluded on Page 128)

It is Easy to See That Sentiment is Not His Forte. On the Other Hand, She is Absolutely at Home

MAN'S SIZE

By MAY EDGINTON

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK



He Drove Her Out of Town Through Richmond Park, Dim Under the Haze of Heat, Where the Deer Flitted Among the Ferns

THE constable, leaning down slightly from his imposing height, spoke, and said to the two bundles of rags: "Move on, nah! Move away! 'N' if I hear you usin' obscene language when gentry's passing again I'll have you up."

And when he had strolled on, Saul, looking malignantly after him, said to the other ragged one: "Some day I'll use obshene language to gentry, and no one shall say nothing."

But as soon as the constable turned about again they gave a hitch to their overlong and overbaggy trousers and dispersed to their homes at a speed impeded by broken boots.

In Saul's home his mother was banging a little iron saucepan containing meat on the bare table. She had returned from her morning's scrubbing work and was in her perpetual rage. She smacked Saul's head until he reeled. But his heart and his stomach were set upon the victuals, so he endured it till she was satisfied, and at length she gave him a plateful, and they sat and ate together while he told her lies. He said he had been to school, but he had not.

As soon as he had finished she literally pushed him outside the door again, crying as she so often cried: "Don't stay here! Go 'n' better yourself! Get on! Get out!"

She always seemed to him very curious—and rather terrible. Sometimes on Sundays, when they trailed long ways into far parks, she would bash him into a seat in his baggy trousers and tattered shirt and explain life to him.

"See!" she would cry. "See the motor cars go past! See them people all dressed up and with pockets full o' money. The bloody rich, my lad. 'N' you listen to me! Some day you gotta sit in a motor car of your own; you gotta have what they got; and you gotta get it for yourself. Yourself's all you got, and there's nobody to do a hand's turn for you. 'N' you listen!

"Soon as you see a chance of bettering yourself, soon as you see a chance to get on, you get out and do it. You quit and don't have no tender feelings about me. I'm not breedin' you up to feel tender. What I wanter make you's a roarin' devil, my lad. Soon as you gotta chance you take it and go. 'N' if you don't go I'll push you out, s'elp me God, I will!"

And he said to her, pointing at the best car which went by: "Muvver, I'll have one like that. I'm going to be rich. I'm going to get on. I'm going to be so's the coppers dursn't speak to me wivout touching their hats. I'd better start in and learn. Muvver, what fellers want is to know a lot of 'rithmetic and geography."

"Get down to it!" she would reply. And probably she would end by swearing at him, but always she pushed him from her. She pushed him from her side, from her table, from their beastly room; sometimes she chased him from their very street; and she would grit out: "Get away! Go 'n' look at the rich folks in the big streets! Don't stay here! Go 'n' learn orf them—blast their souls!" until the day came which ended her demoniac teaching.

It was a sweltering noon when a neighbor—already sniffing in anticipation of a welcome tragedy—appeared to fetch Saul out of school. She ran him at a trot through the perspiring streets to the nearest hospital, where his mother lay dying. She had achieved the painful distinction of being a traffic fatality.

As the little boy stood beside her cot, so white, so clean, even to his young eyes, she was vastly different. She, too, was so white, so clean. Her tousled hair was braided off her wan, square face, which had been turned to the doorway, watching, watching. And when he appeared, driven before the neighbor, her eyes devoured him as he ran toward her on clip-clopping boots between the rows of beds. They were in time; she had nearly a minute to spare; and as life went, in her loss she spoke to him her first words of love and longing:

"Good-by," she said, "my little son."

In a few days kind people, well dressed and well fed, were taking a sort of interest in him. Charitable institutions, variously recommended, were suggested for his upbringing. Brought before fussy dames who had come in high-powered cars to see him, Saul was discussed and considered. The Court missionary, who was keeping him under surveillance pending negotiations, explained him.

"Young as he is, the boy's a perfect rip. Just the same, there may be a great deal of good in him. Parentage, my dear madam? Well, what can you expect? Father a confirmed jailbird, died in prison; mother's character very, very doubtful. There's a lot to be got out of the boy, I'm afraid, before you can put anything in."

Eluding their vigilance, Saul ran away. He was saying to himself: "To get on it's better to be your own man."

He lost himself in the ways of the great city, and he picked up a living in rare ha'pence by running errands, holding horses, minding cars, opening taxicab doors; and if he saw a well-dressed woman who looked soft he begged of her. He was a very strong boy, and though he was spare with hunger, a first-class constitution was not yet seriously impaired thereby. He came by devious routes to the docks—hung about and helped unload cargoes, and stowed himself aboard the first smoky ship he saw preparing to go out.

Here after hours and hours of fear among the lurching cargo—for it was dirty weather—he grew beyond fear and never knew it again, not even when, two days out, of his own accord he betrayed himself, was brought before the captain—and asked for work.

"How old are y'?" said the captain after the grimy boy had been well cuffed.

"Thirteen," said Saul—he was eleven.

One of the deck hands had come on board—or rather had been lugged on by a mate—dead drunk and had died sixteen hours out of alcohol poisoning, so they put Saul to his job.

"Why did you come, damn your eyes?" said the captain.

Saul replied: "Wanter learn geography, 'n' this is the bes' way—on ships."

By sixteen he had worked his passage on many ships pretty well all over the world. He learned—he learned endlessly, how to tear the means of life from any place in which life set him down; how to risk himself; how to hide himself; how to trade; how to drink; how to fight. He learned men and he learned women. The wonders of the earth, the sea and sky were to him words in a textbook. Sometimes he really went to school—some night school in some English or American port where he might find himself for a week or two between voyages. Here he would prove himself a whale for figures.

He took to arithmetic with passion, and soon he could talk finance as shrewdly as a stockbroker in his office easy-chair. His head was as full of money as his pockets were empty, and the black curtain against which dreams are screened was always spangled with whirls and deliriums of coin. When he was ashore he walked in parks or along highroads near the sea and, gazing after the triumphal dusty progress of some high-powered car, he would remember his mother; and greedy but calm as one who sights success somewhere low on the horizon and knot by knot overtakes it, he would promise himself: "I will be a big man too."

At seventeen he banked some money in London, and setting his teeth against the temptation of a riotous spending such as his mates were enjoying, he left it there against the uncertain time that he should come again. And at nineteen he came again, and turned his back upon the sea.

He loved her as nearly as he loved anything; that is to say, she tore at some vital part of him that in other lads of his age was a heart; but she was no good to him. Beautiful and moody as she showed, balmy as was her salt breath, wonderful as had been the far shores, the great ports, the mountains, the dawns, the sunsets to which she had carried him, he cast off her spell and forsook her. Wide as were her blue and heaving plains, free as were her highways, he turned and cramped himself within the city, for he had learned of her enough.

He took out some of his money, went to a fine store and bought himself clothes. He could not but despise the soft-tongued man who attended to him, but all the same he saw that he looked very well—very well indeed.

"Fit me out like you," he said abruptly.

It was a blue lounge suit, a soft shirt to tone, a tie to match. He went out clothed for the city.

He went to a ship-broking firm of which he knew by hearsay, for he had kept his ears open to everything concerning the trade. He knew a lot now. Entering the office he asked straightway for the boss. Denied, he waited; and putting aside prevarication, at last he saw him.

It was the firm of Hendriks, Brown & Pollen, and he got his first landsman's job.

"Anything at any wage," he argued, "for a start. Then we can see—eh, can't we?"

"Yes," said old Hendriks, who knew a man when he saw one.

And for a while they talked freights. The boy was able to tell old Hendriks the true inner tales of many cargoes shipped by this very firm or their rivals. He had all the ups and downs of freight rates at his tongue's end, and he knew the honest captains and dishonest captains of the smaller trading lines, for he himself had shipped with big fry and little fry, learning from all.

"Why, my lad," said old Hendriks when he had sounded this unusual new addition to his clerical staff, "have you left the sea?"

"I gotta learn other things," said Saul.

"What?" asked old Hendriks, twiddling a great cable of a watch chain.

At this moment an ornamental young man entered the office. He was beautiful to behold, useless as a lily and the apple of Hendriks' eye. He was his only son.

The young man drifted in, uttered a few words, filled his cigar case from his father's cabinet and drifted out again, followed by the gaze of Saul Kelly.

"Well?" said old Hendriks, resuming his question when his flush and glow of paternal pride had faded.

"I gotta learn to be like that," Saul replied, nodding his head backward toward the door through which the decorative youth had made his gracious exit.

"That takes money," said old Hendriks, staring.

"Yes," said Saul, "I gotta get it."

Here he stayed, making a little more money—a little more and a little more—and saving it; at the same time not denying himself a rampage now and again. When he rampaged he just got drunk on life itself. Until the first time when he thus let himself go he could not have believed that anything in his carnal world could have tasted so good. When he rampaged he went red. He was twenty-one.

There was an elderly clerk there in a position of authority which he had gained by being senior rather than meritorious, and he was a weak man, with dependents on him and a terrific fear of life. And on this man old Hendriks began to fix his wise, reddened eye, and the eye wandered from him to Saul Kelly, and back again and back again. In the offspring of the gutter old Hendriks recognized his finest servant, his hardest heart and his quickest brain. It was not long before the elderly man and the young man knew they were at each other's throats; competing, the one for the retention, the other for the stealing of the job. The elderly clerk did his work worse and worse; he grew ill; he did not sleep. One day when the others were at lunch he did not go out, but stayed behind to be alone. In the office he was never alone, and in the crowded car or subway he was never alone, and in his small and full home he was never alone; so with a terrible desire for solitude he stayed behind at his authoritative desk in his authoritative chair to face the trouble that he saw falling. He cried. It was a luxury. He was a very timid man, and life had always been too big for him.

Saul Kelly returned. He always returned quickly from lunch, for his capacity for work was a devouring one, and for some while he stood near the crying man unobserved. He spoke.

"Trouble?" he said.

The elderly clerk turned and looked at him. He nodded.

"Hendriks," he gulped, "H-H-Hendriks — he's going to give you my job."

"I know," said Saul.

"I'll never get another—not at a living wage," the other quavered. Then in his weakness he became passionate; he cried out: "You are a strong man; I a weak one. You have a hard, ruthless heart. You feel no pity. You will succeed. Oh, yes, you will succeed!"

Saul knew it.

"You mean to be a very big man," said the clerk, crying.

"Yes," Saul nodded.

"Oh, how I envy you your strength!" said the elderly clerk, writhing his hands in a sincere and dreadful earnestness. "Oh, how I envy you your strength!"

Into Saul's mind there came one of the pictures which were always ready to be recalled. It was a filthy court round which the tall tenement houses were built. Scarcely clothed, incredibly dirty, hard of body and hard of heart, he wandered down it. He was unafraid, for he was stronger than any other boy there. Even then he had a kingly feeling. Also he was a brutal child. He saw a small and rickety boy run from an aggressor and fall in the gutter, and he stopped and looked at this weak brother; and then, jeering, he stretched out a fist and hauled him up—and he looked at the elderly clerk and he saw him where the rickety child had lain.

Dimly he who kept no private laws in life knew the presence of a big law somewhere in his being. The strong brother shall lift the weak. He went in to see old Hendriks. I "Mr. Hendriks, I've come to give in my notice."

"Your notice? No, no, boy! You stay with me. I've got a job for you. I'm going to raise you. I've got something in prospect for you that ——"

"I know, Mr. Hendriks."

"You know? Then, why ——"

"A fellow," said Saul, who had by now learned pronunciation, "who means to win has to be his own man."

"Presently—presently," said old Hendriks. "But you are not ready for that, my boy."

"Mr. Hendriks, will you take my week's notice?"

"I'll take it then," said old Hendriks. "But remember, when you see that being your own man is too wise a game for you to play yet come back here; there'll always be a place for you."

Saul returned. The clerk had dried his distressed face—was trying to recall his proper frigidity.

"I'm leaving in a week," said Saul. "I shall never take your seat."

So he passed out of Hendriks, Brown & Pollen's, with savings in the bank, a great physique, a hard heart to fight a hard world with—but something else also. He had made his first gift to any man; never before had he given away so much as a stale crust or an apple core. But now in a moment of time, without a repining, without a grudge, he, the product of jailbird and gutter woman, had taken into his hands his all and given it to a well-brought-up and papfed citizen in a black coat. He knew pity. God came into the brute.

Then he pitted his wits against the city. Newspaper man, bookmaker, bagman, promoter of wabbly little companies that stabilized under his resistless organization, he was all in turn. He found the way that money breeds. There were years and years of organization and exultant battle until at thirty-six he was a very big financier indeed—with a gray head.

Saul Kelly sat, on a very hot day, in his London office. He wore a suit of dark-blue flannel striped with white, a shirt of pale-blue silk, and his bootmaker was the best in town. He was deeply tanned, for he had but just come off his yacht—she lay in Southampton harbor. His eyes were full of the blue of bluer seas than the English Channel. An exquisitely colored meerschaum drooped from one side of his long and hard mouth. He had before him a litter of reports and balance sheets, and his confidential secretary was giving him details of business which had happened while he had been away.

"The public," said the secretary, "has responded extraordinarily. The People's Oil Trust, Ltd., has half a million investors. But I have cabled you daily about that."

"I have always said," Kelly replied reflectively, "that the small investor is the bird to aim at. And the latest reports from the oil fields?"

They were placed before him.

He sat there while he went through them exhaustively. Men rang him up—his codirectors and financial partners in more than one great syndicate; men whose very names conjured money from little people who kept their savings in their pockets till they were more than assured of a sound thing; a group of men for whom he had floated a rubber company which had never caused the public a moment's anxiety—one by one they rang him up and said, "You back, Kelly? Had a good time? What about lunch? I must see you."

And Lord Dover and Bishop Ingleby and the rest of the wonderful syndicate he had got together for the People's Oil Trust, Ltd.—they all called him up, full of pleasure at his return. There were one or two notes from women on his desk too, and these he answered by giving telephone orders for flowers to be sent to the writers, and he went out to lunch.

His car was below. She was a long, narrow, gray car, the last thing in luxury. He went to his own

(Continued on Page 97)

"Wanter Learn Geography," Saul Replied, "'n' This Is the Best Way—on Ships"

CAUGHT SHORT

By Edward H. Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY ROHN

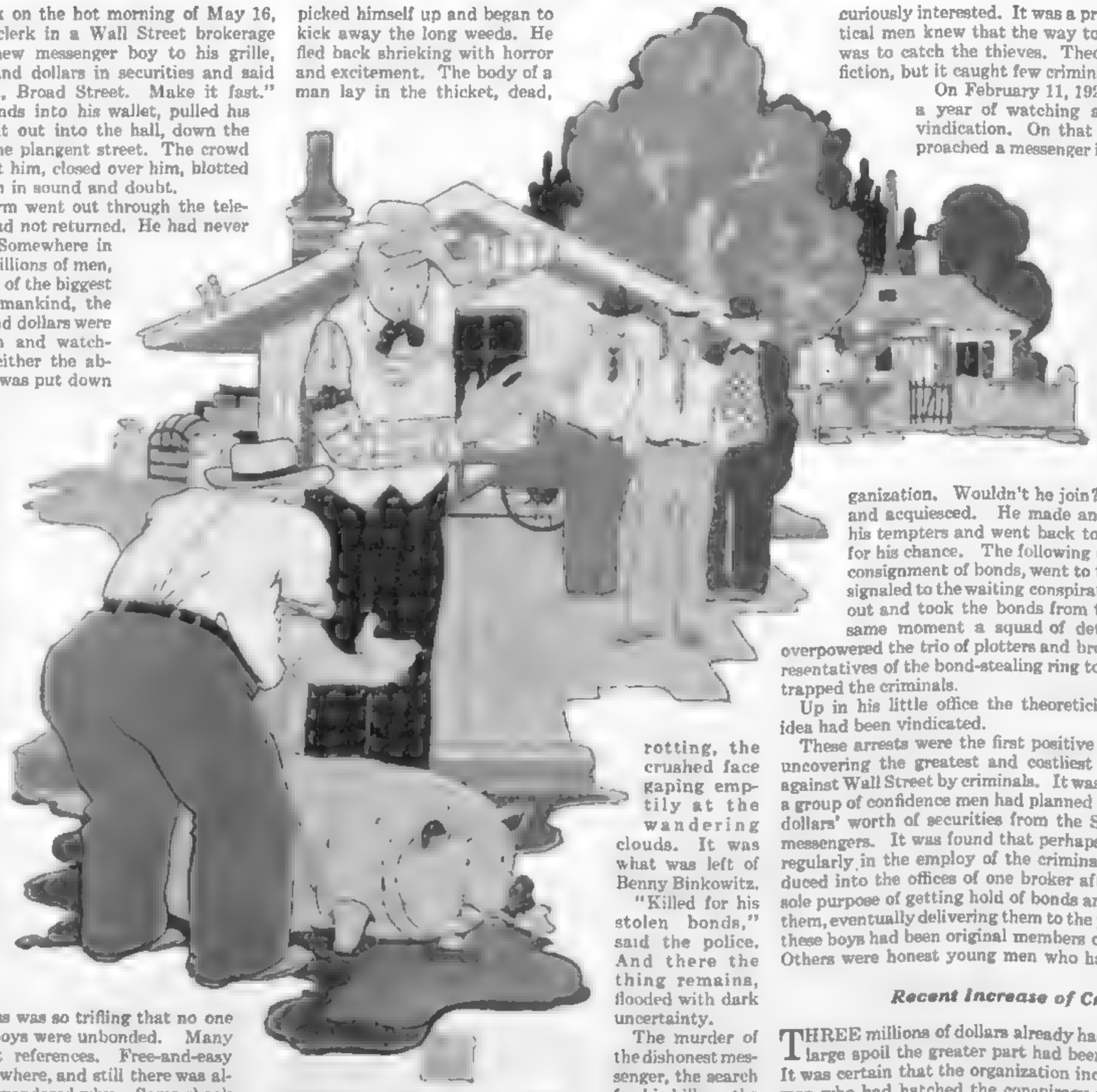
AT ELEVEN o'clock on the hot morning of May 16, 1918, the bond clerk in a Wall Street brokerage house called a new messenger boy to his grille, passed out fifty thousand dollars in securities and said curtly: "Blank & Co., Broad Street. Make it fast."

The boy put the bonds into his wallet, pulled his cap over his eyes, went out into the hall, down the elevator and out into the plangent street. The crowd flowed and eddied about him, closed over him, blotted him out, submerged him in sound and doubt.

An hour later an alarm went out through the telephone lines. The boy had not returned. He had never reached Blank & Co. Somewhere in the immense chaos of millions of men, in the vast secretiveness of the biggest and mightiest city of mankind, the boy and the fifty thousand dollars were lost. Months of search and watching failed to discover either the absconder or his loot. He was put down among the hunted men, and his bonds written off as missing money.

Here was the opening episode of a series of security embezzlements which mounted into the worst criminal raid ever made against the financial organization of the country.

For fifty years Wall Street had been doing its business through messenger boys or runners. For half a century the district had enjoyed an immunity from theft so remarkable that many conservative men wondered whether even the loose precautions of the time were necessary. Every day many millions of dollars in convertible paper were intrusted to boys of whose social and mental backgrounds little was known. Now and then, at the rarest intervals, some young fellow was overtempted, but the loss was so trifling that no one reckoned on it. Most boys were unbonded. Many were taken on without references. Free-and-easy methods prevailed everywhere, and still there was almost no stealing. Men wondered why. Some shook their heads and said the Street would wake up one day and find its runners absconding. But they never did.



Undoubtedly Anything Green Looked Good to That Parker.

Now suddenly it was happening. The first disappearance of a bond boy and his securities was followed in a few weeks by a second. A third and a fourth went the way of their predecessors. Ten, twenty, thirty, fifty thousand dollars vanished at single jumps. The first business day of January, 1919, gave worse promise for the new year. A runner absconded with one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to mark the turning of the leaf. In that month there were four major cases of this sort. In February there were three more. March was worse, and the epidemic of stealing worked up through the spring. A hundred thousand, a hundred and fifty thousand, a hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars' worth of bonds went at a clip. Finally on August twelfth came a defalcation which may be called a climax in this phase of the drama.

A Ridiculed Theory Vindicated

AT NOON on that day a boy named Benjamin H. Binkowitz was given one hundred seventy-eight thousand dollars in Liberty Bonds by a large brokerage house and sent to deposit them in a bank. He vanished. The police and detectives set out after him, but lost the trail a few squares from Wall Street, where his satchel had been thrown into an areaway. An alarm went across the country. A thousand men throughout the East watched for this fugitive. Fifty private officers went over New York with minute care, but there was no sign or rumor of the missing boy.

One morning four weeks later some children playing along a roadside in Connecticut, fifty miles from the clamor and fever of Wall Street, started into a bramble to recover a lost ball. One of the boys slid under a fence, picked himself up and began to kick away the long weeds. He fled back shrieking with horror and excitement. The body of a man lay in the thicket, dead, rotting, the crushed face gaping emptily at the wandering clouds. It was what was left of Benny Binkowitz.

"Killed for his stolen bonds," said the police. And there the thing remains, flooded with dark uncertainty.

The murder of the dishonest messenger, the search for his killers, the extra precautions which began now to be taken in Wall Street, had little effect upon the stealing. Runners continued to disappear with great blocks of the desirable Liberties, more easily disposed of than bank notes of like denomination. Stolen securities found their way back into the market through reputable houses, which were unable to trace them to their sources. The thing had at last assumed proportions of menace.

Most men in the financial district explained this enormous and incredible thing in just one way: The better types of young men had gone to war. Those who had taken their places as runners in the Street were often riffraff or defectives. One after another they were unbalanced by opportunity and temptation. That was all.

But in a bare little office in one of those narrow and tortuous streets which flow off from the main courses of financial New York, a capillary of the money-circulatory system, one of the veterans of the bonding business had another idea. He understood that events do not happen; they are brought about. If, said he, bonds are being stolen by the millions of dollars, there must be some studied effort. Messenger boys do not become embezzlers by the score in defiance of all previous experience without some sort of plotting. He saw behind this sudden growth of crime the hand of some individual or group. The opportunity had at last been grasped and the attack organized.

This man spoke to his superiors about his idea. They respected him as an investigator. Ordinarily they deferred to him with more or less sincere understanding of his deep experience. But this notion of his was a little too much. It was a vagary. The official detectives smiled.

These rebuffs made the veteran more determined. Month after month he watched, probed, piled up corroboration, laid his plans. Still no one was more than curiously interested. It was a pretty idea, but practical men knew that the way to break up thieving was to catch the thieves. Theorizing read well in fiction, but it caught few criminals.

On February 11, 1920, after more than a year of watching and waiting, came vindication. On that day three men approached a messenger in a restaurant and made him a proposition. If he would turn over a big block of bonds intrusted to him he would be sent to Canada with enough money to live like a prince. He would be taken into the organization and would share in the total loot. There were fourteen other messengers already in the organization. Wouldn't he join? The boy listened and acquiesced. He made an appointment with his tempters and went back to his office to wait for his chance. The following day he took a large consignment of bonds, went to the rendezvous and signaled to the waiting conspirators. They stepped out and took the bonds from the boy, but in the same moment a squad of detectives closed in, overpowered the trio of plotters and brought the first representatives of the bond-stealing ring to jail. The boy had trapped the criminals.

Up in his little office the theoretician chuckled. His idea had been vindicated.

These arrests were the first positive step taken toward uncovering the greatest and costliest plot ever hatched against Wall Street by criminals. It was shortly found that a group of confidence men had planned to steal five million dollars' worth of securities from the Street by means of messengers. It was found that perhaps twenty boys were regularly in the employ of the criminals, and were introduced into the offices of one broker after another for the sole purpose of getting hold of bonds and absconding with them, eventually delivering them to the principals. Some of these boys had been original members of the organization. Others were honest young men who had been corrupted.

Recent Increase of Crime

THREE millions of dollars already had been got. Of this large spoil the greater part had been turned into cash. It was certain that the organization included not only the men who had hatched the conspiracy and were directing the messengers, but several illicit brokers who were attending to the disposal of the stolen bonds and their conversion into cash.

The work of picking out the details of the whole scheme and simplifying the complexities occupied months. The pursuit of one or more of the supposed principals in the plot became a matter of international celebrity. The name of Nicky Arnstein, one of the accused men, sprang into world-wide notoriety, and at least one putative head of the organization is still being pursued.

So the man in the little office was right, and his ridiculed idea led to the abortion of one of the most remarkable and ambitious crimes of modern times.

The corruption of the messengers of Wall Street is simply a focus of the largest, most widespread and most costly criminal activity with which American business has to deal—embezzlement. Last year, it is believed, between fifty million dollars and one hundred million dollars was embezzled in this country. There are probably a thousand peculations, large and small, every business day—three hundred thousand a year. Probably only ten per cent or less of these losses is covered by bonds of incorporated surety companies. Ninety per cent of the stolen money is a complete loss to employers, corporations, communities and states or is paid by personal guarantors. These figures I give on the very highest authority. There can be no question that they are not only careful but probably too conservative.

Five or six years ago President William B. Joyce, of the National Surety Company, estimated the total annual loss through defalcations at forty million dollars. When I spoke to him the other day he said: "In 1919 the country probably lost a hundred millions in this way. There has been a tremendous increase in this sort of crime within two or three years, and we have no idea how far it will go."

Whether an annual stealing of a hundred million dollars is a matter of great concern to a country whose annual business turnover is as vast as ours depends on the point of view. But it must be remembered that defalcations of employees and officials frequently cause the wrecking of businesses, the collapse of enterprises, the ruin of families. They cause suicides, murders, crimes of all degrees and depths. No form of lawbreaking has a wider or more harmful influence upon the morale of the country.

Three hundred thousand defalcations a year, the authorities estimate. When it is remembered that there are about twenty-five million adults in the country, and perhaps fifteen million workers, we come to realize that for every forty-five or fifty persons active in production or industry of one sort or another there may be one embezzler. Subtract again from the total number of workers all those who never handle money or valuables and you begin to have some idea of the prevalence of dishonesty.

Not more than ten per cent, it is said, of all our workers who handle funds are bonded by the corporations which deal in fidelity insurance. In these cases the losses are covered by sound financial precaution. In perhaps ten per cent of the remaining cases the employees or officials are covered by personal bonds, by the guaranties of friends. But eighty per cent of all who take the moneys of their employers are unsecured in any way. What they steal must be charged off to profit and loss.

The only accurate figures available, aside from the estimates of men in close touch with the embezzlement situation, are the loss statistics of the various surety or fidelity companies. I give them for what they suggest.

The losses paid by all companies in 1909 were one million eight hundred and three thousand sixty dollars; 1910 saw losses of one million three hundred and ninety-six thousand eighty-one dollars; but in 1913 the two-million-mark was crossed, with a total fidelity loss of two million thirty thousand two hundred one dollars. In 1918 the loss was three million sixty thousand three hundred forty-eight dollars. Last year it leaped up to four million six hundred sixty-three thousand six hundred four dollars.

If these companies suffer one-tenth of the nation's total loss, we readily compute about forty-six millions as the whole stealing. But ten per cent is the extreme estimate. Many authorities say that only five per cent of money-handling employees are covered with what are called corporation bonds. Some men even calculate the percentage as low as two and a half.

Moral Fiber Weakened by War

ONE other set of figures may be interesting here. The surety corporations pay an average of one hundred losses for every business day. These claims range from a few dollars to a few hundred thousands. The average is between one hundred fifty dollars and two hundred dollars. And once again the estimated national loss is at least ten times as great as that of the companies.

Who are the employees or officials who do this enormous amount of stealing? What types are generally guilty? How shall one tell a trustworthy man from his opposite? These are fundamental questions concerning a subject almost incredibly ramified. Peculations are committed mostly by men, to be sure. But since women have gone into business there are also many defaulters among the sex. Young men again are more likely to take the money of others than their maturer fellows.

But there is no definiteness about all this. Men of sixty and seventy have been found taking the goods and moneys of others. Men with little moral sense and little reverence for religion and institutions have always been considered evil fellows to trust with money. No doubt such men often steal, but the records of the great insurance companies show astonishing facts regarding men who live lives of genuine chastity and respectability.

And what causes men to steal, to default, to embezzle? Once more no simple answer can cover much ground. Men steal from need, from desire, because of dissipation and squandering, because of sudden uncontrollable impulse. But men also steal through ambition, through love of display, through desire to play great rôles and to shine before their fellows. The basest and the most heroic motives actuate all types and orders of men to take the wealth of others and to risk ruin and the dayless cell.

In truth, I can think of no more complex study in human conduct, excepting perhaps the sex question, than that of embezzlement. Men have studied it in all times, for the conversion of intrusted wealth is one of the most antique of offenses against society. But who has yet heard of a simple and satisfactory explanation of the strange Lorelei that combs her golden hair on the piles of other people's money?

Mr. Joyce, who is one of the highest authorities on the subject of embezzlement, told me in a recent interview: "No one can say offhand what man or kind of man will be dishonest. As a general thing young men whose characters are as yet unformed and who are tempted by many allurements of life which are as yet unfamiliar to them are the poorest risks. But even this is not to be taken without reservations. Men in the middle years, from thirty or thirty-five upward, are in most cases the most stable and the least likely to be swept away through temptation and opportunity. Yet such men sometimes default. Old men are hardly expected to commit the follies of youth, yet many of them seem to belong to the class of the proverbial old fool. They take what belongs to others when the impulse moves them.

"Many temporary social causes affect embezzlement. I believe, for instance, that the national loss in 1919 was about a hundred million dollars, as against perhaps forty millions a few years ago. It seems to me this great increase is due mainly to the unrest which follows after wars. The restraining influence of a pleasant, peaceful environment in business life was disturbed by the late war, and only those possessing exceptional character were able to resist temptation.

"No more clear example of the changed conditions rising out of the war could be found than the experience of the financial houses in Wall Street. In the last eighteen months these houses have suffered losses five hundred times greater in amount and five hundred per cent greater in number than in the entire preceding twenty-five years. One of the most remarkable experiences in financial history was the complete freedom from losses previously enjoyed by Wall Street. Millions upon millions of cash and securities were handled daily with almost never a loss. Yet in these eighteen months hundreds of large losses were sustained and several millions of dollars made away with. The surety companies purpose to exterminate this evil and the vicious element which has brought it about. We have already made some strides in this direction. But the point is that such a raid could never have happened save for the war, the change in personnel in the Street and the relaxed morality."

"In normal times what is the most general cause of embezzlement?" I asked.

"It is not easy to say," said Mr. Joyce. "Probably underpayment and carelessness are the two chief compellents to theft of this type. Men occupying positions of financial responsibility and ready access to cash and securities should be compensated well enough to let them live in a manner fitting to men of high type. The man who handles your money and valuables is selected for his high qualities, and often miserably rewarded for the possession of traits whose value cannot be estimated. I think low salaries to such men make the principal factor in the causing of defaults. Men who are worth while feel that they must live up to their worth and their station. Social pressures force them to do so, in fact. It is simple business logic that such men must get enough pay to let them get honestly the things demanded of them.

"Carelessness and loose methods, infrequent auditing, poor bookkeeping, lack of interest and attention by the employers themselves—these are probably next in line as causes of dishonesty.

"Finally, we find that men for positions of trust are very often carelessly selected or not selected at all. Many employers are not able to judge the fitness of various types for various kinds of work. The result is that we have the round peg in the square hole. Other employers put men in control of moneys without investigating them sufficiently or at all. Still others are so negligent that I often feel they ought to be sued for exposing young employees to inordinate temptation. Men who make stealing too easy and expose employees to too great temptation are thief makers."

"You're Short Forty-Seven Thousand, That's All," Said the Auditor Coldly. "Where's the Money?"

Why People Embezzle

SOME weeks back a young man walked into the offices of a bonding company in New York and said bluntly that he wished to surrender. The clerk looked at him in amazement. For what? The caller explained that he was short. He had taken his employer's money and wanted to give himself up. The young man was turned over to an adjuster and told this story:

He was employed by a small mercantile house at fifteen dollars a week. His business was to collect accounts, and he thus came to handle considerable sums. He was married and his wife was about to become a mother. They were living necessarily in the most painful poverty. There was no money for the doctor and the wife was in poor health. In his extremity the young man had asked his brother to lend him a hundred dollars and had been refused. He had then gone to his employer, who also refused, but offered him twenty dollars, which he took. But he needed a hundred, and he had made up the difference by holding back collected money. He could not longer conceal his fault and had come to confess.

It is the business, the duty of insurance concerns to be inflexible in all cases of peculation. They fail to exert their fullest power of restraint on the men they bond unless they bear the reputation of cold, even heartless, severity. But in this case the loss was made good, the young man given another chance and the employer told that a man handling money should be better paid.

Very strange cases of this sort pass through the hands of fidelity-bonding men. In one recent case a railroad employee out West who had served his corporation faultlessly for fifteen years was found to be short about three thousand dollars. He made no attempt to deny the charge, and said in explanation that he had always been a heavy whisky drinker. He had drunk, but he had also always performed his duty efficiently. He wanted this point marked. When drink was still cheap his pay had been sufficient, but when prohibition came along the whisky which he found necessary to his comfort jumped up to twenty-five dollars a bottle. He had to have it, he said, and he had to steal to get it. He said prohibition had made a thief of him.

Even more remarkable was the case of a woman cashier in a very large metropolitan hotel. She was getting along in middle life. She seemed a staid, reliable person, and

(Continued on Page 53)

THE HEROINE

By Albert Payson Terhune

ILLUSTRATED BY HANSON BOOTH

"It's Going to be Hard Enough to Say it Anyhow, and I'd Rather Have Seven Perfectly Good Teeth Pulled"

JUST before supper, when a little patch of ceiling fell at the Paignton Country Club dance, nobody was hurt, but not less than twenty girls got powdered plaster in their hair. None of it went into their ears, for fashion just then would have permitted a Paignton girl to exhibit her bare kneecaps in public as readily as her ears. But the hair over the invisible ears of at least twenty dancing damsels was dusted profusely.

Six of these involuntarily powdered girls were prettier than Viva Kane. Eight of them were cleverer. At least five had more of the quality—as elusively invisible as latter-day feminine ears—known variously as charm and as personality, and probably ten of them knew better how to dress.

The fall of the country club ceiling has nothing to do with this story. But the incident of the scattered plaster will serve as well as any other to define Viva Kane's place and rating in the social world of Paignton. To be more succinct, she was a very little above the average in looks and wit and magnetism and dress in a group of girls whose average was that of any other well-to-do suburban community with a country club.

Her dances were moderately well preëmpted. The Kane veranda out on the Suffern road was seldom empty of mildly admiring youths on moonlit spring evenings. In her twenty-two years Viva had had three proposals—one of them almost worth while. And there you are, with the best impressionistic word picture of her that I am able to give you.

Dick Venning had said of her, when his opinion was asked by an excessively schoolboyish fact seeker: "She isn't a dead one, and she isn't a four-time winner. I never noticed her especially."

This almost noncommittal speech got back somehow to Viva—there are always enough harmless talebearers to keep the millennium from filling its date—and Viva refused to accept it as noncommittal. Instead she laughed merrily—with her lips and not with her eyes. Then she went home and cried a little—with lips and eyes as well.

Then vampirelike she vowed to emulate the heroine of a story she had been reading and make a conquest of Dick Venning. When he should at last be meshed thoroughly in the charm of her spell he would come kneeling to her and beseeching her to be his wife. She would be wearing the sea-foam crêpe de Paris dress at the time, with a silver bandeau in her hair, and her inscrutable dark eyes would brood somberly on him while he pleaded.

Then as he waited trembling at her feet for his answer a silvery laugh of scorn would break from her arched lips, and she would say lightly: "This dead one doesn't aspire to turn into a four-time winner, Mr. Venning. Good night!"

And she would sweep into the house, leaving him there, heartsick and ashamed.

Viva thrilled at the prospect, and she made her war medicine with all the native skill at her command, reenforced by the cream of the day's best literature—which was all the good it did her.

Dick Venning was a fairly well-to-do young lawyer in New York, and he was half a dozen important things at Paignton. He was chairman of the country club's house committee—a gruesome job; captain of the Paignton Volunteer Fire Company, which was recruited for the most part from the country club's athletes; borough attorney, and one of the chief figures in local activities of all sorts.

It was in his capacity as an official of the country club that Viva laid siege to him. She took to spending twice as much time at the club as of old, and she managed to put herself in Venning's path on any and all occasions. She did it very cleverly and tactfully of course, and Venning suspected nothing. All he realized was that luck had been throwing him of late into undesiredly frequent contact with a girl who did not interest him at all, and that his simple ruses for keeping out of her way seemed to go for nothing.

Not being a born fool, Viva began to understand before long the futility of her vampiric plan, and she had sense enough to give it up before she could be laughed at. But she had not the sense or the bigness to keep from hating Dick Venning with a redoubled cordiality. By a saving grace of brain she forbore to speak ill of him. But it was an effort not to, and the effort blew upon her steady flame of dislike.

Thus matters went on for the rest of the winter and along into the spring. Then one night in May came a chance for the Paignton Volunteer Fire Company to justify its year of training and the subscription dances given for its upkeep. The alarm was turned in by telephone about one o'clock in the morning, and the brand-new subscription fire bell sent forth a right fearsome racket. From the number and the accenting of its strokes the initiated knew that the fire was somewhere out in the direction of the Suffern road. Five minutes later word went from man to man among the apparatus runners that the big old-fashioned stable at the rear of the Kane grounds was ablaze.

Dick Venning ran eagerly at the head of his untried company. He had been to a theater party in New York and had returned to Paignton on the twelve-forty. Thus he was still in evening clothes, albeit his fireman hat and speaking trumpet atoned for the absence of the rest of his high-priced and made-to-order equipment. At that he was in better case than Felix Whitcombe, who in the wild scramble of haste had drawn his fifteen-dollar scarlet fireman's shirt over the coat of his salmon-silk pyjamas and his burnished high boots over the pyjamas' silken calves.

The spark flight was blowing direct from the flaming stable roof toward the house itself. Venning took in the situation with the eye of a Napoleon. Even as the hose was screwed to the front-yard hydrant he started a squad of men to the house roof with instructions to wet down the shingles. He went so far as to try to establish a fire line, but lack of men and lack of accepted authority were too much for him. Members of the Kane family, in sketchy attire, servants attired still more futuristically, momentarily increasing knots of neighbors and villagers, all cluttered lawn and highway, forcing the firemen to plow a streaming way through them.

Yet Dick and his athletic amateurs did yeoman service that night. No less an authority than the editor of the Paignton Chronicle admitted as much in his next week's issue. Indeed the editor—who also held down the triple job of reporter, type setter and proprietor of the Chronicle—went so far as to wind up his two-column account of the catastrophe by saying: "If it had not have been"—the editor had first written "if it had not of been," but substituted "have" for "of" as being just a whit more scholarly—"for the stupendous labors of our gallant fire laddies and their chief the entire mansion, and perhaps others adjacent or even nearer, must of been utterly consumed by the devouring element."

Yes, Dick Venning worked hard and ably withal. So did his volunteer followers, and the whizzing sparks fell wet and black and slushed to death as fast as they lighted on the roof. Even the outhouses came in for their share of scientific sluicing.

As soon as this part of the work was well started Dick set off at a run with half his company for the burning barn.

Somebody had just bellowed: "There's three horses in there—Miss Kane's saddle mare and the two team horses. Any way of getting 'em out, d'you s'pose?"

Dick heard, and his run quickened to a sprint. He could visualize the trio of trapped brutes straining at their halters and plunging and rearing and snorting in panic terror as the smoke swirled down their sensitive nostrils and the showers of falling sparks stung them to madness of agony.

He remembered Viva's dainty roan saddle mare. Again and again Viva had ridden the pretty little mount to the

country club. Her devotion to her horse and her quietly efficient handling of the nervous animal had been the sole traits in the girl's character to commend themselves to the indifferent Venning. The first emotion Viva Kane had ever been able to stir in his heedless heart was running rife there as he charged for the burning stables. It was a keen pity for her in the loss of her adored pet—a pity well-nigh as keen as for the doomed horses themselves.

Close at their captain's heels dashed the firemen, a squirming hose borne along in their rear rank, and three-quarters of the onlookers trailing in the runners' wake. The two halves of the stable's front doors stood wide. Through the opening billowed out sulky waves of gray-black smoke shot with hornetlike red sparks. A beam gave way with a crash and with a storm of flying firebrands. The flaming ridge tree sagged. It was not a pretty sight. All but one of the firemen came to an instinctive halt as they faced that hell mouth. It was a fine thing to try to save three dumb beasts from death by torture, but a human life assuredly should not be thrown away in the vain effort to rescue an animal. If there were people in that death trap now ——

Dick Venning did not flinch. Over his shoulder he yelled a command as to the playing of the hose. Then, head down and chin tucked above his wishbone, he darted into the building. The buffet of spark-threaded smoke sent him reeling back. Sputtering and gasping, he ripped off his evening coat, sopped it into a puddle from the squirtily leaking hose, flung the wet garment over his face and groped his way with stumbling speed back into the smoke avalanche. For a full minute that seemed endless the crowd stared dully into the vomiting doorway, waiting for him to emerge. The firemen went on carrying out their absent leader's orders, but they worked with one eye on the entrance.

Then by silent consent Felix Whitcombe and that funny little shy Howie Blayne dropped the hose nozzle with which they were wrestling. Without a word they threw handfuls of water into their faces and plunged headlong into the stables.

Others were turning from their tasks and making a ragged rush for the doorway, when through the swirling piles of smoke they saw two men emerging. The two walked backward, staggering drunkenly, their red-shirted shoulders doubling under the load they carried. Then a dozen firemen were hauling them out to safety, and they saw that Whitcombe had Dick Venning by the head and Howie Blayne had him by the feet.

The rescuers had found him lying near the stalls, where the heat and smoke had stricken him down. It was Howie who had blundered upon him there in the eye-torturing darkness. The two bearers stretched Dick out on the ground, while someone sloshed a pailful of muddy water over his head and face. With a grunt and a gurgle Venning came to himself and sat up, blinking foolishly about him. He made as though to speak, but before he could force the first word from his blistered throat he noted vaguely that he no longer had an audience.

A second earlier he had been the center of a hundred solicitous eyes. Now at a wild shout from a man on the outskirts of the crowd all those eyes were turning suddenly in another direction. A rococo wooden cornice on the eaves above the stable doorway had just burst into a flare of flame that made the whole lawn dazzlingly bright. But it was not at this bit of pyrotechnics the throng was staring in such stark wonder. Dick Venning, dizzily forcing his tormented eyes to focus, followed the direction of the universal gaze.

Coming around the far corner of the building, from somewhere in the rear, a queer procession was moving. On it came, out toward the crowd and into the golden radius of fire glare. In the same instant from two hundred throats tore forth into the night a hysterically frantic cheer that deadened the crackle and roar of the blaze. For issuing from round the rear of the collapsing stables was Viva Kane. It was she who led the procession. The pageant contained three figures besides her own—the trio of horses that Dick Venning had risked death in his vain effort to save.

Calm, unafraid, head high, walked the girl. With one hand she was motioning back the exultantly on-surging crowd. Her other hand gripped three halter ropes. Her long dark hair hung loose and disheveled over the silk negligee she had slipped about her bare shoulders. The ends of her hair were singed. So were her eyebrows. There were blisters and smudges of soot athwart her dead-white face. Her eyes were stingingly wet and swollen from smoke tears. Her negligee was scorched. Her bare feet were grimed with ashes. But her manner was gloriously quiet and unafraid. The swollen eyes were level. The blistered forehead was unlined. As she came forward she continued to talk to her charges in a crooning, soothing voice that checked their scared tendency to bolt.

In the Same Instant From Two Hundred Throats Tore Forth Into the Night a Hysterically Frantic Cheer That Deadened the Crackle and Roar of the Blaze

And now the people could take in another detail of the picture. The May night being chilly and the horses still shedding, all three had been wearing blankets in their stalls. The buckles of these blankets had now been jerked loose and the blankets themselves pulled forward to serve as hoods. Thus the horses were still blinded to the sights round them, and were restrained from stampeding back into the flames after the silly habit of their kind when fire menaces them.

Not only fearless of death was this rescuer, it seemed, but cool of head as well; not only a superheroine, but with an alert brain that no emergency could muddle, and gifted with rare knowledge of horseflesh.

From the crowd went up a second and louder cheer. There was no holding back the enthusiasts. They rushed upon Viva and her convoys. Men eagerly snatched the halter ropes from the girl's burned hand and led the horses to a safe distance from the fire. Other men shouted the heroine's praises in worshiping ecstasy. They tore off their coats and swathed her in them. They would have borne her to the house upon their shoulders had not her steady voice dissuaded them. They and a score of weeping women formed a guard of honor to escort her to her parents. The stable burned away, unheeded, in the rapturous adulation of the moment.

A girl—a mere slip of a girl—had gone into that inferno from which husky men had deemed it no cowardice to flinch. She had made her way where even Dick Venning had failed. She had risked almost certain death—by strangulation, by falling timbers, by a kick from the frantic horses. She had made her way to the three stalls. She had hooded the panic-ridden brutes, had untied them and had led them forth to safety. She had had the wit to go round by way of the stable's rear door, where doubtless the fire had not yet gained such headway as at the front. She had done all this—she, Viva Kane; a girl of their own town; a girl they had known from childhood; and the cheers would not die down.

As she passed on toward the house Viva looked neither to left nor to right. The crisis was past and a strange apathy was gripping her. Only once did her glance stray. Then it fell upon Dick Venning—a sadly unheroic figure as he sat gaping vacantly at her. Through the new lethargy of mind Viva was aware of a tiny thrill of pride. For she saw the dull glint of his burned eyes soften to a look of open and wondering interest as they strayed over her pallid face.

"I've made him know I'm on earth at last!" she told herself in sick triumph.

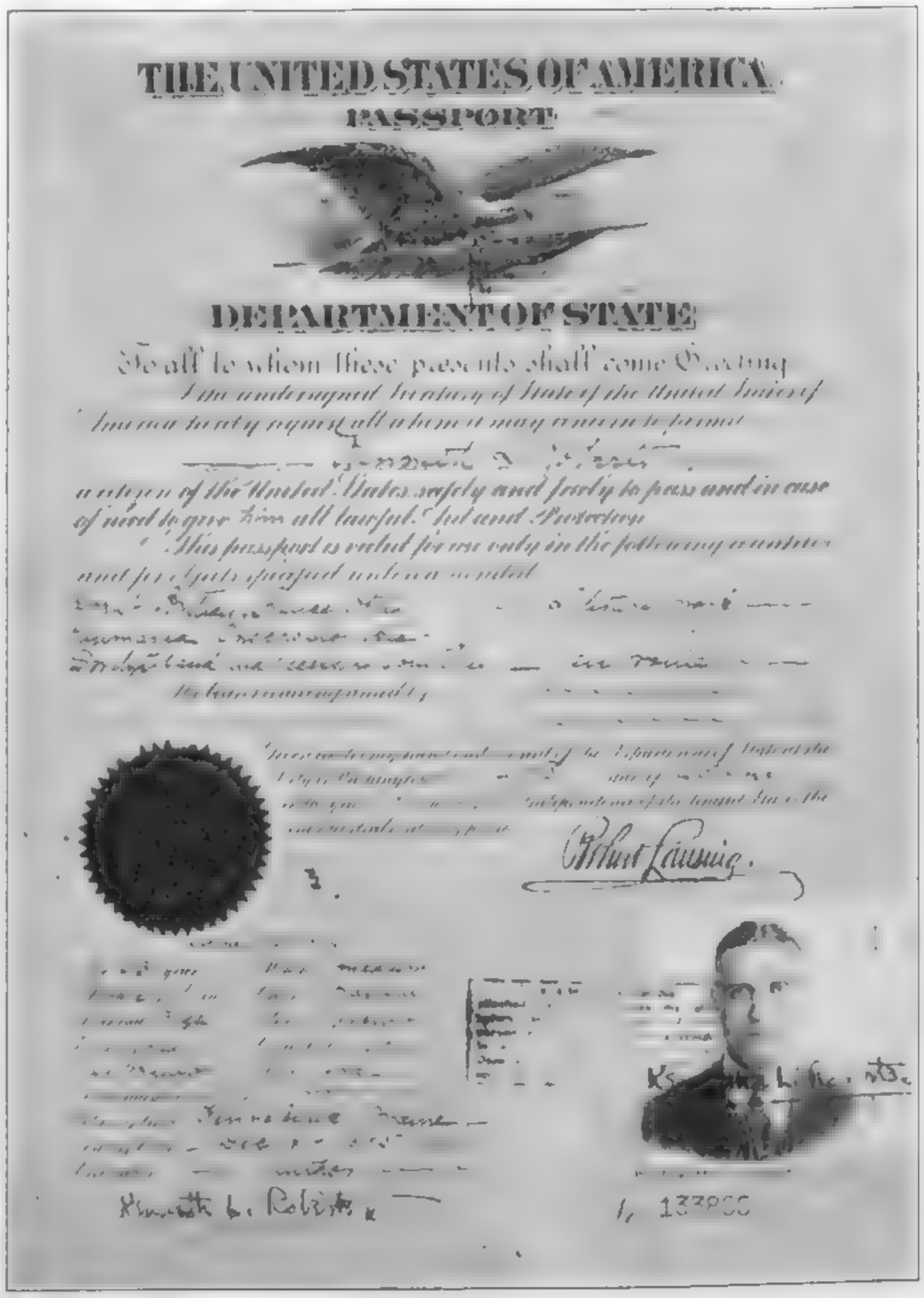
Just then her father came elbowing through the crowd to claim her, and as his arms reached out toward the heroine Viva Kane very peacefully fainted. At twenty-two it is hard to be a superwoman every minute.

The rest was glory. Washington annexed some slight kudos and a page or so in the history books by his coup against the Hessians at Trenton. When Grant vowed to fight it out on this line if it took all summer—and made good his vow—many folk praised him. Dewey made Manila Bay and himself known to the world at large by a certain aquatic May-day party to the Spaniards. The Battle of the Marne

(Continued on Page 79)

TRIAL BY TRAVEL

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS



SOME centuries ago, or once upon a time, as the more daring and original of the writers of fairy tales were in the habit of remarking, all questions as to the truth of certain accusations or claims were decided by various quaint and piquant proceedings known as ordeals or trials. There was trial by fire, trial by water, trial by boiling oil, trial by poison and trial by this and that and the other thing; and all these trials were regarded as very terrible and awful ordeals.

A lady named Richardis, who was the wife of an ancient Frankish emperor rejoicing in the simple but elegant name of Charles the Fat, was accused of some horrible mediæval sin, such, for example, as determining the name of the next king through the agency of the ouija board. She was put through the trial by fire in order to determine whether or not she was guilty. Not content with entering the fire in the usual way, she felt called on to don an undershirt which had been rendered extra inflammable by being dipped in wax. Thus clad, she walked coolly into the fire, lingered there for a few moments, and then walked out again unharmed, though possibly not quite so cool as when she entered The fire hadn't even singed her waxed undershirt. Because of this exhibition she was declared innocent. It might be mentioned in passing that since her husband's name was Charles the Fat, her married name might not unreasonably be considered to be Mrs. Fat, so that her demonstration of noninflammableness was the first recorded instance of trying out the fat.

Such was the trial by fire. If one was burned by the fire one was guilty and nobody cared. No matter how brightly he blazed, the fire department was never called out. If one was not burned one had found a method of beating the game, and was therefore officially whitewashed.

Trial by water was one of the favorite ordeals of the long-ago When a group of people were in doubt as to whether someone was a murderer or a heretic or a horse thief or a sorcerer they picked him up bodily and rushed him to the nearest river or pond. With many an excited cry and many a loud grunt they then pushed him into the deepest portion that they could find. If the water accepted him and allowed him to sink he was innocent. In that case somebody hunted round and found an eel spear or a boat hook and fished him out and—if he was lucky—resuscitated him. If the water refused to accept him and he happened to float he was towed ashore and beaten to a pulp with the most convenient blunt instruments.

In the Days of Hard-Boiled Giants

IN THE trial by red-hot plowshares the idea was to walk on nine red-hot plowshares set in the ground. If the feet were not scorched all was well; but if the suspect so much as murmured "Ouch!" or if the faintest odor of fried sole tainted the air he could then and there bid himself a last fond farewell.

Such were some of the terrible trials of the Dark Ages. There were occasions when men voluntarily went through one or two of these ordeals merely to prove that they were highly desirable citizens. When Sir Bellicose du Batter wished to prove to the beautiful Lady Iseult de Inglenook that he was a better and more righteous and more honorable man than the Duke Sulfuric of Surluse, but cared not to joust with the Duke Sulfuric for fear that he might be ybrasted on the helm, to say nothing of ybanged on the chin and ybumped in the solar plexus and ybanished to the morgue, he would endure a couple of trials for her sake Hence the expression "to go through fire and water." A man who successfully endured one such trial had demonstrated beyond cavil that there were no blots, flies or mud spots upon his fair name. If he endured two of them he proved conclusively that he was as innocent as a babe, or even as innocent as two babes, and that he was batting for one thousand in the Blameless League.

In these more enlightened days we are inclined to view with amazement and admiration the stamina and the hardihood of persons who nonchalantly essayed trial by fire and trial by water and trial by red-hot plowshares in order to win the hands of uncorseted maidens untrained in the rudiments of housework or in order to prove that they hadn't stolen the sheep or held communion with evil spirits. Some, reading of those blood-curdling occurrences opine that there were giants in those days—hard-boiled giants whose recklessness and endurance were such as to make the existing brands of recklessness and endurance look as though they were suffering from anæmia with a touch of the pip thrown in. Others have been known to burst into breezy guffaws at the very thought that the Old World could have been populated with village idiots of such a high grade of idiocy that they permitted such terrible risks to be taken for such puny results.

Those who opine, however, that the widely advertised ordeals and trials of the olden days were the only simon-pure specimens have another opine coming to them. Their opiners I may say, are badly out of kilter. There was a time when I could shudder as with the palsy at some of the trials upon which mankind deliberately embarked before the Old World had become as shopworn as it now is; but now that I have looked more deeply into the matter I can't get a shudder out of any of them. They weren't genuine, blown-in-the-glass articles at all. Anybody could beat the game. There was always a little shop up an alley where, for a certain consideration, one could buy fireproofing material guaranteed to carry him safely through trial by fire, or an imitation stomach which could be lowered cunningly down the throat so that trial by poison could be safely negotiated, or asbestos paint of such potency that after three coats had been applied to the soles of the feet the owner of the feet could not only skip lightly and safely across nine red-hot plowshares, but could even do a Marathon on them if the occasion demanded it.

No; the gentlemen back in the Dark Ages who went through fire and water in order to demonstrate their worthiness to tall willowy blondes who lived in unheated stone castles and were therefore subject to inflammatory rheumatism were not so hardy and reckless as some people suppose. And there is a present-day trial which makes those cleverly press-agented trials of the moldy past look rickety and undernourished and nauseated. I refer to that celebrated European ordeal known as trial by travel

The Age of Profanity

TRIAL by travel has been endured by thousands of Americans since the war came to an end; and few if any of them, I venture to say, will ever be the same. It has been deliberately undertaken by them in the evident belief that it is an accepted form of pleasure; and their persistence in enduring this trial is unimpeachable evidence that the modern American pleasure seeker possesses as much stamina and hardihood as it is possible to cram into the human frame without causing it to crack open. Europe to-day is all cluttered up with Americans who think that they are having pleasure, but who in reality are undergoing trials which cast the trials of the Dark Ages into the damp, dank shade. Here in America there are millions of Americans who are panting and honing and yearning and languishing for a chance to go over to Europe and enjoy trial by travel. They are bitterly envious of those who have succeeded in getting over. Meanwhile the Americans in Europe who are knowing the poignant delights of travel are cursing the day that ever led them to leave their happy homes. Mothers whose lives have been as spotless as an Easter lily and innocent maidens who are popularly supposed not to know one cuss word from another are fighting their way into the presence of passport officials and emitting bits of language that would make a mule skinner admit that there was hope for them. Grave church members whose lives have always been an open book are suddenly displaying a knowledge of profanity so comprehensive that even the most accomplished stevedore would greet them as brothers. Pacifists with normal expressions of benignity are gnashing their teeth with apoplectic rage and hoarsely voicing the wish that they could bring the entire American Army back to Europe in all its strength and lick the stuffing out of the whole gol-danged continent.

All this poignant misery is due to the passport, and to the passport's blood relative, the visa or visé

Before the war no American ever bothered to get a passport when he traveled in Europe, with the possible exception of an occasional ultracareful soul of the sort who

carried a green-cotton umbrella wherever he went and who always sewed a ten-dollar bill in the waistband of his underwear. The passport was considerably rarer than the one-stringed fiddle. Nobody in European countries was interested in looking at passports for the purpose of either amusement, relaxation or information; and there was next to nobody who included that thrilling duty among his official occupations. The universal passport was a small piece of paper money slipped unostentatiously into the prehensile fingers of the nearest minor official. If one had wanted to find an official who included passport scrutinizing among his duties he probably would have had to devote the better part of a week to locating him.

Nowadays no American ever goes anywhere without a passport and all the trimmings that go with it. The modern passport is as heavily decorated with apparently useless encumbrances as an old-fashioned mantelpiece. One finds an occasional American who has lost his passport and is trying to go somewhere without it. He is usually in the hands of the police, though occasionally he is in jail.

The visa was an unknown quantity to Americans before the war, because there can't be visas unless there are passports to put them on. To-day, however, every American in Europe is forced to be a collector of visas. He collects them on his passport with the same intense energy with which a butterfly collector collects butterflies, albeit without the same eager delight and abandon. European travelers are almost invariably doing one of four things: They are either trying to find a place where visas may be obtained, or they have just finished getting visas and are saying some very ungentlemanly things about European passport regulations, or they are standing in the middle of a large crowd in a smelly office waiting for somebody to give them visas, or they are holding a place in a long, slowly moving line and waiting for somebody to look at their visa collections.

Europe is littered with people whose sole occupation is issuing passports or looking at passports or stamping passports or placing visas on passports or copying visas from passports or asking thousands of intimate questions of persons who wish to obtain visas.

The American passport is a document verging on Alice blue in color. It has four pages. The first page is the passport proper. It starts out chattily by greeting all those to whom these presents may come. I would like to say right here that a change ought to be made in the wording of this greeting. There isn't a trace of right reason or judgment in speaking of a passport and its accompanying visas as "these presents." Neither the passport nor the visas are presents. They not only cost the bearer a large amount of hard-earned money but they were relinquished with the greatest reluctance by the passport and visa officials. Some of these officials convey the impression that all persons applying for passports and visas are suspicious characters of unspeakable lowness. "These presents," indeed! My passport and the visas on it represent the expenditure of about one hundred and fifty dollars in cash, and the loss of approximately one thousand dollars' worth of time. Anybody who has the nerve to call this a present would call Senator Lodge a Democrat.

Then the passport goes on to say that "I, the undersigned, Secretary of State of the United States of America, hereby request all whom it may concern to permit Oswald Oyster, a citizen of the United States, safely and freely to pass and in case of need to give him all lawful aid and protection."

It is with great reluctance that I am forced to report that somebody must have been spoofing the Secretary of State. In some unknown manner he has evidently got the idea that officials of foreign nations are willing to do what he asks them to do, and he innocently goes ahead asking them to pass American citizens freely and to give them all lawful aid and protection in case of need. The fact remains, however, that the intangible parties loosely designated as "all whom it may concern" pay no more attention to the polite and neatly engraved requests of the Secretary of State than they would to the unmelodious chirps of an English sparrow. An American in Europe could wave his blue passport frantically at the meekest of passport officials without being allowed to pass freely. It may be stated without fear of successful contradiction that the freedom with which one passes through Europe on an American passport is comparable to the freedom with which cold molasses races through a crack in the barrel. One always gets through on an American passport, but not freely. It is what our English cousins like to call hard slogging—so hard, in fact, that even a professional slogger might be pardoned if he sought to dynamite his way through instead of slog his way through.

No, an American passport does not permit one freely to pass, nor is it a particularly efficacious instrument in securing aid and protection from all whom it may concern, in spite of the pointed request of the Secretary of State which stares out from the passport's almost-Alice-blue face. It is possible that the bearer of any American passport may think that his neatly engraved document will secure aid and protection for him from all whom it may concern; but if he so thinks he would do well to keep on thinking until he has evolved a few more thoughts. The fact of the matter is that in spite of the polite request of the Secretary of State the bearer of an American passport usually can neither obtain aid and protection from all whom it may concern nor from anybody whom it may concern. If he can't aid and protect himself he would do well to mix himself a prussic-acid cocktail and take the fatal step, for his sufferings otherwise will be excessive and long drawn out.

(Continued on Page 67)

THE REFORMERS

By Alfred Noyes

ILLUSTRATION BY RAY ROHN

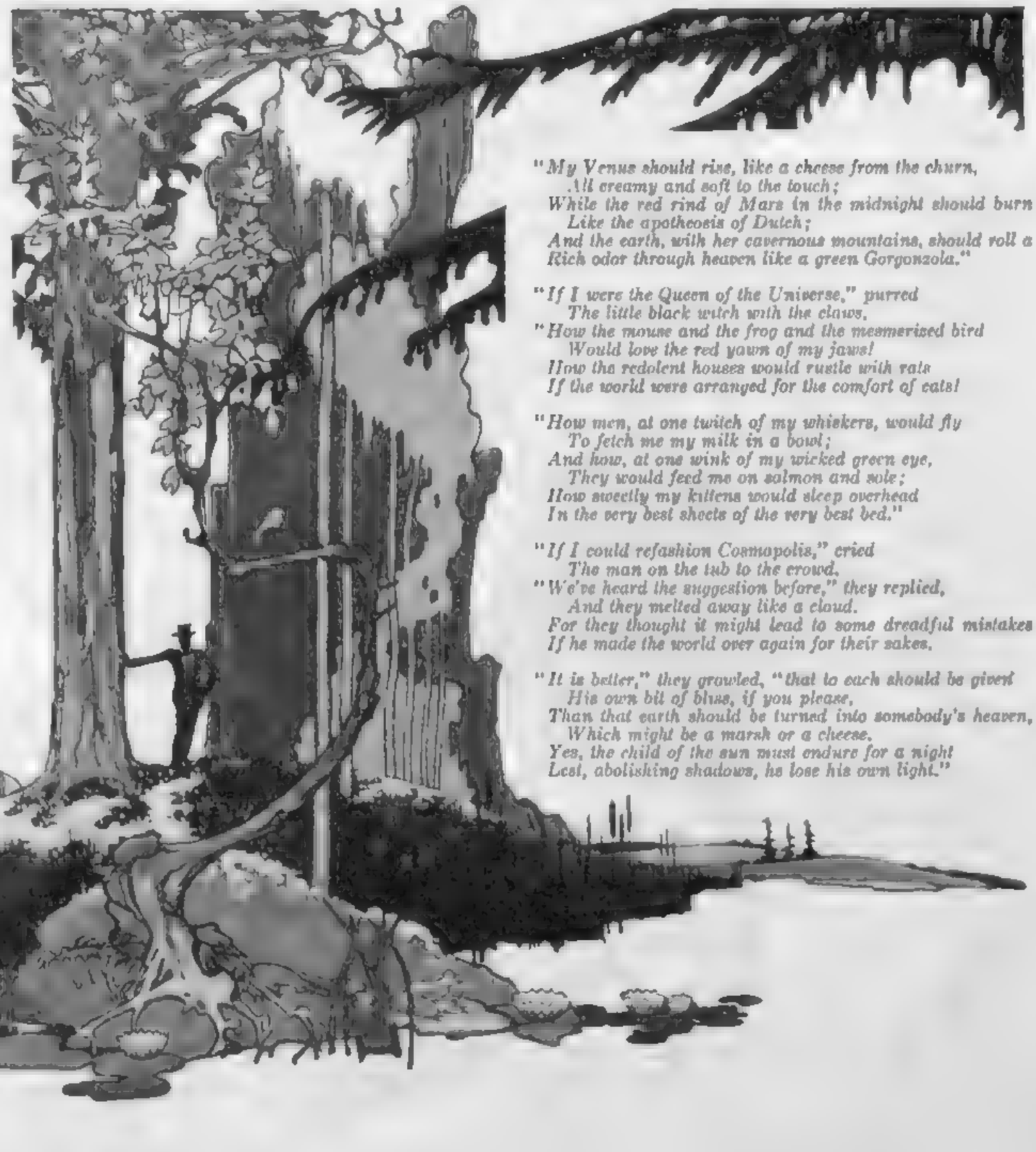
"IF I WERE the Bluebird that fashioned the sky,"
Said the little blue wizard to me,
With a flirt of his wings and a flash of his eye,
As he perched in the crab-apple tree,
"If I were the Master Magician I'd make
The universe over again for our sake.

"The world should be all under bluebird control,
And boys should be just of a size
For me and my missus to swallow 'em whole
Like spiders or honey-fed flies;
While earth should have nothing but trees on her breast,
Where bluebirds like me and my missus could nest."

"If I were the web-footed Wizard you mean,"
Croaked a fat little bullfrog below,
"I should bubble and squeak in an oozier green
Than aught in the world that we know;
While your saccharine song would grow vital and harsh,
For I'd turn the whole universe into a marsh."

Oh, crimson as wine were the beautiful beads
Of his eyes, as he stared at the west,
And croaked, "I'd have nothing but puddles and reeds!
I don't see the use of a nest!
I'd have myriads of gnats"—his eyes blackened like blood—
"And legions of wives all asprawl in the mud."

"If I were the Mouse that created us all,"
A squeak in the wainscot began,
"I am sure I could mold this terrestrial ball
On a more economical plan.
It's a matter, I think, for ironical mirth,
That the moon should be cheese while the mice are on earth.



"My Venus should rise, like a cheese from the churn,
All creamy and soft to the touch;
While the red rind of Mars in the midnight should burn
Like the apotheosis of Dutch;
And the earth, with her cavernous mountains, should roll a
Rich odor through heaven like a green Gorgonzola."

"If I were the Queen of the Universe," purred
The little black witch with the claws,
"How the mouse and the frog and the mesmerized bird
Would love the red yawn of my jaws!
How the redolent houses would rustle with rats
If the world were arranged for the comfort of cats!

"How men, at one twitch of my whiskers, would fly
To fetch me my milk in a bowl;
And how, at one wink of my wicked green eye,
They would feed me on salmon and sole;
How sweetly my kittens would sleep overhead
In the very best sheets of the very best bed."

"If I could refashion Cosmopolis," cried
The man on the tub to the crowd,
"We've heard the suggestion before," they replied,
And they melted away like a cloud.
For they thought it might lead to some dreadful mistakes
If he made the world over again for their sakes.

"It is better," they growled, "that to each should be given
His own bit of bliss, if you please,
Than that earth should be turned into somebody's heaven,
Which might be a marsh or a cheese.
Yes, the child of the sun must endure for a night
Lest, abolishing shadows, he lose his own light."

SOLITAIRE — By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

A Headline Went Ashore, Followed a Moment Later by the Stage Plank, Down Which Stalked Cap'n Dan and Fat Pat Kelly, Followed by a Wake of Orphans

IN AUGUST there was plenty of mud left in the Mississip', but here and there over some of the crossings the old river was short on water. With three feet scant over the crossing at Bull Island Bar, the St. Louis office woke up, and an order issued directing Capt. Dan Preble to proceed to the scene with Dredge Number Ten.

In the late afternoon the dredge and its tender, together with a couple of pile drivers and half a dozen coal barges, tied up under the dusty willows that fringed the Illinois shore below Bull Island. In his eight-by-ten office on the port side of the dredge above the boilers Cap'n Dan, perspiring freely, fumed at the uncertainties of life. Before him, upon an open area in the litter on his desk, ten lines of cards lengthened and shifted with the various hazards of double-deck solitaire.

A moist ten of spades rudely lifted from the jack of diamonds fouled upon a neighboring row of cards. Under their lifted corners a typhoon from the whirring electric fan on the wall swept its interrupting course. In an instant an epidemic flight of cards lay scattered on the hot linoleum that covered the office floor. Cap'n Dan realized that it was too hot for any real first-class profanity, but he did the best he could for a few minutes, prowling round meanwhile on his hands and knees in search of kings and queens and jacks and other lost sheep of his congregation. While his head and shoulders were yet burrowed in the cave beneath his desk the mate of the dredge appeared in the doorway of the office.

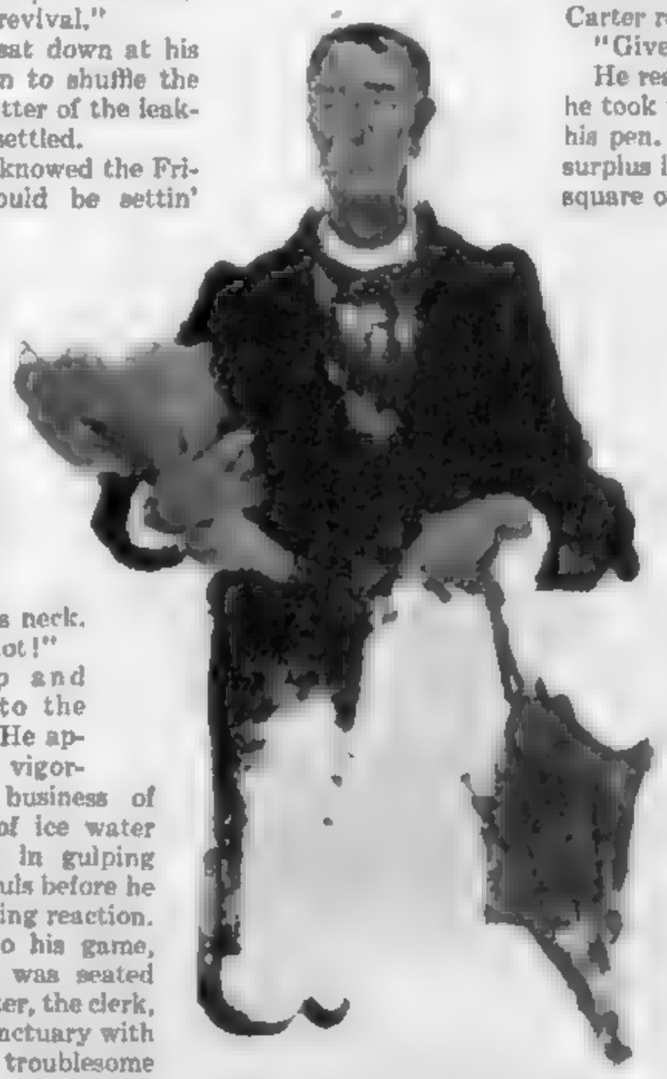
"All fast, sir," he reported. "That for'd barge is leakin' like a two-dollar plug hat, an' it's Friday, an' them fish-eatin' ginks ain't got stren'th enough left to ride the pumps."

A mumbled reply drifted from beneath the desk.

"We only got four steam siphons," the mate returned, "an' they're all workin' on the other barges, makin' up f'r the oakum the calkers left out of the seams."

Cap'n Dan backed out of his retreat with his clutching hands full of cards.

"Beach the son of a gun an' let her die a peaceful death," he said. "I'll be dang glad to see somethin' permanent to look at. I ain't seen so much shiftin' round an' changin' an' movin' an' stampedin' upstream an' gallopin' back in the last twenty years. Beach her an' kick the coal off her, an' if we can't git her loose you kin depend on the old Mississip' resurrectin' her at the fall revival."



"Money Was Never Provided With Which to Institute the Several Projects That You Name"

Cap'n Dan sat down at his desk and began to shuffle the cards. The matter of the leaking barge was settled.

"I might've knowed the Friday Jonah would be settin' on th' bank waitin' f'r us."

When the cards were laid out in their ten columns Cap'n Dan hauled a red handanna out of his pocket and mopped his brow as far back as the mole on his neck.

"Dang, it's hot!"

He got up and walked over to the water cooler. He applied himself vigorously to the business of drinking lots of ice water and succeeded in gulping down four cupfuls before he sensed the cooling reaction. He returned to his game, but before he was seated young Jim Carter, the clerk, invaded the sanctuary with three or four troublesome requisitions for the captain's signature. Cap'n Dan began looking round on his desk for a pen that would write. The first three which he found were pretty well cluttered up with the moist tobacco which persists in accumulating in the bowls of pipes. He found a pen finally, and jabbed it violently into an open inkwell in which there was no ink.

"Just a minute, captain," the clerk interposed. "I guess the hot weather's dried the ink up. I'll get some."

In order to expedite the signature business young Jim Carter returned at once with a full half-pint bottle of ink.

"Give 'er to me," the captain said.

He reached for the ink, but instead of filling his inkwell he took the cork from the bottle and reached into it with his pen. The pen came back freighted with considerable surplus ink, a falling drop of which hit the king of spades square on the nose.

"Tut, tut! Dang it, git me a blotter!"

Not content with waiting for his clerk to retrieve a blotter, Cap'n Dan leaned across his desk and began fumbling in the barricade of impedimenta which fringed its edge.

"Everything but blotters!"

He ranged up and down the length of the desk like a frenzied pianist hitting a bread-winning finale. His left elbow came in contact with the stone bottle wherein lurked the malicious ink, and an instant later the mouth of the overturned receptacle choked and gurgled in fiendish ferrotannic laughter.

Cap'n Dan grabbed for the stone bottle. He succeeded in knocking it off the edge of the desk, whence it fell until it impacted soggily upon a bunion. The bunion, with other things, had kept Cap'n Dan from leading an upright Christian life. Still intent upon his solitaire layout, he grabbed wildly at the cards. He succeeded in sloshing his right hand round in a widening puddle of ink.

A heavy-set yellow jacket buzzing through the door at the moment landed feet first on a pink and tender area shaded by the lobe of Cap'n Dan's right ear. Cap'n Dan slapped wildly at the insect.

The yellow jacket had been born a blond, but he sailed into the sunlight of the August afternoon to face a brunet future, and as he sailed he was pursued by a blast of language which shook the stanchions of the cabin. Some of the riper phrases rumbled to the appreciative ears of young Jim Carter, who was returning with the blotter.

"Here's a blotter, sir," he announced cheerfully.

His eyes met the jet disaster which flowed along the top of the desk and dripped to the floor. The clerk retreated quickly. He retreated in the direction of the galley.

"Couple of you flunkies drag out a hose and man the pumps for'd," he directed. "Another one of you fill Cap'n Dan's bathtub for him, and if you crave to pick up any gilt-edge cuss words now's your chance."

Fat Pat Kelly, the cook, turned his head slowly toward the clerk.

"What's ailin' of the cap'n now?" he inquired.

"Nothin's ailin' of him," the clerk mocked. "He's young and hearty and vigorous. Nothin's ailin' of him. He tried to sign his name and the hold of the dredge is full of ink."

The cook turned to a pair of potato-peeling waiters.

"Go up for'd an' bail out the cap'n's office," he ordered. "An' leave me tell you wan thing—f'r the sake av y'r delicate skins don't smile at the cap'n! It's a hot day, an' it's Friday. In spite of a coatin' av ink, the cap'n's a gintleman, an' wan false move fr'm you like as not would mean he'd knock you to hell overboard, an' throw y'r ears in after ye."

Up for'd in his office Cap'n Dan was at the moment mopping ink from his features, the while singing sweetly through his purple complexion:

Swing low, sweet chariot;
Comin' for to carry me home;
Swing low, sweet chariot;
Comin' for to carry me home.

"You boys can have these here cards if you want 'em," he announced to the two waiters. "They's a full deck in the bunch, exceptin' the kings, an' no riverman durst hold kings in penny ante anyhow. Soon's you clean up in here one of you fill that bathtub full of water."

The captain left his office and sought the galley, where he drank lustily of the black brew which Fat Pat Kelly poured out of the coffee pot. With the familiarity born of long years of association the cook addressed the captain.

"Only wanst before in a long and sinful life have I see a face like yours. It were on a nigger rouster by the name av ——"

"Fetch me a cake of that laundry soap," the captain interrupted.

Fat Pat Kelly retrieved the soap and gave it to Cap'n Dan. The captain walked for'd, and was presently submerged in his bathtub.

"A first-class wind-up for a Mississippi Friday," he reflected.

But that eventful Friday had other things in store for Cap'n Dan.

At six o'clock the clanging steel triangle on the guards at the galley door signaled a rush for the table. After supper an unusual calm pervaded the cabin. Where this leisure hour was normally shattered with the strident voices of debaters who indulged in vociferous arguments involving war and politics, female foolishness, city life, hog cholera, democracy and the high cost of vegetables, all was now calm. The reason was not that a part of the crew were ashore after papaws, or that a group of them were ranging a neighboring slough in pursuit of a breakfast of bellowing frogs, or that the placid yellow Mississip' bore in its lazy currents the hull of a skiff which carried a trio of cat juggers. Half the gang were present in the cabin, and full well Cap'n Dan realized that where two or three such as these were gathered together the welkin could be made to ring.

When the dishes were cleared from the long table a half-hearted cribbage game bloomed from a deck of dog-eared cards. At the end of the table one of the engineers shuffled a solitaire pack, but when he began to play anyone with half an eye could see that the player's mind was on another game. Finally he stacked the deck and threw it on the table before him. He walked for'd to where Cap'n Dan sat in his easy-chair with his feet well up on the port rail. Cap'n Dan was busy with the facial calisthenics of dehydrating a man-size chew of tobacco. Fully aware of life's uncertain tenure and the brevity of man's existence here below, Cap'n Dan had doubled up on the nicotine shift, and though his rhythmic jaws moved regularly upon the tobacco, his lips remained firmly gripped about a sinister and serpentine stogy from whose fuming end emanated an aroma which has never been duplicated since the memorable evening that marked the burning of Rome. Into this smell plunged the courageous engineer.

"Cap'n, sir," he began, "my hogs miss me. That I know from a letter I got off the boy I've hired to feed 'em, an' whilst I hold my job in high esteem, it seems only fair to them hogs that I should raise 'em up the way they ought to be raised instead of leavin' that delicate work to the lazy, whisky drinkin', overaleepin' swab of a hired boy that I hired to ——"

Cap'n Dan's feet hit the deck with a bang.

"What's that you're bellyachin' about?" he asked.

"Cap'n, sir," the engineer began, "I was sayin' my hogs miss me."

The captain looked at the man before him. "If you would wash your face once in a while," he suggested, "your hogs might lose that there brotherly love. What of it?"

"Well, sir, when hogs miss a man so much I figger it's up to him to give 'em a square deal, an' if it's O. K. with you—I'd like to quit."

The engineer stood firmly on his hind legs, expecting to receive the usual remonstrance from the captain. He braced himself against the utterance of Cap'n Dan's words, but the precaution was unnecessary. It was Friday, and Cap'n Dan had learned to play his cards as they dropped.

"Well, if your hogs miss you so much and you want to quit so much, why the hell don't you?" he asked.

"Cap'n, thank you. Not that I want to quit permanent, because I'd lose my civil-service standing if I do so. I'd like to get an indefinite furlough without pay."

The captain smiled faintly.

"You prefer it without pay, do you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell Jimmy to fix you up."

The engineer left in search of the clerk, who was at that moment finishing up his second can of ice-cold peaches.

The Yellow Jacket Had Been Born a Blond, But He Sailed Into the Sunlight of the August Afternoon to Face a Brunet Future, and as He Sailed He Was Pursued by a Blast of Language Which Shook the Stanchions of the Cabin

After the engineer left him Cap'n Dan's face lightened.

"I might've known it. The summer stampede. I might expect it of them roughnecks aft, but why these Jehovahly hog-raisin' gentlemen of the classified civil service beat it with a short stake every August is too deep for my lead lines. Now that it's begun, I'll be lucky if th' clerk and the cook are left on board this time to-morrow night."

A few minutes later the clerk approached Cap'n Dan.

"I thought I'd get these signed up right away, cap'n," he said. "It's still light enough for you to see out here."

Cap'n Dan accepted the fountain pen which the clerk handed him. He inspected the four documents clipped neatly to a board.

"What's this?" he asked.

"That paper on top is a furlough for Miller. He's going back to his hog ranch."

The captain signed his name slowly.

"From what he says, the hogs are gettin' thin worryin' about where at is their wanderin' boy."

"Yes, sir. And them other two papers ——"

"What other two? Are we gettin' four copies of everythin' instead of two now?"

"No, sir. Captain, you see I've got nearly three hundred Buff Orpingtons and some Plymouth Rocks on a small place up near Bushburg, and my wife says that the work of feeding 'em and lugging in eggs and dressing the ones that die for market is something awful, and so I—I decided to take a furlough and go up and help her raise chickens—if it's all right with you."

Cap'n Dan dragged heavily at his stogy.

"How long you been married, Jimmy?" he asked.

"I been married three years, cap'n."

"Have you raised anything besides Buff Orpin'tons and chickens and such?"

"Cap'n, I ain't yet, but mebbe if ——"

"It's all right with me, Jimmy. Go back to your wife That's where you belong. But you better strive to raise somethin' that cries at night instead of them feathered reptiles that wakes you up crowin'. When you git as old as me, an' as lonesome"—the captain hesitated—"you'll wish you done like I told you. You been a good boy, an' they'll always be a job f'r you with me if the Buff Orpin'ton crew fail to perduce."

The captain turned his attention to his stogy.

"You better git one of the boys to row you ashore an' git a night telegram into the St. Louis office so they can send somebody down to take over your property."

The clerk left him.

Alone in the stillness of the early evening Cap'n Dan's reflections bogged down in a melancholy, lonesome reverie which was not broken until the staccato gargle of the waterline exhaust from the dynamo engine below interrupted his momentary mood. Little widening ripples broke from the freeboard of the hull midway of the dredge, and from the snarl of tumbling yellow currents there lifted an occasional wisp of steam whose fleeting vapors died in the still air that lay motionless above the silt-laden waters.

"That's life f'r you," Cap'n Dan mused half aloud. "That's a man's life—fumin' an' bellerin' an' kickin' up a terrible ruckus, an' then it all dies out an' there's no more noise, an' the river of life keeps flowin' steady to the quiet gulf.

Looked over Jordan an' what did I see,
Comin' for to carry me home?
A band of angels comin' after me ——

"These here kings and army officers and arm-wavin' politicians don't amount to a dang a hundred years after they begin bellerin'. That little shiner of a Jimmy clerk with his Buff Orpin'ton prospects an' his wife an' the kids he ought to have has got more'n all the crowns an' swords an' velvet pants an' gold-plated shirts ever meant to all the kings an' colonels in the world. I'd trade this job an' the dredge an' the whole durn works f'r one of his Buff Orpin'tons. And if I owned the United States an' the Mississippi River an' all the kings what ever was, I'd give the whole shebang f'r a couple of yellow-haired kids—an' I might have had 'em once. The poet feller sure said a mouthful when he said they was no fool like a damned old fool."

The dredge bloomed suddenly brilliant with the flash of a thousand electric lights. Captain Dan quit his sorry dreaming and walked quickly into his office.

(Continued on Page 132)

AS I REMEMBER

By Jefferson Winter

IN A PREVIOUS article I mentioned that shortly after joining Mr. Jefferson I applied for a position soon to fall vacant as a result of some changes he contemplated making in his company. This new position would have given me opportunity to play the difficult light-comedy character of Captain Jack Absolute, in The Rivals, and the still more exacting part—at least for a young man opposite to an old one, and he the foremost serio-comic actor of his time—of John Peerybingle in The Cricket on the Hearth. In reply Jefferson wrote to me:

My dear Willy: With regard to Captain Absolute, I have no doubt that the time will come when you will play that character, and others of the same kind, with credit to yourself and pleasure to your audience. But, to be candid, I fail to see you in it at present. I should be pleased to have you in our company next season in the position you hold during this one, but if you have an opportunity of advancing your interests by joining Mrs. Fiske's or any other organization that will increase your salary and strengthen your position, none of your friends will congratulate you more than myself.

Faithfully yours,
J. JEFFERSON.

I was a good deal taken down by that frank facer, so that it was indeed a profound satisfaction when a season or two later Jefferson brought me across the continent at his expense to play Absolute and Peerybingle with him, because, as he then wrote: "I can find nobody else short of a star at the head of his own company to whom I dare to intrust them."

I like to believe that I did not altogether fail to please the old player. And still more I like to recall that it was when acting Peerybingle with him that I received one of the only two tributes of approval that I really prize out of more than a few earned in many years of labor on the stage.

My father journeyed to Washington to see me play that part, and afterward, speaking of the first scene between Peerybingle and Plummer, he said to me: "Billy, for five minutes or more I actually forgot that I was in a theater—and I don't know when I've done that before."

William Winter Sailing Off Bailey's Island, Maine

As he was the most exigent judge of acting, had known Jefferson for forty years and was familiar with every personal peculiarity of mine, with every hair on my head, I felt it was a tribute worth winning. It pleases me to mention it here, and I hope my doing so will not displease anybody else.

Fate settles things queerly. My father and Jefferson parted for the last time after that Washington performance of The Cricket on the Hearth—at the stage door of the National Theater—November 21, 1903.

The Fortieth Quail

LONG afterward Charley Jefferson told me that his father had said to him as they went away: "Poor, dear old Willy! He is terribly worn and tired. He will not last long now."

Jefferson himself died about eighteen months after their parting. Winter outlived him by twelve years, and did more and better work during that period than he had done in the preceding twenty!

Jefferson was an implicit, absolute believer in the doctrine of personal immortality and in the tenets of spiritualism, maintaining in perfect sincerity that he had himself seen the spirit of one of his deceased female relatives.

Many times I have heard him say, with touching earnestness and faith: "Nobody ever loved me like my brother Charley"—meaning his half brother, Charles St. Thomas Burke, 1822–1854—"and I know that when I die he will be waiting there by my bedside to help me."

Yet Jefferson—like his cousin, the famous comedian, William Warren—felt an abiding, terrible dread of death. That seems a strange inconsistency, but it is one I often have met, and not only in actual life. Hamlet manifests it strongly, speaking in despair of "the undiscover'd country from whose bourn no traveller returns" soon after he has himself met and conversed with the spirit of his deceased father. It is difficult to understand such fear—or rather dread—in those who believe that death is but as a passing from one room into another. Thinking of it brings back to my mind the man mentioned by the psychist, J. A. Hill, "who expected to go to everlasting bliss when he died, but did not want to talk about such depressing subjects." Perhaps in Jefferson's case it was in some sort a child to long secret brooding on the fact—of which he was early aware—that his ancestry was cursed with the frightful disease of cancer, of which he did, in fact, eventually die, as also did his sister Connie and his sons Charles and Joseph.

Whatever was the cause of his dread, it was sometimes manifested in a surprising manner. One night in Pittsburgh, Jefferson, who was extremely fond of game, sat down at the same table with me in a public eating place and ordered for his supper, as I had done, broiled quail. I chanced to know that he had eaten the same dish every evening for some time past, and thoughtlessly, supposing he was familiar with it, I mentioned the singular superstition that "if you eat forty quail in forty days it will kill you"; and when his quail—a plump and savory bird—was brought he would not touch it!

Yet when his time at last did come he died as he had lived, with faultless courage and dignity. That time came on Easter, Shakspere's day, April 23, 1905, at Palm Beach, Florida. Not long before the end he asked to be turned upon his bed and lifted up so that he might gaze once more upon the sea—that vast, unresting symbol of eternal life—then closed his eyes and went his way. I hope he did find his dearly loved brother waiting there to help him. If we only knew! Remembering him I sometimes think of the beautiful and tender lines of my father about McCullough:

Earth is happier, having known thee,
And heaven is sweeter for thy sake.

Jefferson, though he was in the truest and best sense a profoundly religious man, disliked the clergy. That dislike originated in the behavior of the clergyman who, unwilling, officiated at the burial of his grandfather—the first Joseph Jefferson, 1774–1832, one of the best and kindest of men—and who in the solemn committal service changed the words "to take out of the world the soul of our deceased brother," substituting "this man," because he would not call an actor "brother." Jefferson's dislike was confirmed by kindred instances, but especially by the refusal of a clergyman to give Christian burial to George Holland, Sr., because he had been an actor—an incident that gave to The Church of the Transfiguration, in West Twenty-ninth Street, New York, the name of The Little Church Around the Corner and made it preëminently the actors' church.

"Henry Irving is very properly indignant because in England an actor cannot go to court, as an actor," Jefferson once said to me. "But here in free America the clergy would keep us out of heaven if they could, because we are but poor players."

And he often quoted, always with extreme relish, the reply made by Edwin Booth to a clergyman who wrote to that tragedian asking that he might be admitted to Booth's Theater by a private door, because, though he much wished to see Booth act, he was not willing to be seen entering a theater, and to whom the indignant and contemptuous actor wrote back: "Sir, there is no door into my theater through which God cannot see."

Jefferson used also to tell with gusto of a committee of clergymen who called upon him to request that he would play Rip Van Winkle in a church, "because we want to see it, but we never enter a theater," and to whom he replied: "Well, in that case, as *I* never enter a church, I am afraid you will never have an opportunity to see my Rip."

True wit sometimes wins a rich return—a fact that was demonstrated by an interchange of messages between Jefferson and his son Willy when that lively and amiable youth was making his first trip alone through Europe. For many weeks he had done himself proud, as his father said, and all drafts had been met without a murmur.

Then one morning came a message to his parent from London saying, "Please cable two hundred pounds at once."

"I cabled back," said Jefferson, telling me of this, "simply two words, 'What for?' And that afternoon I received a reply—also in two words, 'For Willy.' Two hundred pounds is a lot of money, but I cabled it to him on the instant."

Strictures on Poker

ON ANOTHER occasion, when Willy was at a little town in New Hampshire, his father sent him a telegram which it amuses me to copy:

W. W. Jefferson, Jefferson Hotel, Jefferson.
Is there fishing at Jefferson?
J. JEFFERSON.

He loved to talk of early days and dear comrades gone before. Of his colleague and loved friend, William Jermyn Florence, who died suddenly in Philadelphia, November 19, 1891, Jefferson said to me: "Florence was the most extraordinary combination of contradictions I ever knew. Though he possessed the most exquisite tenderness of feeling, he controlled it absolutely and could be hard as a rock. He was naturally and distinctively a comedian, and, nevertheless, he excelled in serious characters. In politics he was a Republican, but he always voted the Democratic ticket. He was an earnest prohibitionist, and he freely drank whisky. He was a protectionist, and whenever he returned to this country from abroad he smuggled. Finally, he was an Irishman in America, yet he believed the government of Great Britain to be the best government in the world."

Jefferson detested all forms of gambling, and the game of poker in particular. All of his sons and most of the other members of his theatrical company, including me, liked it much and played it often, especially when traveling from city to city on railroad trains. If Jefferson took a fancy to stroll through the company car, as frequently he did, his advent would elicit the warning, "Duck, duck! Here comes father!" And we would attempt to conceal our cards and chips, sometimes with success, but more often not, as the old gentleman was quick of eye and well acquainted with our ways. When he detected us *flagrante delicto*, Jefferson would once in a while walk by us without uttering a word, but with a glance of satirical contempt most eloquently expressive. As a rule, however, he would pause and in accents of cutting sarcasm address us in terms that substantially did not vary.

"Oh, don't stop! Please don't stop on my account," he would say. "I like to see young gentlemen enjoying themselves in such a nice, friendly way. All friends, aren't you? That's what you pretend to be. But it's all pretense! Who ever heard of friends sitting down together to try to take each other's money away? And at such a game—a game the essence of which is to deceive and mislead your adversaries. Delightful, isn't it? I wonder you don't try waiting for each other up dark alleys and do it with clubs. But go on, go on! Don't let my prejudices interfere with your friendly enjoyment!"

Jefferson was strongly and—I think very foolishly condemned for altering Richard Brinsley Sheridan's comedy of The Rivals when he revived it in 1880, and that condemnation persists to the present day. When the alteration was first acted in Boston, William Warren—a superb actor, famous as Sir Anthony Absolute and a stickler for the original text—was asked by an acquaintance whether he had seen Jefferson in The Rivals.

"Yes, I have," he answered, "with Sheridan more than twenty miles away!"

It is a witty quip, but it is not warranted. What Jefferson really did was to throw away the dross and save the gold of that old comedy, the dross being principally those insufferable pumps, Mr. Falkland and Julia.

It is the more difficult to understand why anybody should feel that The Rivals ought to be treated as sacrosanct when it is remembered how its author felt about it Moore, in his Life of Sheridan, states that the dramatist always said The Rivals was one of the worst plays in the language, and that he would give anything if he had not written it. It was not a success when first acted, and had to be cut with an ax at that time.

Why Falkland Was Spared

SHERIDAN'S dispraise of it, however, is extravagant. As Jefferson edited and arranged it, it is certainly one of the best plays in the language. But produced by a capital company in New York to-day, as it was produced originally on January 17, 1775, at Covent Garden, London, it would not live a week; produced as it was by Jefferson it delighted and cheered hundreds of thousands of persons, and will please whenever it is so revived.

The sacrileges the old comedian committed on it were—aside from the elimination of Julia and the practical excision of Falkland—a few changes such as this: Where Acres says in the original: "We might as well fight in a sentry box," Jefferson caused him to say, "We might as well fight across a handkerchief," because, he maintained, a sentry box was an unfamiliar allusion to American ears. Some of his insertions were touches of positive comic genius, as where he caused the frightened Acres to say in answer to Sir Lucius' remark that "there is no going out to be shot at without a little risk." "Well, I don't mind a little risk—no, sir—I don't mind how little!"

I recollect a night in Toronto, when a highly distinguished, portly, florid, fussy Englishman was brought to the stage to meet Jefferson, and greeted him by saying with real distress: "Ah, Mr. Jefferson, I grieve to see that you have altogether cut out my dear, delightful Julia!"

"Yes," answered the actor, "and I'd cut out altogether your dear, delightful, damned Falkland, too, if I didn't need him to speak cues."

Jefferson, when young, was a mischievous person, but he soon curbed that as far as acting was concerned, and he would not tolerate the vice of guying on the stage. He was stern, even bitter, in his denunciation of it. I knew him only once to depart in the least from strictest propriety of conduct on the stage. We were playing in the South, and he tried a new actor in the part of Falkland who was very bad, notwithstanding much instruction and numerous rehearsals—which Jefferson disliked to give. As that player left the stage on the night of his first—and last—appearance in the character, I duly spoke the proper speech of young Absolute the exclamation "Poor Falkland!" Jefferson, instead of going on directly with the dialogue, sat silent a moment, gazing off after the vanished actor. Then in accents of extreme vexation he said: "Yes, I think the poorest I ever saw!"

It has been written in censure that "it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that Jefferson never really played Acres at all." Well, if he did not, then he played to absolute perfection something much better and far more valuable which he designed and purposed; a sort of sublimated variant and expansion of the character of Acres, making it immeasurably more significant, interesting and comic than any other actor has ever done of whom there is record; something of which he was in an exceptional and exact sense the interpretative creator.

When speaking of the capricious complaints made about his treatment of The Rivals, Jefferson used often to quote the following speech from Sheridan's A Trip to Scarborough, to which his attention was first directed by my father:

"It would be a pity to exclude from the stage the productions of some of our best writers for want of a little wholesome pruning, which might be effected by anyone who possessed modesty enough to believe that we should preserve all we can of our deceased authors, at least till they are outdone by the living ones."

The last part in which Jefferson ever acted was that of Mr. Golightly, in the vivacious old farce of Lend Me Five Shillings, which he used as an afterpiece to The Cricket on the Hearth, at Plainfield, New Jersey, May 7, 1904. Our season closed on that date, and—my performance of Peerybingle finished—I waited till the farce was over to take leave of him. After the final curtain had fallen Jefferson remained standing near the center of the stage, the members of his company thronging round him.

As he pressed my hand he patted me kindly on the shoulder, saying: "Goodby, my boy. God bless you, and good by." Then recalling I suppose, that I had been reengaged for the next season and that he had invited me to visit him at Buzzard's Bay, he added: "But no: good night, for I shall see you soon again."

As I stepped from the stage the thought came to me, "I wonder if ever we shall meet again?" and I turned to look at him once more. Somebody had placed in his hands a great cluster of lovely yellow and red roses, and as I saw them it occurred to me how fit a symbol they were of his exquisite art, diffusing fragrance and beauty for all, and indifferent to indifference. The light upon him was very bright; his eyes were sparkling; the excitement of acting, which to him was always a tonic, had not subsided; he was talking gayly and half laughing. From the shadow where I stood looking back I gazed at him earnestly and long, then came away with that picture of him and the sad conviction that we had parted forever

The presentiment was all too true It was indeed good-by Untoward circumstances required me to go at once to California. A few weeks later, while traveling east to fulfill my engagement with him, I chanced to take up on the train a newspaper wherein I read that Jefferson had suddenly collapsed; that his professional tour had been canceled; that he had gone to Florida and never would act again Not very long afterward I was one night waiting in the business office of The New York Tribune while my father—standing, as his custom was, at the stone counter there—revised proofs of an article.

A telephone bell rang; there was a moment's pause; then a raucous voice said: "Mr. Winter, somebody in the editorial rooms says to tell you Joseph Jefferson is dead."

So came to us the news that the dark curtain had fallen—that the gentle heart was still—the dear friend—the noble gentleman—the master of laughter and tears, of arts and hearts—was forever gone.

Joseph Jefferson in 1894, With His Grandson Warren Jefferson, as Rip Van Winkle (Act One)

Alas! that all we loved of him should be,
But for our grief, as if it had not been,
And grief itself be mortal!

No voice more ineffably pathetic and affecting has ever been heard in the theater than that of Jefferson, when, as the bewildered and wistful Rip Van Winkle, he spoke the words, "Are we then so soon forgot, when we are gone?" Most of us are indeed soon forgot. But as long as goodness and pity are in the world, as long as nobility and simplicity of mind, probity of character, purity of life and the beauty and beneficence of exquisite art are honored and loved, so long will the name of that great actor be remembered and revered:

Ah, vain are all words! But as long as Life's River
Through sunshine and shadow rolls down to the sea;
While the waves dash in music forever and ever;
While clouds drift in glory, and sea birds are free,

So long shall the light, and the bloom, and the gladness
Of Nature's great heart his ordainment proclaim,
And its one tender thought of bereavement and sadness
Be the sunset of time over Jefferson's fame!

—CHARLES BURKE and JOHN E. OWENS.

Jefferson and W. J. Florence as Bob Acres and Sir Lucius O'Trigger in The Rivals

All actors when beginning model themselves on others already established in public admiration, and then, if really they possess originality of mind and force of character, they develop a method and manner of their own.

The Pedigree of Style

"I HAVE got Cooke's style," said Edmund Kean, "but I am so much smaller that nobody will ever find it out." George Frederick Cooke was modeled on John Henderson, whom he had seen, and his style was modified by that of Garrick and of John Philip Kemble—Black Jack, as he called him—when he said: "If you and I were both pounded together in a mortar we shouldn't make a limb of Garrick." Edwin Forrest saw and acted with Kean, and the Cooke tradition was impressed upon him by Thomas Abthorpe Cooper, with whom also he performed. Edwin Booth was molded by the influence of Kean, and still more by the example of Kean's great rival, Edwin's father, Junius Brutus Booth. Henry Irving's style was based on the tradition of Kean and Henderson, and modified by observing that of Edwin Booth, with whom he acted in 1861. Jefferson modeled himself at first upon his half brother, Charles Burke, and John E. Owens, and his style was

(Continued on Page 85)

As it Was in the Beginning

He Called Her Attention to a Curious Marble Receptacle Just Inside the Door of the Old Wine Press

V

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

MR. LAWRENCE BERWICK, the unfortunate victim of English legal tradition, reluctantly changed his passage from the Proconsul to another steamer sailing a week later, and accompanied by his friend Saltonstall departed from London the following afternoon to spend the Easter holidays with Lord Congreve at Tilton Abbey. Leaving the train at Brockenhurst Station, the two Americans found awaiting them neither a palatial limousine nor even a cart drawn by a snappy cob, but a flivver truck, driven by a keeper's boy in a shabby shooting jacket.

It was a mellow afternoon, and after the stuffiness of the train, as they buzzed along the sandpapered roads of the New Forest, both regretted that they could not walk the nine miles to the Abbey. They met no one. A golden silence, hardly broken by a bird's note, hushed the vaulted alleys shot through with shafts of light down which their eyes followed, it seemed for miles, between the brown oak trunks, until the sight was blurred by a tangle of shadow and foliage.

"I didn't know this sort of thing really existed," broke out Berwick suddenly.

"They call this a forest, but every tree looks as if it were valeted every morning."

"They've been valeted for nearly a thousand years," answered his friend. "This country is damned old, and it hasn't changed essentially since the barons squeezed Magna Charta out of King John at Runnymede—which wasn't so far from here at that."

Presently they topped a short rise and came out where they could look down upon the silver thread of a river that wound through low-lying fields of rye and barley, and half a mile beyond they entered a trim village with red slate roofs patched with bright green moss and shining windows filled with boxes of flowers.

A postman touched his cap, and some old gaffers smoking their pipes outside the Abbey Arms nodded as they flew past. Then they rattled over a bridge and under the sudden gray-stone arch of a gate house, through which Lawrence could see an ancient castle with the banner of England floating from its tower.

The driveway swung round a wing with Gothic windows and a huge arch, now filled in, but evidently used as an entrance in some past age, about which grew picturesque clumps of cypresses, the whole presenting to Lawrence an entirely unreal effect. The lawn in front sloped down to the river through a gallery of green statuary carved by the gardener's scissors from box and yew. As the truck groaned and died before the door half a dozen rooks, cawing a protest against this invasion of their privacy, rose out of the elms beyond the lawn, hung for a moment festooned in midair and flapped languidly away.

"Am I at the movies?" thought Lawrence. "Surely this is all make-believe. The next thing some mail-clad warden will come out and blow a horn."

The warden duly appeared in the shape of a one-armed butler, who explained that Lord Congreve had not as yet come in from fishing, but that Lady Muriel would give them tea in the library.

In the dim light of the hall Lawrence collided with a rusty suit of somewhat inebriated armor standing inconspicuously by the door. All round, against every wall, along the staircase, even upon the railings of the galleries, hung hundreds of ancestral Congreves. Some were in the cassock and cotta of the priest, others in judicial robes, some in doublet and hose, some in breastplate and greaves, some in the tight bodice and ruff of Elizabeth's time, or the greater amplitude and consequent comfort of the late Dear Queen. In the shadow he caught the droop of tattered flags, and behind a glass the flash of a jeweled hilt. A boar's fangs grinned at him from above a doorway, and then he heard his name being uttered by the butler beyond the threshold. He was in a room lined with high bookcases topped with cases of stuffed birds, the air heavy with wood smoke from a great bed of ashes behind a leather fire seat.

"Hello!" said Muriel's clear young voice. "So there you are! Father's still out fishing. He said he might be late, because he wanted to try the pool below Buckler's Hard."

She came forward and gripped the hand of each as if she were heartily glad to see them. She did it well, thought Lawrence.

"And what have you been doing with yourself?" he asked for lack of anything better to say.

"Oh," she answered as she began to make tea, "what I usually do—helping the housekeeper with the linen, paying a visit or two in the village, and reading. And then I hunt a little. There's really a lot to keep one busy—more than one would suppose. How do you like it—strong?"

There was a permeating sense of comfort about this room, in which every period was represented in the much-worn furniture, from that of the Spanish Armada to the Albert Memorial. Historic portraits hung side by side with water-color sketches done by former ladies of the Abbey, and relics of the crusaders, worsted mottoes, picture cards and calendars, hung indiscriminately from the projections of the bookcases; while the desks and tables were heaped with maps, diaries, record books bound in leather, newspapers, piles of letters, riding crops, tennis rackets, stray gloves, works on sanitary engineering and gardening, novels and games.

Just at Lawrence's shoulder a parchment scroll, evidently used as a lamp shade, swung from an upright by a silken cord, covered with old English lettering and grotesque figures in color.

"That's an old manuscript that tells how King John came to build the Abbey in 1204," Muriel said in answer to his unspoken query. "It's rather difficult to read. But I know it by heart:

"'In the sixth year of King John, the same king built a certain monastery of the Cistercian Order in England for

the following reason: Because the same king was angry beyond measure without cause, against the abbats at a certain Parliament which he held in Lincoln, the abbats of the said order came to see if in any way they could regain the king's grace and favor. When he saw them, so cruel of mind was he that he vilely ordered his servants to trample the said abbats under the feet of the horses. But the royal servants, being unwilling to perform so atrocious and unheard of a command from any Christian prince, these lord abbats, because they almost despaired of the royal bounty, hastily returned to their lodgings.

"'On the following night, when the same King John was sleeping in his bed, it seemed to him that he had been led before a certain judge, the aforesaid abbats standing there, who ordered the said abbats to beat the said King upon his back with scourges and rods. And this very beating, on awakening in the morning, he said he felt Moreover, he narrated his dream to a certain ecclesiastical personage of his court, who told him that God was merciful to him beyond measure, in that he had deigned so clemently and paternally to reveal to him his mysteries, and he counseled the king to send speedily for the abbats of the said order, and to beg from them a humble pardon for his guilt. The king assenting, they were sent to come to the king. On hearing this from the king's messenger, they thought they would be banished from England. But God, who leaves not his own, disposed otherwise, for when they had come into the king's presence the same king relaxed his indignation which he had toward them.'"

"So he founded the Abbey because he had a guilty conscience?" asked Saltonstall. "I wonder how many kings would do anything of the sort now!"

"There aren't many kings left," commented Muriel.

"I'm glad John was so sensitive," said Lawrence. "Was this the monastery?"

"Yes, you're sitting in part of it. That arch you saw coming up the drive—it's closed up now, you know—was the old gateway. No one not in orders could go beyond it—not even the king—because it marked the beginning of consecrated ground. So when King John came down here to hunt—which he very often did—he had to sleep in a room over the arch, and he met his barons in council there, for they could not go inside. Hello, Bob!"

A white setter had trotted in and was nozzling her hand. There were voices in the hall outside, and Lord Congreve, in the shabbiest of tweeds, entered, followed by another and equally threadbare sportsman.

"Glad to see you at Tilton! I had an idea you'd probably turn up!" he cried, welcoming them with enthusiasm. "Let me present to you my friend, Sir Harry Worthesly. Hello, sis!"

Sir Harry proved to be a hearty specimen of the squire type and quite a member of the family. He was also apparently the local fountainhead of historical information, and promptly offered to show Saltonstall over the place. He included Lawrence in the invitation, but the latter did not rise when Congreve went off to write some letters and the others moved toward the door. Why was it, he asked himself, as he watched Muriel's fingers flitting in and out nimbly between the folds of her sewing, that he already felt so well acquainted with her? Was it because there was less to know than in an American girl, or because the other women he had dallied with had obscured their real personalities behind a vapor of affectation? In this, her natural setting, by the smoldering fire in the Abbey library, she was a charming chatelaine. But was she real? Was any of it real? If it was—why, there must be a raft of things he didn't know about—association—sentiment—opportunities ——

"You don't care for old things?" she inquired.

"I like young things better," he replied solemnly. "I'm tired of being so old myself. Sometimes, particularly just at the present moment, I feel as if I'd never had a proper shot at being young."

"I suppose you might reasonably hope for a year or two yet—before absolute senility," she returned with equal solemnity. "What do you say to my showing you the river—that is, unless you think the evening air might be bad for you?"

They dined that evening in the great stone hall—beneath arches sacred to the memory of King John—at a huge oak refectory table fifty feet long, weighted with historic plate and antique tankards of silver. There were other guests for dinner from Lymington and Brockenhurst—young married people for the most part, with a stray golfer or so from the neighboring country club, and a clear-eyed, red-cheeked, vigorous old vicar of seventy-eight, who—Muriel whispered—rejoiced in the almost unique distinction of being the seventh son of a seventh son, with all the traditional perquisites associated therewith. Certainly those keen gray eyes seemed capable of seeing long distances, and several times during the course of the meal Lawrence, somewhat to his discomfiture, found them turned upon himself.

Then the women rose and the men drew up about Lord Congreve's end of the table near the fire. The port went round, and the last anecdote about Lloyd George and Clemenceau was told; and questions were asked and sometimes answered about the latest news from friends in Egypt and Hong-Kong and Peshawar, as if those places were no more distant from London than Jersey City is from New York, which, heaven knows, is quite far enough. Lawrence noted that the war itself was not among the topics mentioned, though all the men—and later on, in the drawing-room, all the women—discussed with much shrewdness and information the various problems rising out of the peace conference, and the issues which the government was facing at home.

Muriel, indeed, though much the youngest of the party, appeared to be on familiar terms with the topics discussed, though in America—Lawrence told himself—most girls in her position would have floundered aimlessly, uttering cries for help such as: "But what do you think of the League of Nations, Mr. Berwick?" In the present case it was he who asked the question and she who answered it. There was no swank about it, either. Lawrence commented upon this to his friend as they sat in their pyjamas smoking a good-night cigarette in the latter's bedroom, which had once resounded to the discussions of King John and his barons.

"Why is it," he asked, "that back in the old U. S. the ordinary run of folks don't really know much about the problems of the day—I mean the basic facts? They can tell you vaguely that they're Republicans or Democrats—

(Continued on Page 104)

"So He Founded the Abbey Because He Had a Guilty Conscience?" Asked Saltonstall. "I Wonder How Many Kings Would Do Anything of the Sort Now!"

THE ROSE DAWN

They Traveled by Thousands, People Who Had Never Been a Hundred Miles From Home in Their Lives

XXII

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

KENNETH allowed one day to elapse before calling for Pronto and riding out to the bungalow. His head was full of this girl—he could think of nothing else. She haunted him as no other of his numerous flames had ever haunted him before, and yet strangely enough the realization that he was in love with her had not entered his head. This was the more remarkable in that he had often enough been stuck on other girls, and had realized the fact and been secretive or proud of it according to his age. But he did not at all consider himself stuck on this girl. She was just different. For one thing, you did not have to talk to her all the time; for another, she seemed to have some sense when she did talk; and she certainly was a bird of a horsewoman! Looked to Kenneth as though she would be a lot more fun than these other silly creatures who always wanted a lot of help and attention just because they were girls. So impersonal was his conscious attitude as yet that he suffered no immediate pang of disappointment when his knocking elicited finally only Brainerd in a dressing gown.

"I was riding by and I dropped in to see how Miss Brainerd survived the party," he said.

The tall man's weary eyes surveyed him detachedly. A faint glint of amusement lurked in their depths.

"Miss Brainerd"—he choked slightly over the words, but recovered himself at once and went on gravely—"was here not five minutes ago. I can't imagine what can have become of her." He examined Kenneth again and liked his looks. "I'm a little seedy to-day," he continued in explanation both of his own presence in working hours and the costume in which he was discovered. "Won't you come in and visit me a little while? I assure you I am getting quite bored and lonely by myself."

Kenneth liked the room into which he stepped. He was still of the chameleon age, capable instantly of taking the mental color of his surroundings. The worn leather armchairs, the rows and rows of books, the wide fireplace and the double student lamp on the magazine-littered table threw him instantly into an appreciative attitude toward a quiet, scholarly life by one's fireside, far remote from the turmoil of the world, and so on. Corbell's ranch house had affected him in a similar manner, though in a different way. Possibly he recognized reality.

He found himself sitting in one of the armchairs one side the fireplace, where oak logs burned quietly. The clearing wind after the rain was singing by the eaves. On Brainerd's invitation he filled a pipe. The conversation for a few moments ran limpingly, for Kenneth was trying, before this quiet, saturnine, wise-seeming individual, to be very intelligent and grown up. But Brainerd let him alone, and after a time the situation eased.

"Yes, California is a delightful place to live in," the older man assented to Kenneth's remark concluding his account of the quail hunt. "What are you going to do here?" he asked abruptly.

"Do?"

"Yes—as your job. Every man who is worth his salt must have a job, you know."

"I suppose he must."

"You don't want merely to suppose; you want to know it. It's very simple, but people don't seem to grasp it. They seem to think that when a man gets a certain amount of money—enough to live on—that he can stop work if he wants to. Worst sort of fallacy! He may change the kind of work. But the possession of money or leisure merely means that a man has accomplished the first necessary step and is ready to go on with the next. I suppose merely earning a living and an economic place in the world is made so extraordinarily difficult because so few people go on doing things after that is accomplished. They generally sit down and build bulgy granite houses and buy more horses and dogs and clothes than the next fellow, and get fat and arrogant and short-tempered and silly. Ever notice that?"

He cocked an eye over his pipe at Kenneth and stretched his long legs toward the fire.

"I've a notion the particular guardian angel who was put in charge of this planet is a hopeful sort of cuss who likes to try it out. So every once in a while he gives a man what all the rest of the world has to struggle for or die off—wealth and the leisure that comes from relief of that pressure—in the hope that man will go ahead and do something with it. He certainly runs against a lot of disappointments! But I'm preaching away like a parson."

"No, you're not," cried Kenneth earnestly. "I like intellectual conversation, but you don't often find a man you can talk to that way."

Brainerd hastily concealed a grin that nearly surprised him. "Well, we're getting a long way off the subject, anyway. Of course a young man like yourself doesn't intend to settle down and live on his father."

"Of course not. I—I thought some of going into the bank."

Brainerd was silent for so long that finally Kenneth asked him: "What is your advice?"

"Boyd, one man can never give another advice. 'Advice' is a word that should be stricken from the language. The most one can do is to call to another's attention certain facts in the situation of which he may not be aware, leaving him to form his own judgment. If you form another man's judgment for him you have absolutely deprived him of all the value of that experience."

"How do you mean?"

"Life is a series of opportunities for making decisions. Making decisions is the only way you form character. If somebody else makes a decision for you he has deprived you of one chance."

"But he may be much wiser or more experienced than yourself. His decision may be a better one."

"It may be a better one as far as practical results go—yes," admitted Brainerd. "But no amount of practical results can make up for a lost opportunity of growth."

"By Jove, I never thought of it that way. But you're right!" cried Kenneth.

"Now as to jobs," continued Brainerd, "they are never any good unless you get something out of them besides money. The ideal job is one that produces something either in the shape of material products or some service needed by our somewhat complicated economic system, and at the same time gets us something besides money—such as more opportunity or interest or satisfaction or congenial companions or surroundings, or something like that. Also, it might include chance for growth. The man who actually puts something in the world that was not there before—such as a potato—probably on the average gets more satisfaction from his job than the man who fulfills a function. The latter may be more important, but I am talking about the way the average man feels."

"Farmers are always kicking," suggested Kenneth.

"So is every other class of man on this footstool. When you discuss in the abstract you have to assume an intelligent man as your subject."

To Kenneth all this talk was fascinating. He had taken Philosophy III in college because it was considered a snap, and the surface of his mind had taken the impress of its forms long enough to get credit for the course. But never before had he happened to meet anyone with a philosophic attitude toward the realities of everyday life. It was simple and understandable, and yet it dealt with fundamentals so that he had a pleasing sense of discussing deep subjects and comprehending them.

"I'd like to be a rancher," stated Kenneth with conviction, "and keep cattle."

"Yes, that is a good business," assented Brainerd, "but it cannot be done haphazard. As at present conducted, it is for California a persistence of past conditions. It will be crowded out in time by other things. Personally, if I were younger I'd rather be identified in a small way with the beginnings of future things than even in a large way with the endings of past things—just as a matter of personal interest, not as a measuring value to the community."

"I don't quite follow you."

"I mean cattle ranching on a big scale and near enough centers of civilization to make life worth while is bound to pass. Its place will be taken by agriculture and horticulture."

"Not in the South," stated Kenneth, confidently repeating statements he had heard on the quail hunt. "It's been tried, and it doesn't work except on a small scale."

"Because it hasn't been tried right. Everything's been attempted on a big scale, even on a small farm. The idea has been to plant the largest number of acres possible so as to make a killing in the wet season. In dry seasons they argue they won't get anything anyhow. Result is a sort of scratch harrowing, shallow cultivation. But it's not true that in a dry season you'll get nothing—if you do proper work. And this scheme ignores the half-and-half years. It's shiftless. Men get used to thinking in the immense acreage of the cattle ranches, and they bite off more than they can chew. Why, many don't touch the land after planting it! The crops are fouled with wild oats and mustard and such things, and so are reduced. These so-called farmers do not care for small profits. It's all or nothing with them. They are never self-sustaining. They scorn to plant vegetables and such things as they need. If they'd do less but better they'd find the South would grow things all right. Why, they don't even know where their best land is!"

"In the bottom lands," stated Kenneth promptly.

"That is what they think—and you're wrong. It's rich and wet enough to grow crops without irrigation and all that, but it's just common farming, and acre for acre it will not match that land right out there."

"You mean that dry sagebrush or the sand wash?"

"Both. Properly cultivated and irrigated they will grow more valuable crops of more valuable things than your bottom land. I have proved it on a small scale."

He went on to elucidate what was then a revolutionary idea, becoming almost animated in his interest. Kenneth listened, at first skeptically—soon with growing conviction.

"You come up again," Brainerd invited him finally, "and I'll show you what I mean. It's all on a small scale, for I have not the means or the strength to do more, but the future of the country is in it. Some day they'll wake up, and then you'll see. If I were a young man like you, and I could command a little money, as I suppose you can, I'd certainly go in for ranching. There is no place on the globe with a better climate, with more beautiful surroundings, with more satisfying appeal. I know, for I have lived in many places. It is new, but that affords the satisfaction of being active in the building; and a small ranch intelligently conducted on new and experimental lines would have for me the intelligent interest of creating." He checked himself with a laugh. "I'm coming perilously close to offering advice after all," said he. "But to my mind there is no comparison between such a career and the big, round suavity, the large, buttoned-up complacency of golden-bellied bankers."

"I'm mighty glad I found you in," said Kenneth, rising. "You've given me a lot to think about."

"Talking is one of the best things I do," observed Brainerd, "when I am sure of an understanding listener. I'm sorry Daffy isn't about. I can't imagine where she has disappeared to—her pony is in the corral."

As a matter of fact, Daphne was in the next room, keeping very quiet until the visitor should depart. She had no intention of being seen at this time, or for several days yet. By the end of that period certain grown-up dresses would be finished. They were being made at the Peytons' by a little sewing woman, who came in by the day. After the Boyds' party it was as impossible that Daphne reassume her child's dresses and her pigtails as it would be for a butterfly to reenter its cocoon.

XXIII

DAN MITCHELL had read Patrick Boyd correctly. Hardly had the echoes of the ball died away before he began to look about him for something else to do.

(Continued on Page 143)

He Wanted to be With Her All the Time, Because She Was Such a Good Sort; You Could Talk Foolishly With Her Without Being Silly

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription:—$2.50 the Year. Remittances from outside the United States proper to be by U. S. Money Order or Draft, payable in U. S. funds, on a bank in the U. S.

To Canada—By Subscription, $3.75 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union, Subscriptions, $4.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 4, 1920

A Square Deal for Teachers

THE reopening of the public schools affords a fitting occasion to bespeak a square deal for those who teach in them. In the past parents have often judged them unfairly and have been far too ready to blame them for conditions that are not blameworthy.

The commonest and perhaps the weakest indictment against school-teachers is that they do not make lessons interesting.

Most parents have heard the misquoted proverb to the effect that there is no royal road to geometry, and from it they have reasoned that all other branches of learning can be approached by royal roads, broad and easy and pleasant to childish feet. Thus they often argue, remembering only the pleasing and prankful episodes of their own years in the schoolroom.

Is it not time to look the facts squarely in the face and to admit to ourselves, to our children and to their teachers that a large part of elementary schooling is, and from its very nature must be, sheer drudgery? Is it reasonable to suppose that a healthy young animal whose main interest is in batting averages and league standings can derive much real joy or pleasure from French verbs, or the Bridge of Asses, or the bridge that Cæsar built? Is it not easier to believe that a youngster who really revels in such learning has a morbid streak that he would be better off without? And yet no school work is so dry or tedious that it is not commended to him in terms as flattering as he might himself employ in trading a Nick Carter thriller to the boy across the aisle.

Misguided attempts to make schooling interesting at any cost have done more than anything else to sap the vigor of our educational system. The truth to which we stubbornly close our eyes is that a large part of the essential foundational work in the elementary schools is not only not interesting but cannot be made so. Sooner or later this fact must be recognized and taken into account. Drudgery cannot be so gilded or bespangled as to make it anything else; nor is this the honest way to get it attacked and mastered.

Let us frankly admit that many common subjects abound in painful drudgery and hold little or nothing to appeal to a child's interest or imagination. They must be studied doggedly, not because they are pleasing or stimulating but because they are necessary; and the only way to learn them is by the outlay of much hard work and intense concentration.

Leading a boy to believe that everything he is expected to learn is attractive and pleasant is a subterfuge that defeats its own ends. Soon enough the lad sees for himself that he had been misled, and his natural resentment is thereby awakened. It is far better to admit at the outset that certain studies are difficult and irksome and must be laboriously mastered, because without such knowledge further progress is impossible, than it is to play them up as fascinating indoor sports for lusty youngsters who know perfectly well that they are nothing of the sort.

Foreign critics of our common-school system are practically unanimous in charging that we are overanxious to make education a pleasant diversion and refuse at any cost to allow it to become the hard, unceasing grind that most really learned men have found it. Our national tendency is to demand high voltage in teachers and teaching to spark through the high resistance of learners rather than high-voltage study and application by pupils to overcome the resistance of their appointed tasks.

And yet schooling need not be an utterly cheerless desert. There are plenty of oases for those who know how to find them, plenty of studies rich in human interest that afford boundless play for all the teacher's skill in firing youthful imagination, stimulating thought and implanting the desire to learn. Schoolmasters still repeat legends of the gentle Ascham and the means he used to win the attention and affection of his scholars; and college professors still remind us of that famous lecture on prehistoric beasts in which the great Agassiz was so moved by the imagined hissings and snortings of the monsters he was describing that long before his hour was up sheer exhaustion compelled him to dismiss his class.

The Younger Set

A GROUP of scholars in an English university sat at dinner, with the youngest at the foot of the table and the famous one-eyed master of the college at the head. As often happens, the youngest man, naturally being the wisest present, monopolized the conversation. He aired his views at great length, covered many subjects with equal assurance and bored his fellows. At last the master fastened his one and only, but piercing, eye upon the youngster and said: "Has it ever occurred to you, sir, that even the youngest of us might be wrong?"

So far have we swung away from restrictions, restraints and compulsions in the last generation or so, and so far have we traveled in the direction of impulse, spontaneity, freedom and license that the world is in sore need of many masters with biting tongues. No longer is it true that the young are seen but not heard. Not only do they make themselves heard but they shout down their elders in a daily mounting chorus of derision and scorn. Art, literature, education and economics—all these are being dominated more and more by the reckless, half-formed judgments of youth.

We must all guard ourselves of course against being old fogies as we grow older. Progress would die if old men always had their way.

But it is no sign of hardening arteries or settled brain paths to be aware of the rampage on which youth has of late been engaged. The meaningless smudge and blur, without drawing value or perspective, that makes up so much of modern art; the strange, tortured language which so many of the younger, newer writers on social and economic questions use in place of English; and the suddenly rediscovered and previously discarded utopias which a host of youthful reformers are so joyfully recommending—are these not signs that youth has been given—or has taken—its head with a vengeance?

Just as the middle-aged man has learned his own limitations and, if healthy and happy in his domestic life and work, is content to abide by them, so, too, he does not expect to make the world over, though he would like to see reasonable progress. But the youth scorns limitations, either upon himself or upon society. He will change at once the motives of modern life. He will introduce new institutions instanter. Experience counts with him not at all. Such a phrase as "the middle point of wisdom, of sanity, of self-control and of steady progress" only irritates him.

One of the greatest scientists of this generation, a man who by tireless and original investigation has dug through to everlasting truths, hits the target when he says:

"One of the most difficult things in the world is to recognize a great truth, to feel its significance and yet not be carried away by it. Great scientific errors are frequently due not so much to faulty observations as to sweeping conclusions. As a test of truth, logic is inferior to experience; its faults are not so much in its methods as in its premises and applications. For this reason a logical chain has led many a man into the bondage of error.

"Truth is not usually found in extremes, but rather in some middle course which is less striking but more judicious."

A Workers' Paradise

WORKMEN in various manufacturing centers whose demands for shorter hours and higher wages have deprived them of jobs by driving local industries to cities where conditions are more favorable have made the interesting announcement that they intend to pool their savings, establish and equip factories, conduct them along coöperative lines and open stores for the sale of their output.

Every such experiment will be sure to attract world-wide attention. The most notable collectivist efforts of the past have been among consumers rather than among producers; or, to state the fact more precisely, producers have united to secure for themselves lower prices in their other capacity of consumers. The great coöperatives conducted by English and Scotch workmen have indeed grown to such proportions that they have found it good policy to maintain their own factories; but they do so in order to supply the consumers' needs of their members in scores of different trades rather than for the purpose of offering them employment upon a profit-sharing basis.

If American workers in the various trades are able to prove that by pooling their resources and buying and operating industries in which they are accustomed to work they can put their business on a sound footing and pay themselves better than their former employers paid them, a waiting world will gladly sit at their feet and learn all they have to teach about improved methods of production and distribution. If they succeed they will have made a signal contribution to social and economic science and men will come from the ends of the earth to study their system. Even if they fail their efforts will not be wholly wasted, for they will have had at least a glimpse of the employers' side of the industrial shield.

Even under a coöperative working plan one group of participators will have to sit in the office and cope with the same difficulties that beset their former employers. To this group will be intrusted the management of the business, with all the inevitable problems thrust upon them by matters of policy, by the raw-material market, demoralized railroad conditions, technical supervision, financing in a tight money market, internal dissatisfaction, outside competition, and all the petty vexations that make a manufacturer's life just one damned thing after another.

Whether the promoters of these enterprises succeed or fail they should at least be given credit for lining out a daring and a worthy program. Many socialists, and radicals of every hue from pink to crimson, demand confiscation or nationalization of private industry in order that they may try out, with other people's capital, their wild and reckless systems for breaking the social bank. These soberer and honester spirits are far more deserving of a respectful hearing. They do not suggest that their former employers be robbed, either by judicial process or by force and arms, to supply them with the wherewithal to sit in at an industrial game of chance. They have a system, but they are willing to back it with their own money, money that they have sweated for and earned. They stand ready to risk not only their money but their time. They are so sure of their theories that they are willing to stake everything upon their soundness.

If their efforts succeed they may prove to be the pioneers and forerunners of a new and beneficent industrial democracy. If they fail or barely break even the outcome need cast no discredit upon their initiative, their courage or their sincerity of purpose.

FIRST AID TO VOX POPULI

By EDWARD G. LOWRY

DECORATION BY CHARLES HARGENS, JR.

I CELEBRATE the average man whenever I can. He is a friend of mine. I know how much of his time is taken up these days making a living. But I do wish that he would pay some attention this year to hiring our public servants. He lets other people, who make a business of it, do that job for him, and then finds fault because his hired men consider, not his business and his interests but the business and interests of those who select them for their jobs. Office-holders should not be blamed for knowing who butters their bread.

This is the year of the great hiring. In the public-office market the supply always exceeds the demand. It may be difficult or impossible to hire a good cook or a harvest hand or an electrician or a plumber or a carpenter, but for any public job from alderman up to President there is always a clamoring host. The responsible task is to select the proper men and just there the average man falls down. He lets politicians do the picking and choosing, and then ratifies their choice.

You know how the suave prestidigitator, with his sleeves rolled up and his silky patter, comes out and asks you to draw a card, just any card, while he deftly spreads and closes and shuffles the deck before your eyes—and you draw the deuce of clubs. You never had a chance to draw any other card—it was forced on you. It is perhaps the oldest, stalest card trick in the world. It is astonishing how closely that process resembles the process and the method that produce a Presidential candidate. You may think you have a wide choice, but have you? Be honest with yourself. Think it over for a moment.

Two men are running for the Presidency now. One is called a Democrat and the other a Republican. One of them will be chosen as chief magistrate. You are asked to make a choice.

Sleight-of-Hand Candidates

DID you have anything to do with selecting either one of these candidates? Do you know who did select them, or why? Ask yourself. Are you wholly satisfied with either of them? Did they comply with your ideal of what a President should be? Do you think they are the two ablest, foremost men in the republic? Did you have the faintest idea in the first days of June that one of them would be your choice for President? You know you did not. Have they not been presented to you much as the magician takes white rabbits out of a hat? I don't know how many men in the United States are eligible to be President this year. Considerably more than a million, I should say at a venture. And yet somehow, in some way and after some process that you don't quite understand, you are confronted with a choice of two. The elimination of all the others has been done for you. Nominally the two, one of whom will be President, were selected after full and free discussion of all the possibilities by delegates of your selection to a national convention. Nominally, I say, because actually, as you well know, nothing of the sort was done or even considered. Another time I will tell you, if I may, how the delegates were chosen, though heaven knows they had little enough to do with the actual selection of a candidate.

Yet it is our business, our duty and our privilege to select a candidate as well as elect a President of the United States; our business, the average man's business, yours and mine.

It's true. You can't get away from it. We are the voters. We pack the load. We do the work. We hold the power in this country. We elect Presidents and governors and mayors and senators and sheriffs and tax collectors and assessors. We do the actual producing of wealth and commodities, and we do the buying that makes commerce. There are more of us, ten to one, than any other kind of folks. Leaders of one sort and another woo us when anything needs to be done. Presidents are powerful so long as they have our support, and negligible when they lose it.

What Ails Us?

AND yet we are called small people. Individually we are. It is only when we have a collective aim and a collective desire that we make our weight felt.

Now the interesting thing about the average man at this juncture is that he is seeking as never before to discover how to make his weight felt, how to participate effectively in matters of public concern—particularly this year in politics. This is true not only here at home, but abroad. It has come directly to me. Since I came home from the wars I have written perhaps a dozen articles on various phases and aspects of domestic concerns and affairs that need to be reorganized and put on another and sounder basis. They have brought me a great number of letters. The editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has received many more, because of the editorials that have been printed in this journal in recent months. Generally speaking, they all run about like this:

What ails us? We know we aren't hitting on all six. Let's get down to cases and find out what's wrong and how to cure it. How can an average fellow like me, without influence and without power, help the thing along? What can I do about it?

It is not without significance that these inquiries have increased since the national conventions.

So it comes about that what is written here is an attempt to answer some of these questions. They can't be answered finally. I have no heaven-sent recipe for a political millennium. The problem will have to be wrought out slowly, as all things worth while are done. But the whole general condition of politics is better now in this country than it used to be in the long-ago times. There has been an improvement. That is something. Just as you can't have a fair trial of speed without a pacemaker, or know whether the price of wheat is high or low until you know what

(Continued on Page 61)

The Petroleum Problem of the United States—By M. L. Requa

IT HAS been said so often in official Washington that it has become ancient history, published so often in trade journals that it no longer attracts comment, referred to in press dispatches until it is no longer news, and yet it is still worth repeating: "The United States produces and consumes over two-thirds of the annual petroleum output of the world, and more than ninety per cent of all the automobiles of the world are within United States territory."

We have the dominant interest in the petroleum problem and its successful solution because petroleum is of greater importance to us than to the entire remainder of the world combined. In order to supply and guarantee a continuous flow of petroleum to meet the present and much greater future demand, it is the part of wisdom that we not only guard carefully what we have at home but also acquire additional reserves in foreign lands.

Estimates have been made by the United States Geological Survey in an attempt to measure our domestic reserves. Perhaps the survey is correct; it may be woefully wrong; but for the purpose of this discussion it is quite immaterial, in that the argument here set forth is intended to prove that we must equip ourselves with maximum reserves of petroleum in the light of the facts already developed as to consumption. In part at least we must seek these additional reserves in foreign territory; certainly in view of known conditions no other course can be followed with justification and with due regard to national welfare.

There is ample petroleum in the world to last for a considerable period. American companies would continue to buy, refine and market, even should our domestic supplies fail, but they may be buying from foreign oil corporations; we may have no control over the sources of supply and the price may be anything they choose to ask.

The problem is not so much that of our petroleum companies as it is of the nation as a whole. Can we afford to permit ourselves to become dependent upon foreign oil corporations, especially the great Anglo-Persian-Dutch-Shell combine, for even a portion of our crude petroleum? We have heard much of the cry "All British"; it will be well for us, in the national interest, to make our petroleum industry "All American."

What the Government Could Do

TO DO this there must be the closest harmony and cooperation between the Government and the oil industry. This coöperation has been refused in the past, and counter proposals of government ownership and operation have been put forward, but such action would not only be foredoomed to failure, it would seriously jeopardize the industrial life of the entire nation. Any attempt to follow such a course in America would, in the light of European experience, be without excuse; the result of the socialistic experiments tried in Europe in the last two years has been tersely epitomized by Herbert Hoover in five words: "Socialism in Europe is bankrupt."

In order to comprehend intelligently our position and discuss adequate remedies it will be necessary to review briefly the statistical growth of the petroleum industry in the United States from its inception, and—based upon past experience—prognosticate future requirements.

We are the petroleum-consuming country of the world; we consume twenty times more oil per capita than Great Britain; we build naval vessels equipped to burn nothing but oil; we construct a mercantile marine the success of which is predicated upon oil; we create an enormous industry based upon the internal-combustion engine, whose only fuel is petroleum in some form; and yet as a nation we have in the past utterly refused to coöperate with our oil companies to the end that they might acquire reserves of petroleum throughout the world wherewith to perpetuate the success of our constructive genius.

Those who have known our needs over a long period have for years been compelled to sit idly by and witness the neglect of the nation's welfare as related to our future requirements for petroleum. Is this because of the anathema placed upon the words Standard Oil? Is it because our representatives in Washington fear to approve constructive legislation relating to petroleum lest they be branded as Standard Oil henchmen? How absurd such an attitude in view of present-day conditions! And how detrimental to the best interests of millions of our people who use some kind of motor-driven vehicle or who have machinery to lubricate!

It is true that in the past we thought of petroleum in terms of Standard Oil, and quite correctly. At the time of the suit which resulted in separating the Standard Oil Company into individual units, the company controlled something over eighty-five per cent of the petroleum industry of the United States. Some of us forget, however, that the old order has vanished and that the once well-nigh-complete monopoly now, in the sum of its thirty-three dismembered units, controls less than fifty per cent of the country's refining capacity, a much less quantity of the production of crude oil, and that, because of the rise of numerous smaller companies, the producers of oil are no longer forced to sell to the one concern which for years dominated absolutely the petroleum industry, but have on the contrary a keenly competitive market in which to sell their wares, a market regulated by the law of supply and demand.

The years subsequent to the dissolution of Standard Oil are the most important in the history of the petroleum industry; from an output of but 220,000,000 barrels of crude in 1911, our output has risen to 378,000,000 barrels in 1919, to say nothing of imports from Mexico of something over 53,000,000 barrels, or a total of 431,000,000 barrels. This same period saw the rise of a number of new companies and witnessed the installation of that great revolutionary innovation called the cracking process, for the manufacture of cracked gasoline, without which we should to-day be unable to meet current demands.

Whatever pessimism there may be as to our present reserves is due largely to the fault of our Government in failing years ago to adopt a really constructive policy as to acquisition by American nationals of foreign sources of petroleum supply. Mexico has been an example of this neglect; and yet, in spite of the obstacles interposed, American enterprise continued to produce and ship oil even during the most acute period of wartime tension. Our citizens, without arms and without protection, faced the Mexicans, and as a patriotic effort and under the urge of government request hung on and produced the oil without which our ability to keep the Allies supplied would have been seriously embarrassed.

Because of failure on the part of the Government in the past to understand the vital necessity for constructive planning and action years in advance of the event, we face a predicament for which there is little or no excuse. Perhaps it is too much to expect under a government such as ours that the party in power, be it Republican or Democratic, shall put aside discussion of pressing immediate business for consideration of events which culminate years in the future. There is no better illustration than this, however, of the dictum of Roosevelt, that "The nation must get out of the business of politics and into the business of government." Whether the Administration be Republican or Democratic matters not at all; the national welfare is paramount to any consideration of party politics.

The government obligation as to petroleum exists; the situation is such as to admit of no political experiments or expedients; conditions must be met and dealt with as any great corporation would deal with a problem that struck at the very foundation stones upon which its prosperity rested.

Our Dwindling Oil Reserves

SERVICE is the supreme justification for corporate existence, and it is this service that the petroleum industry is attempting to furnish. It can do this only through governmental coöperation. Just to the extent that the industry is prevented from rendering that service, possible only through harmonious cooperation, just to that extent will the price of gasoline for the farmer's flivver and tractor or for lubricants and fuel oil for the Army, the Navy, the merchant marine, and all industry, be high and the commodity itself difficult to procure.

The desirability for some constructive governmental action was first officially called to the attention of Congress by the report of the United States Geological Survey in 1908, at which time there was made public the first inventory of our petroleum resources. This was the result of an examination of the geological structure of the United States with special reference to the petroleum-bearing sedimentaries, their areas and probable oil content. It is of course only an estimate and may be wide of the mark, but it points the way to a national policy that should be followed. In this work the Geological Survey made use of many data already in possession of oil-producing companies, and was thus able to review a considerable period of past production, reduce that to barrels an acre, and apply these known factors to the determination of probable future area and acre yield. The result of this survey was an estimate of 11,800,000,000 barrels as the total petroleum content of United States territory, of which quantity 1,800,000,000 had already been extracted. This inventory was revised in 1916 in the light of historical and additional data made available during the interim, and it is startling to note that, rather than an increase as compared with 1908, the quantity was reduced 600,000,000 barrels; while in the meantime consumption had drawn an additional 1,800,000,000 barrels. Again in 1919 the survey was checked, with the result that 1916's figures were raised 100,000,000 barrels but the total was still 500,000,000 barrels less than the 1908 estimate. We had consumed in the interim an additional 1,000,000,000 barrels.

PHOTO. BY ROY E. LEWIS

(Continued on Page 170)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

The way to buy good beans

Profit by the experience of millions of others who buy Campbell's. The national reputation of these beans is your sure guide to quality. When you buy Campbell's you know you are getting good beans from kitchens famous for more than half a century. First quality, selected beans, slow-cooked, digestible, nourishing. The tomato sauce is a Campbell's triumph!

15c a Can

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

OUR REPUTATION IN EVERY CAN

A TURN OF THE WRIST

By William Hamilton Osborne

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

IT WAS quarter to four in the afternoon of a lazy day. The Janney jury had just filed out in the custody of a debilitated constable sworn to deprive them of meat and drink until they had agreed upon a verdict. The court, yawning generously behind a judicial hand, announced that no more cases would be taken up until ten o'clock next morning. The stragglers in the court room left. The judge, secretly, was yearning for a funny story. He beckoned to Flanders. Flanders, debonair and with a twinkle in his wicked eye, obeyed the summons. Flanders was the very able trial counsel for the trolley company. He had pose and poise and air and manner. In general appearance he resembled a famous English actor now deceased. He leaned one elbow on the judge's desk.

"Here's a new one," said the judge to Flanders, lowering his tone to the story-telling pitch.

Flanders listened with apparent eagerness; the new one had been new for ten long years. Flanders didn't care. He had a quiverful of unshot arrows slung invisibly across his shoulder.

"'Minds me of the pie—ah, the pie!" said Flanders with a soulful snigger.

While he told the court the scandalous story of the pie, Hilary, his young opponent in the Janney case, dictated to the court stenographer his objections to the judge's charge, to get them down upon the record. Aside from Hilary and Flanders, aside from the judge and the court officers in attendance, there were just three people present in the court room. One of these was a rather pretty girl. She was seated on the front row of the benches assigned to mere spectators. For the most part she occupied herself in watching Hilary. The two others were Janney and his wife. They were seated also on the front row of spectators' seats, but on the other side of the court room, nearer its exit. Janney was the plaintiff in the case at bar—a big stupid individual, ruddy with apparent health. With growing wonder and rising indignation Janney and his wife held their glances upon Flanders and the judge. Janney turned and glared at his wife; she glared back at him. Acting in concert, they once more glared at the judge's bench. Finally they could stand it no longer. Janney, on tiptoe, stole inside the railed inclosure and clutched Hilary, his young counsel, by the sleeve. Janney wiped his brow.

"Him and the judge," said Janney in an outraged whisper—"they're fixing up my case, to trim me. Look at 'em. What chance I got, I'd like to know."

Hilary looked at Janney. He looked at the clock.

"One every hour," remarked Hilary pleasantly. "It's four o'clock. You go sit down, Janney. It's time you took another pill."

"Now, Madam," He Said Impressively, "Just What Would Happen to Two Cars Passing at That Point?"

Hilary went on with his dictation. A telephone bell rang in the judge's chambers; a court officer crept out and summoned him. Flanders, left once more alone, gathered up his hat and his portfolio from the counsel table and strode across the court room toward the outer door. Then for the first time he saw the girl. He retraced his steps and bowed to her with courtly grace.

"Hello there!" he exclaimed. "Studying law?"

The girl flashed upon Flanders a bewildering smile.

"Studying you," returned the girl.

"Me?" cried Flanders, startled.

"You're perfectly wonderful!" nodded the girl.

"Conceded as a general proposition," said Flanders; "but—upon what specific facts do you base your accurate conclusion?"

"The way you tried this case," explained the girl.

"This case? Perfectly wonderful—the way I tried this case?"

"Yes," returned the girl.

"You're easily satisfied," said Flanders.

"I am not easily satisfied," said the girl; "and I think you are perfectly wonderful. But I cannot understand your method; I can't analyze it. I can't see how you think of all the clever, pointed things you tell the jury."

"Ye gods!" cried Flanders. "Listen, child. Clever, pointed things? Oh, yes, I think of 'em sometimes. To-morrow morning, when I'm shaving, I'll think of all the clever, pointed things I ought to have told the jury in this case to-day. That's me."

"I'm serious," went on the girl insistently. "I want to know. Have you any method? Is it all born in you; or can it be acquired? I want to know."

Flanders adjusted his nose glasses and took a good look at her face. "I want to know too," he told her warily; "I want to know whether your question is purely polite and academic or whether you have some concrete idea, some nefarious purpose in the back of your beautiful head of hair. No trouble to show goods, but we've got to know with whom we deal. The thing seems innocent but there are any number of men who have signed their death warrants with one hand while looking into the eyes of a beautiful woman with the other."

Flanders stopped talking. The girl's glance had strayed from him to some other person behind his back. His young opponent, Hilary, entered the arena of immediate events. The girl watched him as he came. Flanders watched her face. And Flanders chuckled.

"And you came here to study me," hissed Flanders. He turned to young Hilary. "What'll you take for your Janney verdict?" he asked.

"What'll you give for it?" countered Hilary.

"I've just been told," sniffed Flanders, "that I'm very wonderful. I am wonderful at some things, aren't I, Hilary? This, for instance." He took out a small notebook, scribbled something on a page, tore out the page and folded and refolded it until it was reduced to the size of a small pellet. "Hold out your hand," said Flanders to the girl.

The girl obeyed him; Flanders dropped the little pellet into her upturned palm.

"Now, sister," went on Flanders, "you do me a favor. Don't open that up until the Janney jury comes in. Then you open it and see whether I have called the turn."

He started off.

"But you were going to tell me ——" the girl reminded him.

(Continued on Page 35)

You smokers all—take note!

YOU'VE heard about the Robt. Burns cigar—his filler of *full Havana*—tempered by special curing to a welcome mildness.

You know that only neutral leaf, imported from Sumatra, is used to wrap that full Havana filler of your Robt. Burns.

You have seen Robt. Burns displayed in shops where only good cigars are sold. Among your friends are men who entertain a warm regard for Robt. Burns.

Frankly, isn't it high time *you* got on smoking terms with Robt. Burns? Most good dealers will be glad to introduce you to a Robt. Burns *Invincible* or *Longfellow*.

General Cigar Co., INC.
DEPENDABLE CIGARS
119 West 40th Street, New York City

HAVE YOU TRIED ONE *LATELY*?

Robt. Burns Cigar

DEPEND on this: Fisk Cords in the small sizes offer just as splendid quality as the large. Small or large, there is the same extra oversize, the same extra durable tread, the same extra mileage, the same resiliency that gives you in service the greatest tire value you have ever experienced.

The Fisk ideal, "to be the best concern in the world to work for, and the squarest concern in existence to do business with," stands back of all Fisk Tires.

Next time—BUY FISK from your dealer

FISK

"What Else Did You Do?" "Waited With the Crowd Until the City Hospital Ambulance Arrived"

(Continued from Page 32)

Flanders waved his hand. "To-morrow morning, when I'm shaving," he nodded back, "I shall be thinking of the things I should have said to you to-day." Flanders was tired next morning when he reached his private office in the law department in the River City Traction Building—tired of the grind, tired of being beaten, tired of standing up merely to be knocked down again. There was something on his desk that made him still more tired—a note to the effect that Gabriel Smith would like to see him right away. Flanders knew Gabriel Smith well—too well. Gabriel Smith was head counsel of the River City Traction Company. Flanders didn't want to see him; there had never been a time when he wanted to see Gabriel Smith. He didn't want to think of him. When he tried a case he had to put Gabriel Smith out of his mind or he couldn't try it. He couldn't win it if he thought of Gabriel Smith. And if he won it Gabriel Smith never thought of him—never pinned a rose on Flanders' coat lapel for getting away with it. Never. But if Flanders lost a case, no matter whose fault it was—ye gods!

Flanders strolled to the window and lit a strong cigar. He watched the crowds scurrying about Four Corners. Free as the air, they seemed to Flanders; and yet he knew they all had bosses; every mother's son of 'em was bossed. Maybe they liked it; he couldn't stand it. Something was wrong; he should have been caught young, very, very young; he should have been bossed from the start. His door opened—a special messenger from Gabriel Smith. Flanders fixed the messenger with a baleful eye; the messenger evaporated forthwith. Two minutes later another messenger appeared. Flanders pounced upon him, held him in a vise.

"Gabe wants to see you," gasped the messenger, "in his office—right away."

"You tell Gabe," said Flanders, "that I'm here."

A moment later Gabriel Smith, with fire in his eye, burst into the room. Behind him came Tully, superintendent of the claim department. Flanders stood at the window watching the crowds. Unmoved, he polished his glasses and waved the intruders to seats.

"Busy—but with you in a moment," he explained.

"Busy—doing what?" demanded Gabriel Smith.

"Busy," smiled Flanders, "watching the reckless manner in which our street cars plunge round those corners there. We'll kill a few more people if we don't look out. And then there'll be more handsome verdicts for the plaintiff."

"Verdicts for the plaintiff," angrily returned his chief. "Up to yesterday we've had eight, hand running. And now this Janney case—great guns!"

Flanders perked up. "The Janney case?" he echoed. "Did the jury get in in the Janney case? What luck?"

"Ten thousand dollars," nodded Tully, the superintendent of the claim department. He was very glum about it.

Flanders chuckled to himself. His eye brightened.

"By Godfrey, boys," he said, "I called the turn! Let me tell you what I did. I put that figure—ten thousand dollars—on a slip of paper and I gave it to a girl and I told the girl to hold it tight until the Janney jury came in—and then to compare it with the verdict."

"Yes," grunted Gabriel Smith. "I heard about that performance."

"Oh, you did, did you?" mused Flanders. "But, of course, you would. Yes. Naturally—you would."

"Why didn't you tell the jury to bring in a ten-thousand-dollar verdict?" growled Gabriel Smith. "Might just as well."

"Well," smiled Flanders reminiscently, "it isn't the first time I've mentioned that sum in connection with this case. When the papers came in a year ago this case could have been settled for a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars. I told Tully then to settle it. I told him if he didn't settle it he'd let us in for ten thousand dollars. And he has."

"Case wasn't a case to be settled; it was a case to be tried!" snapped Gabriel Smith. "And it was a case to be won. First off, it wasn't a liability case."

"Oh, wasn't it?" smiled Flanders. "The gentleman testified that he had assumed the traditional attitude with which we are so familiar. His stance was thus: An open car, one foot on the ground, one foot on the running board, one hand grasping the handrail. The car was stationary, he was about to board it. While in that attitude, without warning, the car started violently forward and threw him violently to the ground."

"Hilary taught it to him out of the court reports," said Gabe.

"Hilary also taught the man's wife," beamed Flanders. "With rare politeness on her part she waited for her husband to board the car first. So she saw everything. I had five genteel bums who saw nothing. So Janney won, hands down."

"A ten-thousand-dollar verdict that should have been six cents!" retorted Gabriel Smith.

Flanders shrugged his shoulders. "Trouble is, you live too much in the past, chief," he returned.

"I don't know what age you live in," cried his superior. "The biggest verdict that we ever had against us in a nerve case was fifteen hundred dollars. And here this Janney—not an objective symptom, not a broken bone, not a visible sign of anything wrong with him but health—we hand him a fortune."

"Our own experts," Flanders reminded him, "conceded the one objective symptom—blood pressure."

"Everybody's got blood pressure," snarled Smith.

"Except Janney," returned Flanders. "Janney's is away down out of sight where they couldn't find it. Janney is a nervous wreck. He's going to be a nervous wreck for a year or so to come."

"No living jury would believe it," growled Smith.

"Not the juries of the past," Flanders returned; "but now —— Two of our jurors were the fathers of two soldiers that had come back from France. Shell shock was their trouble. One of these two boys looks like a fighting cock."

"How do you know?"

"Father, from the jury box, wrangled with our experts; told them so."

"Why didn't you keep 'em off the jury, then?" said Gabriel Smith.

"That," said Flanders, shrugging his shoulders again, "is not within the purview of my privilege and duty. Let's talk of something else for a change."

"Delighted!" snorted Gabriel Smith. "That's what I'm here for. The eight other verdicts, hand running—what about 'em? Four figures, every one."

"Every one of 'em could have been settled for three figures," nodded Flanders.

"We don't settle cases; we defend 'em," said his chief.

"I know you don't," nodded Flanders. "I know all about you. You think you've developed safety first to the nth power. Ergo, we can't be negligent. Ergo, the other fellow always is. Q. E. D., we win. Only we don't—we lose."

"I've heard many people say," went on Gabe Smith, snarling some more, "that Senator Flanders, of River County, was the ablest jury lawyer in the state. Tully, hand me that sheet of paper there."

"Well," said Flanders, blowing smoke rings in the air.

"And I find," went on Gabe Smith, "that in five of these nine cases the ablest jury lawyer in the state has been walloped by a tyro—Hilary. What about it, now?"

"In the first place," said Flanders, "Hilary isn't a tyro. He's a young and enthusiastic trial lawyer. He's human and he's got a smile that goes far with a jury. And he's experienced; he's tried too many cases against me not to be experienced by this time."

"You show him how to lose cases," snapped Gabe Smith, "and he wins 'em instead."

Flanders blew out more smoke rings.

"Then you think this Janney verdict was inevitable?" went on Gabe.

"Positive of it," said Flanders.

"And the other eight?"

Flanders shook his head. "Hopeless from the start," he said.

Gabriel Smith looked at Tully; Tully responded with an understanding glance.

"Now, Tully," said the chief counsel, "just what I told you—Senator Flanders here has lost his nerve."

"Well," grinned Flanders, "I haven't yet—but there's always hopes."

Gabriel Smith drew his chair up closer to the desk. "Now, senator," he said earnestly, "we're going to do something about this, and we're going to do it right away.

"I tell you that these cases can be won. I'm going to prove it, too. I'm going up to the courthouse to win a few of them. I'm going up there to try a case."

Flanders removed his cigar from his mouth and stared intently at Gabriel Smith.

"You—going to try a jury case?" he cried, aghast.

"Me—I—myself," returned Smith. "I haven't

"'Minds Me of the Pie—Ah, the Pie!" Said Flanders

tried a case in years. My hand is out. Never mind all that. So much the better. I'm going to go up there and try a case and get a verdict for this company, or I'll die in the attempt."

Flanders thought it over.

"Do you—want me to assist?" he queried.

"I want nobody to assist," replied his chief. "I'm going up there blindfolded, hobbled, with my hands tied behind me—and get away with it. You can sit in the back rows and watch me, if you will."

"Invitation immediately accepted," responded Flanders.

"Tully," went on Gabe Smith to the superintendent of the claim department, "I want you to pick me out a case at random—one that I can try next week. Any case at all that we've got upon the docket. You rout the papers out and bring 'em in to me. I'll do the rest."

Tully went back to his department and spread the news. He spread the news through the law department as well. The news was received with deep abiding joy. Gabe Smith with all his winning, winsome ways was going to try a jury case. Everybody knocked off work.

Tully got hold of Joyce, the managing clerk of the law department. They put their heads together.

"We've got to hand him something that's foolproof," said Tully.

"A case that'll try itself," said Joyce.

Joyce looked over his docket; together they got out a dozen files or so. One by one they eliminated the doubtful propositions. Then Tully's eye lighted up.

"The Bimberg case," he said.

Joyce, the managing clerk, hastily leafed over the papers in the Bimberg case.

"Gosh—it's made to order," he remarked.

Forthwith Tully took the jacket and its contents down to Gabe's office on the third floor.

"The Bimberg case," announced Tully. "It's on this week's calendar; it ought to come up in about five days or so."

"Who's on the other side?" queried Gabe Smith.

Tully looked at the papers.

"It's one of Hilary's cases," he returned.

Gabe Smith paled slightly. "Good enough," he said. "Couldn't be better. That upstart needs a jolt. What," said Gabe Smith, "is the Bimberg case about?"

"It's a left-forearm case," said Tully.

"Not the damages," said Gabe Smith testily; "I want the facts."

Tully chuckled. "Bimberg," he returned, "stuck his hand out of a car window. Another car came along and smashed it for him. So he asks us to pay for his fun."

"And Hilary's got the nerve to try a case like that?" demanded Gabe Smith.

Tully nodded. "Said he'd be ready when reached."

"You send for Flanders," commanded Gabe Smith.

Flanders came willingly this time. He came smiling—with a smile that was childlike and bland. Gabe Smith was ready for him.

"Flanders," said Gabe Smith, "I'm going to try the first case on next week's calendar—the Bimberg case."

Flanders ransacked his memory without success.

"Left-forearm case," Tully reminded him. Flanders started suddenly.

"The Bimberg case," said Flanders. "Oh, great guns, chief, don't try the Bimberg case! I recommended a settlement in that case long, long ago."

"Oh, you did, did you?" laughed Gabe Smith joyously.

"Tully knows I did," said Flanders.

"Oh, he does, does he?" gleefully echoed Gabe.

"Besides that," went on Flanders, "Tully—I gave you a memo about this case—find it. It's somewhere there."

Tully found it. This is what it said:

"C me sure re Bimberg. Vital. FLANDERS."

Flanders took a seat. "Now, chief," he began, "I'll tell you all I know about the Bimberg case."

"You go to thunder!" yelled Gabe Smith. "You'll do nothing of the kind."

"This is vital!" cried Flanders.

"I decline to listen," returned his chief.

"That case," persisted Flanders, "cannot be won. I can demonstrate that fact inside of three minutes."

"You don't get the chance," roared Gabe.

"The case has got to be settled," pleaded Flanders.

"Settled?" cried his chief. "Settled? You've got it on the brain. A passenger on our car sticks his arm through the window and gets it smashed. That's what he does. And what you do is to advise a settlement. Settle, settle, settle—that's all I get from you. I'll settle this case. I'll settle this Bimberg. I'll settle this Hilary."

"And me too," nodded Flanders.

"You said something," nodded Gabe Smith. He gathered up the papers and thrust them back into the jacket and handed them to Tully. "Now, Tully," he went on, "I tell you this in Senator Flanders' presence and I want you to obey me to the letter. This case is a walk-over."

"I'm sure it is," said Tully.

"It can be won by a turn of the wrist—it's a lead-pipe cinch," proceeded Gabe—"and you're to do just what I say. You have that case prepared for trial in your own way, Tully. But don't come near me—don't consult me—don't talk to me about it. From now on until we impanel a jury I don't want the Bimberg case mentioned to me or in my presence. Get me? I'm going into court, blind and deaf and gagged and bound—and I'm going to win that case, hands down. Let me know when I'm wanted up at court to try this case. I'll be there. Meantime, not one whisper to me about the Bimberg case."

"You mean that, chief?" queried Tully doubtfully.

"It's a command—your job hangs on it," retorted Gabe.

"But ——" persisted Flanders.

Gabe Smith turned purple. "You get out of here," he said.

Flanders got out, but before he went he bent upon Gabe Smith a glance saturate with sorrow and solemnity.

"On your own head be this imminent disaster," he said in hollow tones, and closed the door behind him.

The Bimberg case was the first case on on Monday. Hilary answered ready for the plaintiff and Gabe Smith answered ready for the trolley company. Gabe's appearance in the court room brought the judge up standing; His Honor leaned over his desk and stretched forth a welcoming hand.

"I haven't seen you here since long before the war," he remarked.

Upon his desk, reposing in a glass of water, was a single rosebud. The judge caught it up, blotted the moisture deftly from its stem and passed it to the lawyer. Gabe Smith took it and thrust it into his coat lapel.

"Not for ten years," said Gabe Smith.

"You going to try this case?" queried the judge.

"Going to try to," said the traction counsel modestly. "Short horse, I figure—soon curried."

"Well," said the judge admiringly, "you're the boy to do it. Go on"—to the court officer—"we'll call a jury in this case."

At the other end of the counsel table sat Hilary, with Bimberg at his side. Bimberg was a one-armed man with a murderous eye. He warned his counsel, with a nudge of his sound arm, that the judge and the company's lawyer were too friendly by all odds.

"Grand jury should look into it," said Bimberg.

Hilary shook off the persistent clutch of his client and opened to the jury. Gabriel Smith didn't listen very closely to the opening; as a matter of fact he was just a bit beflustered. But not for long. As soon as Hilary got through Gabe charged down on the jury box, denied everything he could think of and, forgetting that he was opening rather than summing up, he told the jury quite plainly what he thought of a numskull who would stick his arm out of a car window and get it broken off.

He stalked back to his seat and Bimberg took the stand. Bimberg, so it seemed, until the accident had been head butcher in a fragrant abattoir over on the meadows, and as such, what with time and overtime, had been able, with the use of two hands and arms, combined with strength and skill, to pull down from fifteen to twenty dollars a day most of the year round. Bimberg's testimony was brief, to the point and highly satisfactory to Gabriel Smith. Bimberg had boarded a pay-as-you-enter closed car. He had paid his fare. The car was provided with seats that faced forward—two passengers to a seat. He slid into an empty seat on the left-hand side of the car, up toward the front. He was a bit drowsy—he had been out the night before—and he started in to take a little nap. He didn't take one; something happened. He didn't know what. He got hurt—hurt bad. When he came to he was all sort of crumpled up, down between the seats. He was taken to a hospital. Them flash butchers up there was aching for a job. His arm, for reasons known to them, not him, was amputated at the elbow. And that was all he knew.

"Cross-examine," nodded Hilary.

Gabe with admirable reserve forbore to cross-examine. Bimberg went back to his base and Hilary put on the head butcher from the hospital. And Gabe forbore to cross-examine him.

"I'll call Miss Marjorie Smith," said Hilary briskly.

Miss Marjorie Smith took the witness stand. She smiled winsomely at the jury as she did so. She tried to act as though a court room were a familiar place to her. This court room was—to some extent. She had studied court procedure here on one occasion—at a trial held just the week before. For this winsome young lady was the winsome young lady whom Flanders, ever since that day, had been beguiling with clever repartee over his shaving cup each morning. She was that kind; the memory of her kept clinging to a man.

The eminent counsel for the traction company was busy with his notes. He glanced for the first time at the witness.

"What?" he demanded sharply. Then he stopped short.

"I beg your pardon?" said Hilary politely. Then he stopped too.

Gabriel glanced from Hilary to the witness; the witness smiled sweetly at Gabriel Smith.

"What—what?" Hilary reminded the traction counsel gently.

"What did you say this witness' name is?" said Gabriel, returning to his notes.

(Continued on Page 181)

"There's Something More to Do Here in This Office Than Merely Playacting Before a Jury"

"—from that new firm we are considering"

MUCH depends upon a favorable presentation of your proposition. Decisions are based on convictions. And it is often difficult to account, exactly, for many of the *impressions* that lead up to them.

Recall an important negotiation with your own concern. Were you not influenced, finally, by a *belief* in the firm you were considering—its methods and character?

You were probably impressed by the business aspect of its letters—their dignity and "body". The crisp crackle and fine texture of a sheet of Systems Bond make for a favorable presentation of your service, the quality of your goods, the character of your organization.

Systems is a splendid, business-man's paper. Its rag-content and loft-drying give it the distinguishing qualities of a much more expensive bond. It is available everywhere—at a business-man's price.

Systems Bond is the standard-bearer of a comprehensive group of papers—a grade for every bond and ledger need—all produced under the same advantageous conditions—including the well-known Pilgrim, Transcript, Manifest and Atlantic watermarks.

EASTERN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
501 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.
Mills at Bangor and Lincoln, Maine

SYSTEMS BOND

"The Rag-content Loft-dried Paper at the Reasonable Price"

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Hauling the Nation's Goods

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

THE immediate future of all life in America is more dependent right now on adequate transportation facilities than on anything else. The outlook for sufficient supplies of food and fuel this coming winter is not rosy at the present writing. But even if there should be plenty of coal, oil and wood available to furnish us heat and energy, and enough food to keep us well and strong, our good fortune in having a sufficiency of these essentials will benefit us only in part if the country's means of distribution are deficient and fail to function properly.

Practically all of our great cities and the majority of the nation's large manufacturing communities are dependent on the food and fuel products of distant mining and agricultural regions.

Transportation is the link that furnishes life to the factory as well as to the individual. A few people who had not already been convinced of the vital importance of transportation in our everyday life were handed some arguments of a practical and convincing nature last spring when the outlaw strike of railroad employees threatened the welfare of many communities.

Careful estimates indicate that the country's railroads now need $3,000,000,000 for rolling stock, and an equal amount to provide the tracks and equipment necessary to accommodate this rolling stock. Not even our most optimistic railroad authorities believe that the country's carriers can fully meet the situation and supply satisfactory service in less than three or four years of concentrated effort. The total number of box cars now in service is less than the number that were in use five years ago, whereas the volume of freight is much greater. The tentative equipment orders of several roads early in the summer called for approximately 50,000 cars, and the rail output of this year is expected to exceed 2,600,000 tons, yet these supplies are only a drop in the bucket when compared with the total quantities needed.

The corporate directors and operation officials of the various lines had plenty of time during the period of government control to make future plans, and some of the recent changes indicate that the opportunity to improve matters was largely accepted. For example, the Pennsylvania system will now consist of four regions instead of the two former subdivisions known as Lines East and Lines West. The Pittsburgh district is the world's greatest traffic producer, and the fact that this congested point was also the hub or dividing line between the East and the West caused many traffic mix-ups to rise in the Pittsburgh yards. The new scheme makes Altoona the point of division, and leaves Pittsburgh free to handle only its traffic problems. St. Louis is made the operating center of the Southwestern region and Chicago of the Northwestern.

Many comparatively new ideas also are being applied to facilitate freight handling and get maximum service out of the inadequate equipment now on hand. A recent freight ruling permits shippers to combine different commodities in order to complete a carload and thus procure a carload rating. In former times a manufacturer producing a number of products was obliged to ship about 24,000 pounds of a single article in order to get the low rate, whereas at present he may combine several different articles whose total weight only equals the minimum required to get the carload rate.

Railroad officials and large shippers are now agreed that in the present emergency every car must be loaded with every pound of freight it can carry. Also every car must be loaded and unloaded with the greatest possible speed. The railroads could force heavier loading of cars by advancing the minimum carload weights, but this remedy has not been resorted to because of the hardship it would work on many shippers.

The freight cars in the United States at the present time total approximately 2,460,000. These are moving only nine per cent of the time, while eleven per cent of the time is devoted to loading them and eleven per cent of the time to unloading the cars. The remaining sixty-nine per cent of the total available time is largely wasted so far as effective service is concerned, for it is taken up with repairs, switching and unnecessary delays.

As one authority points out, if we could save only one hour each day for each car this would amount to 2,460,000 car hours a day. If we divide this figure by 24, it is plain that the public would be benefited to the extent of 102,500 additional cars through this small saving of but one hour per car per day.

The earnings of all American railroads depend largely upon the mileage of the freight cars the company owns. If means could be devised to increase the mileage on all of our cars ten per cent annually, such an improvement would be equivalent to adding approximately 246,000 additional cars to the total number now in use throughout the country. Freight-car earnings would be increased ten per cent, and each and every car would be obliged to travel only two miles more a day.

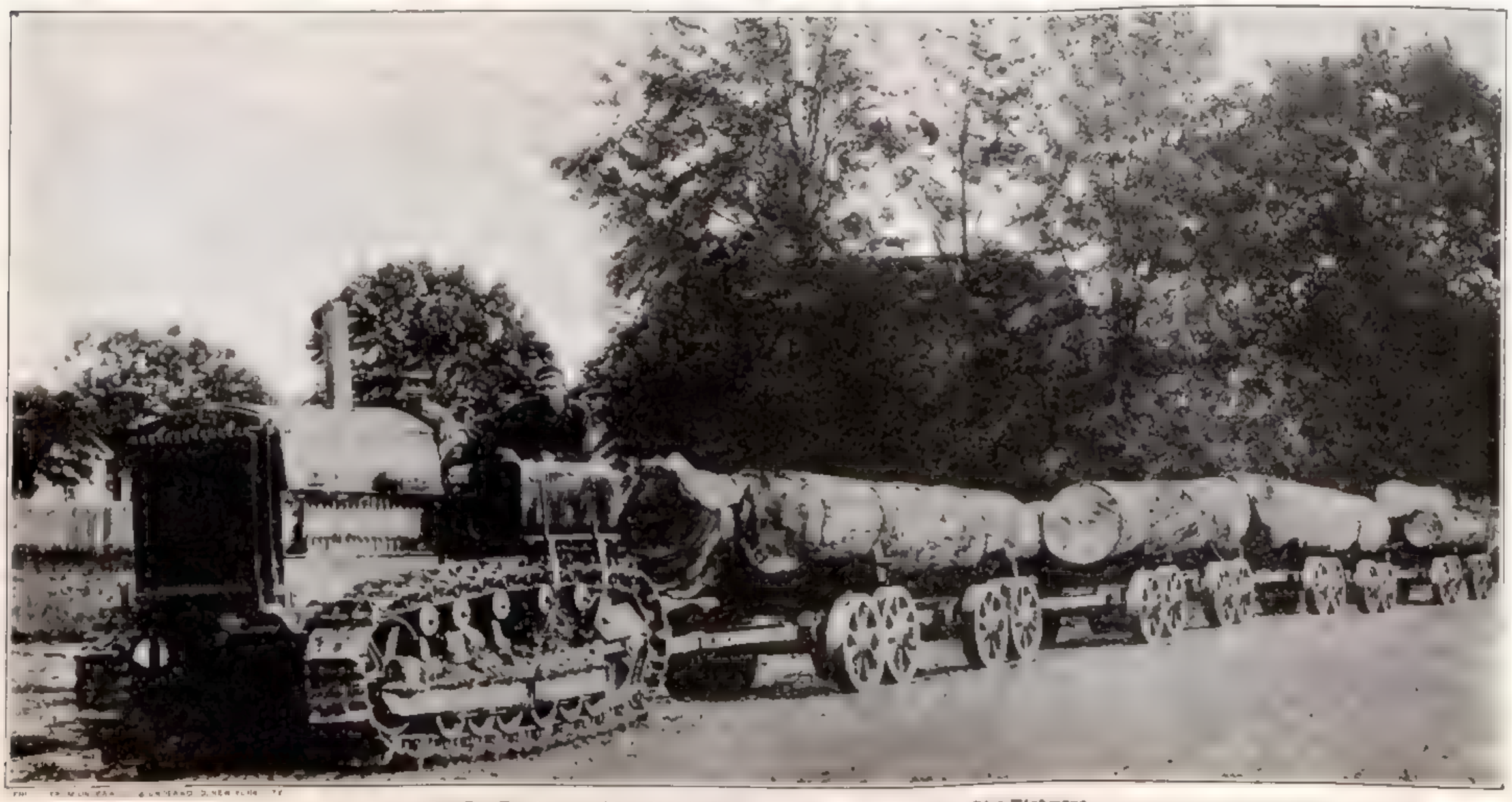
Nothing is needed more just now than an active educational campaign designed to impress everyone who ships or receives freight with the great importance of being constantly on the lookout for shipments, and then removing the goods from the freight station, if possible, on the morning of their arrival. Carload shipments should be accepted promptly, immediately unloaded and the car returned empty on the same day it is received. In many instances large savings in time will result if those receiving freight will arrange to take delivery of carload goods from some near-by team track, so that the railroad company will not be obliged to consume time in switching the cars and adding to the confusion and congestion in the local railroad yard. It is becoming more necessary each day for receivers of freight to try to get delivery outside of their crowded local terminal yards. Automobile trucks are coming into use quite generally on this class of short-haul relief work.

A few rules that have been worked out by several railroad experts and designed to relieve traffic congestion are worth mentioning. Cars should not be ordered unless the shipper is in a position to load them promptly, and no more cars should be demanded than are necessary to meet the actual requirements of the day's shipping program. All orders for cars should be accompanied by a statement advising the railroad agent the total quantity in tons that is to be shipped to any destination. This enables the railroad to supply equipment of the proper capacity.

If two or more railroads serve the shipper's plant he should not duplicate his orders for cars, but figure his requirements from each railroad, seeing that the total is no more than is needed for the day's loading. All goods for shipment should be ready for immediate loading on receipt of cars, and care should be exercised in so placing the goods in the car as to permit prompt unloading at the destination. Every effort should be made to see that the billing agent makes up the waybill before loading is completed, and shipments should be billed through.

Goods should be routed so as to insure expeditious handling, and not billed via a circuitous route in order to avoid embargoes or to favor particular roads. The consignee can help the situation by making his purchases from the nearest sources, thus avoiding long hauls. All shipments coming under a bill of lading should be anticipated, and the consignee should present his bill of lading to the railroad agent before arrival of the cars. This will insure prompt placing of the cars. Wherever possible, consignees should pool their shipments.

(Continued on Page 40)



Ten-Ton Tractors are Now Able to Pull Thirty-Ton Loads Over Our Dirt Highways

THIS advertising has never sought to apply an artificial stimulus to Hupmobile sales.

It has simply tried to report faithfully other people's opinions of the car.

We are merely giving you now a record of the facts when we say that the heavy demand for the Hupmobile, which you must have noted everywhere you have gone, is due to the almost universal recognition of its goodness.

(Continued from Page 38)

Some of the greatest losses in recent times have come from the careless packing and loading of goods. One investigator suggests that similar products should be placed together, and whenever necessary the goods should be firmly braced by stout lumber. Experience has shown that ten dollars spent for lumber to safeguard a shipment will often save one hundred dollars of loss in delays, refinishing goods and filing a claim for damages.

Even though a railroad company is forced to reimburse the shipper for damage done, such a payment will not cover the loss occasioned through the dissatisfaction of the customers who receive the injured shipments. After practicing the usual indifference in the matter of loading shipments for many years one large company decided to exercise particular care in loading cars, and now reports that in addition to the good will it has developed in its customers the changed policy is netting the concern a saving of several thousand dollars each month through the elimination of damage to goods shipped. One way to increase business is to take care that all goods reach customers in A-1 condition.

One department of the Federal Government is now devoting attention to training shippers in the proper methods of packing and marking goods consigned for railroad and truck transportation. The chief aim of this effort is to promote economy and efficiency in the utilization of wood and in the processes by which forest materials are converted into commercial products. The course consists of one week's instruction in boxing and crating, and a coöperative fee of seventy-five dollars a man is charged to cover the cost of conducting the school.

Few people have ever considered that packing goods is an art worth studying. Present conditions in the raw materials and transportation fields are bringing about a decided change in our earlier beliefs. American box manufacturers now find it desirable to send out sets of rules telling the shipper how to nail boxes. As an example, here is one rule designed to determine the number of nails to use for each nailing edge of a box: "Divide the width of the side, top or bottom—or length of cleat—by the spacing specified for the gauge of nails to be used. Fractions greater than one-fourth—if the points of nails are to be held in end grain of wood—and greater than one-half—if the points of nails are to be held in side grain of wood—will be considered as a whole number. While this calls for more nails than is the general practice, it is only about two-thirds of the number required to balance fully the strength of the box in other respects."

Steel strapping of the nailless variety is rapidly coming into favor in preparing boxed goods for shipment. Tests have shown that unannealed box band is seventy-five per cent stronger than the annealed strapping. When a nailless steel strap is used the best practice is to place it from three to five inches from the end of the box, and then draw it so tight that the strap will cut into the wood at the corners. This binds the box at its weakest points. Nailless strapping is drawn tight round a box by using a stretching seal applied over both ends of the strapping. The strap is then interlocked with the seal by use of a sealing tool, and when properly applied the seal will hold from eighty to eighty-five per cent of the strength of the strap.

The secret of getting satisfaction out of steel strapping on boxes is to draw the band very tight when applying—whether it is nailed or nailless. The mere fact that some of the largest shippers use steel strapping exclusively in their packing departments indicates that this method of sealing boxes is worth investigating.

A few fundamental rules in packing specify that shippers should avoid the use of all tags or posted labels; erase old markings; address packages or boxes fully and plainly; see that the bill of lading is typewritten and goes to the station with each separate delivery; heavy shipments should be taken to the freight station in the forenoon, and teamsters should stack each shipment by itself with addresses exposed.

Any kind of a story on transportation just now would be far from complete if no mention were made of the effort to make the motor truck and our electric urban lines help out in the present dilemma. In many districts motor-truck lines are supplementing rail transportation in a most effective way. Many shippers consigning goods for short hauls prefer the motor truck because it makes store-door deliveries, thereby eliminating the cost of cartage from the railway terminals at both ends of the haul. In Pittsburgh is a big coal organization that produces and delivers 3800 tons of coal a day entirely by motor truck. This big fuel concern does not use a single unit of railroad equipment, and has increased its highway fleet until it is now operating nearly 500 motor trucks. Where roads wear out the coal company procures permission from the county or municipal authorities to repair the damage the trucks have done. At the present time the corporation is largely maintaining a system of more than 200 miles of highways.

One of the mooted questions has to do with the comparative cost of handling goods by truck and by rail. Many shippers who use trucks favor this method, not because they anticipate it will effect a saving in their transportation charges but because motor trucks in certain cases render a superior service to the shipper and the customer. Not only does a truck make quicker and more direct deliveries on a short haul, but it largely eliminates breakage. Recent developments on the rail lines are causing some manufacturers to cultivate truck shipments more as a matter of insurance against complete disaster in case of railroad strikes.

The heaviest charges incurred in shipping goods by rail are those that cover handling at the terminals, where the shipments are loaded and unloaded. When goods are shipped in less than carload lots, and are only billed to go a short distance, the handling charges to-day are very high. One authority figures that in most parts of the country the motor truck is most economical at any distance where it can deliver goods for no more than fifty cents a hundred pounds. One reason why many motor-truck companies have sometimes met only mediocre success is because they have failed to organize their routes properly.

In nearly all cases failure has come to those who have attempted to operate trucks in haphazard fashion. Not only should the truck lines be worked along definite routes and in coöperation with one another to insure full capacity loads both ways, but the companies should establish absolutely uniform rates. Motor trucks should have the definite purpose of acting as branch feeders of the railroads, and should try to coöperate with the rail carriers rather than compete with them. In many cities truck lines are now being successfully established to bring freight from outlying railroad yards and deliver it to the consignee's door. This system is eliminating much switching of cars within city limits and is releasing valuable car space.

In Ohio one large corporation established a line of motor trucks to connect its big production plants with a large city forty miles away. When this concern shipped its goods by rail over this short haul the cost of packing the merchandise and fully preparing it for shipment amounted to thirty-one cents a hundred pounds. Practically all this cost was eliminated in motor shipments, for the goods did not need to be packed or prepared in any way.

A recent report covering the various types of transportation indicated the following costs a hundred pounds: Motor truck, thirty-six cents; railroad freight, eighty cents; trolley express, eighty-seven cents; and railroad express, $1.04. The delivery time by truck was only a little more than four hours, as compared with from twelve to forty-eight hours by the other methods. In one year the trucks made 2154 trips and used sixty-nine per cent of their capacity. The working time of the trucks was divided as follows: Loading and unloading, twenty-eight per cent; running, sixty-three per cent; time devoted to repairs, nine per cent.

Another interesting venture in motor-truck transportation is that of a large company operating eighteen five-ton trucks daily between two Eastern cities. This company reports an annual gross revenue of approximately $250,000. The rate is eighty cents a hundred pounds, which compares with a railway express rate of $1.15, and a first-class freight rate of sixty-three cents. This corporation maintains terminals in both cities and promises delivery within twenty-four hours.

Recent experiences indicate that food transportation is probably the greatest present field for the motor truck. One of the greatest food crops in America is the potato crop, and no less an authority than Herbert Hoover tells us that from fifty to sixty per cent of all the potatoes raised in America are lost each year. If we could save this vast quantity of food, our present high cost of living would be lowered a few pegs by such action.

Carloads of potatoes are held up on railroad sidings every winter, nipped by frost and started on their road to ruin. Motor-truck lines connecting our farming communities with the big cities would successfully eliminate a large part of such losses. The United States Department of Agriculture presents figures showing that in a recent year wagon costs for moving goods from farms to shipping points averaged thirty cents per ton per mile for wheat, thirty-three cents for corn and forty-eight cents for cotton. Motor-truck haulage averaged fifteen cents for wheat or corn, and eighteen cents per ton mile for cotton. Practically all of the 2,000,000 boxes of Hood River apples shipped from the Pacific Coast last year were moved by motor trucks to the railroad shipping points.

Several of our large interurban electric railways are now using motor-truck lines as feeders to their interurban freight service. In one case trucks are dispatched on regular schedule to a number of towns adjacent to the big city where is located the main terminal of the electric line. The trolley company has arranged with some one person in each small town to act as an agent, receive telephone calls and turn them over to the truck drivers to make pick-ups of all the shipments offered.

In this particular instance the interurban company's truck lines handled 2,000,000 pounds of goods in a recent month, and of this large total shipment sixty per cent of the freight handled represented a rail haul for the company, the remainder being intercity shipments between truck-line points.

Perhaps the greatest advance in highway haulage during the next few years will come through the use of the motor truck with trailers. In regions where population is so sparse that it would be unprofitable to construct a railroad the motor truck pulling its train of trailers will save the day for the ruralites. Experience with the trailer in highway haulage indicates a number of probable advantages. Delays in loading and unloading can be reduced, for a truck can be hauling one or two trailers while others are being loaded. It often occurs that one wishes to transport articles that are light in weight but so bulky that if loaded on a truck they would utilize only half the engine's power; again, there are articles of such length that they cannot be placed on a single truck, and in these cases the trailer overcomes the difficulty.

One suggestion in the practical operation of a line of motor trucks is that the transportation company should establish a careful and complete system of inspection and repairs. One truck concern requires its drivers each day to fill out a report card, which, among other questions, includes the following: Are lights and brakes working properly? Does car squeak or rattle? Does clutch work smoothly? Does engine lack power? Is it clean? Is there any kind of a leak? Are bearings adjusted satisfactorily? Do tires need air? Does any other part of the truck need attention?

Such a report eliminates the necessity of examining each car oftener than twice a month, and as a consequence the company requires fewer inspectors. Night men are intrusted with the responsibility of keeping the cars oiled, greased, washed and supplied with gasoline and oil. Each car should be gone over carefully by mechanics and all parts tightened and adjusted on the half-day period twice a month when the car is placed in the shop for inspection. Such care will greatly reduce the idle days in car operation.

And speaking of wasted time reminds me that several concerns using trucks to collect goods from railway terminals find it advantageous to send a clerk in advance to the freight station when notice is received of the arrival of a shipment. After this clerk locates the goods and checks them against his bill of lading he telephones his company that the shipment is ready and that the truck driver will find the goods nearest to a certain specified door of the freight house. Many truck hours are wasted when drivers have first to hunt up shipments and then get them released.

The greatest danger in the country's transportation problem at the present time is the common tendency of people to believe that some miracle is going to happen to remedy the situation automatically rather than accepting the true idea that relief must come from the personal efforts of each and all of us, and not from any rapid increase in the nation's supplies of motive power and rolling equipment.

Renovating a Business

THERE are many romances in business that are as interesting as the tales constructed by the vivid imaginations of our celebrated fiction writers, and yet have the further virtue of being true in action and detail. Most of these stories, however, concern men who are disposed to deeds rather than words, so that an account of their commercial adventures generally results from accidental discovery rather than as a consequence of any fixed line of search. In real romance there is generally an element of surprise, and for this reason we are far more interested in the person who does the unusual rather than in the fellow who accomplishes as great results, but does it on schedule and merely fulfills earlier expectations.

From a very minor position in a big corporation to the general managership of the same concern is quite a step for a clever, ambitious employee to take over a period of years, but when such an advance is made in a few months the incident becomes more notable. Furthermore, when the employee in question was one who had been hidden away among the less important workers for years without showing any particular promise of exceptional ability, his sudden emerging from comparative obscurity to a position of authority and high responsibility teaches a lesson that might be remembered with profit by hundreds of employers in many industries.

In nearly every organization are capable and faithful but modest men who would rise to master many a difficult situation if responsability were only placed on them. Sometimes it requires a war or a mighty disaster to uncover latent human ability. So in our business life upheavals frequently scramble the cast and give a leading part to some unknown actor, who plays so well that everyone is amazed by the lateness of the discovery.

In the case of the man I refer to, who is now the operating head of a big business, nothing more material than fate placed him at the head of a department where his resourcefulness and ability were put to the test and his capabilities revealed. Someone will surely tell the story of the personal qualifications that brought about his elevation. However, that is aside from the purpose of this article, which is to recite briefly a few of the business methods and ideas he is using in managing his company's affairs.

(Concluded on Page 100)

EVERYBODY'S GOING
Paramount
WEEK
Third Annual
PARAMOUNT WEEK
Next Week! September 5 to 11
Eclipsing all Motion Picture Splendors of the Past
IF a man walking on a mountain road through glorious scenery were to stop for a while and survey the superb vista of the last few miles and then press on to the more magnificent beauties ahead, he would be doing exactly what motion picture fans do during Paramount Week.
The record of Paramount Pictures during the last 12 months could hardly have been nearer perfect. Cecil B. DeMille's "Male and Female," "Why Change Your Wife?" George Fitzmaurice's "On With the Dance!" and George Loane Tucker's "The Miracle Man" are the gossip of thousands of communities.
From the list on the left you can pick out such pictures as "The Copperhead," Wallace Reid in "The Valley of the Giants," "Huckleberry Finn," "Treasure Island," John Barrymore in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and decide without hesitation that each was the best picture of its type you ever saw. All these are Paramount Pictures.
Great as the past year's Paramount successes were, they are nothing more than the index of what is to come.
In Paramount Week, the best theatres everywhere give you proof a-plenty that there is an abundant supply of good pictures. Every one of the best theatres show nothing but Paramount Pictures in Paramount Week.
Take this opportunity to see a different Paramount Picture every night, because a Paramount night is always a great night. Know before you go. Follow your theatre's announcements in newspaper, poster and lobby.
Celebrate Paramount Week by going.
Some of the current
PARAMOUNT PICTURES
Listed in order of release
Elsie Ferguson in "The Witness for the Defense"
Wallace Reid in "The Valley of the Giants"
Bruce Ivarson in "The Misleading Widow"
*Dorothy Dalton in "The Market of Souls"
Vivian Martin in "The Third Kiss"
George Loane Tucker's "The Miracle Man"
*Enid Bennett in "Stepping Out"
*Charles Ray in "The Egg Crate Wallop"
Maurice Tourneur's "The Life Line"
Wallace Reid in "The Lottery Man"
*Dorothy Dalton in "L'Apache"
*Charles Ray in "Crossed Straight"
*Enid Bennett in "What Every Woman Learns"
Cecil B. DeMille's "Male and Female"
*Douglas MacLean and Doris May in "23½ Hours Leave"
Bryant Washburn in "It Pays to Advertise"
D. W. Griffith's "Scarlet Days"
Maurice Tourneur's "Victory"
Ethel Clayton in "More Deadly Than the Male"
*Hobart Bosworth in "Behind Locked Doors"
*Dorothy Dalton in "His Wife's Friend"
Wallace Reid in "Hawthorne of the U. S. A."
*Charles Ray in "Red Hot Dollars"
All Star Cast in "Everywoman"
*Enid Bennett in "The Woman in the Suit Case"
Ethel Clayton in "The 13th Commandment"
*Douglas MacLean and Doris May in "What's Your Husband Doing?"
Lionel Barrymore in "The Copperhead"
Wallace Reid in "Double Speed"
Marguerite Clark in "All of a Sudden Peggy"
Bryant Washburn in "The Six Best Cellars"
George Fitzmaurice's "On With the Dance!"
*MacLean and May in "Mary's Ankle"
William D. Taylor's "Huckleberry Finn"
Ethel Clayton in "Young Mrs. Winthrop"
*Thomas H. Ince Special "Dangerous Hours"
*Charles Ray in "Alarm Clock Andy"
Elsie Ferguson in "His House in Order"
Dorothy Gish in "Mary Ellen Comes to Town"
Wallace Reid in "Excuse My Dust"
Maurice Tourneur's "My Lady's Garter"
Marguerite Clark in "Easy to Get"
Maurice Tourneur's "Treasure Island"
Robert Warwick in "Thou Art the Man"
*Enid Bennett in "The False Road"
William S. Hart in "The Toll Gate"
John Barrymore in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"
Cecil B. DeMille's "Why Change Your Wife?"
Bryant Washburn in "Mrs. Temple's Telegram"
George Melford's "The Sea Wolf"
*Dorothy Dalton in "The Dark Mirror"
Wallace Reid in "The Dancin' Fool"
Ethel Clayton in "A Lady in Love"
Cecil B. DeMille's "Old Wives For New"
*Charles Ray in "Paris Green"
Dorothy Gish in "Remodeling Her Husband"
Robert Warwick in "The City of Masks"
Wallace Reid in "Sick Abed"
William S. Hart in "Sand"
Bryant Washburn in "The Sins of St. Anthony"
Billie Burke in "Away Goes Prudence"
*MacLean and May in "Let's Be Fashionable"
Ethel Clayton in "The Ladder of Lies"
*Charles Ray in "Homer Comes Home"
Robert Warwick in "The Fourteenth Man"
Cosmopolitan Production "The World and His Wife"
Robert W. Chambers' "The Light on Chance"
(Continued at foot of right-hand column)
*Thomas H. Ince Production
Some of the coming
PARAMOUNT PICTURES
Listed Alphabetically
Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in "The Round Up"
*Enid Bennett in "Her Husband's Friend"
Billie Burke in "Peaky Mrs. Johnson"
Ethel Clayton in "A City Sparrow"
Ethel Clayton in "Sins of Rozanne"
A Cosmopolitan Production "Homespun"
A Cosmopolitan Production "The Restless Sex"
Dorothy Dalton in "Half An Hour"
Dorothy Dalton in "A Romantic Adventuress"
Cecil B. DeMille's Production "Something To Think About"
Elsie Ferguson in "Lady Rose's Daughter"
George Fitzmaurice's Production "Hearts of Clay"
George Fitzmaurice's Production "The Right To Love"
Dorothy Gish in "Little Miss Rebellion"
William S. Hart in "The Cradle of Courage"
*Douglas MacLean in "The Jailbird"
Thomas Meighan in "Civilian Clothes"
George Melford's Production "Behold My Wife!"
A Paramount Special Production "Held By the Enemy"
*Charles Ray in "An Old Fashioned Boy"
*Charles Ray in "The Village Sleuth"
Wallace Reid in "Always Audacious"
Wallace Reid in "What's Your Hurry?"
Maurice Tourneur's Production "Deep Waters"
Bryant Washburn in "Burglar Proof"
Bryant Washburn in "A Full House"
(Continued from left hand column)
William DeMille's "The Prince Chap" with Thomas Meighan
Ethel Clayton in "Crossed Streets"
Maurice Tourneur's "The White Circle"
Bryant Washburn in "What Happened to Jones"
Dorothy Dalton in "Gates of Love"
*Enid Bennett in "Hairpins"
*Thomas H. Ince Production
See this poster in theatre's lobby
Look for calendar in your theatre's "ads"
TRADE MARK
Paramount Pictures
A Drive for Better Motion Pictures
SEPTEMBER 1920
SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT
5 6 7 8 9 10 11
THIRD ANNUAL Paramount WEEK
THIRD ANNUAL Paramount WEEK
SEPTEMBER 1920
5 6 7 8 9 10 11
FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

SMALL-TOWN STUFF

By ROBERT QUILLEN

Parties

YEARS ago there stood at the fork of the main highway south of my town an oak signpost with outstretched arms pointing the way to neighboring villages. The names of the villages were painted on the arms.

In after years the highway was coaxed to another route by an engineer who had an eye for grades, and now the signpost stands in a cultivated field. Its arms point the traveler along roads that do not exist, and the village names that once gave meaning to the signal have been worn away by the rains and frosts of many years. In summer, when the field is planted to corn, the waving tassels hide the signpost from the traveler on the neighboring highway, but winter again unveils it and invites the mockery of those who pass. We do not mock the post because it is no longer useful. We remember the days when it served us well, and forgive it much.

But one respects age only when age is respectable, and impotence strutting in robes of dignity deserves the hard jests it inspires. Our signpost has not kept pace with the march of civilization. It serves only to remind us of a day that is happily gone.

Some day when I feel in the humor for it I shall visit that post, and on one of its meaningless arms I shall paint the word "Republican" and on the other the word "Democrat." And the traveler will wonder to what places or conditions the arms point and whether indeed they have any significance at all.

There was a time when the two great parties stood for something. Now one is constrained to wonder why the people stand for the parties. The highway of progress has moved away from them. The people have gone forward and left them sodded in the root-bound subsoil of a generation that is dead.

The best synonym for "Republican" is "Democrat," and the best synonym for "Democrat" is "Republican." They are as like as two printed wrappers from the same form in the same press, and the wrapper is the only valuable part of the package.

When a man tells you that he is a radical or a conservative you have some conception of his meaning. When he tells you that he is a Republican or a Democrat he has said exactly nothing at all. The party name stands for neither faith nor purpose, neither plan nor principle. In a land seeking guidance it points nowhere.

We are a disfranchised people. A government for the people has become a government for the offices by professional officeholders. The hope and ambition and effort of each party is to get a strangle hold on every office that has a salary attached and hang on tooth and nail. Each man who has made a profession of adhering to the public pay roll has a profound conviction that a composite photograph of America would show his stately form in the exact center and the nation as a misty and nebulous background. In some degree he has the right conception of the situation, for the Government consists in politics, politics consists in parties and parties consist in officeholders.

The people, who are the Government in theory and the nation in fact, are without a voice. Candidates are selected by the professionals after the deck is stacked, and whether the elected official be Democrat or Republican he will deal thereafter as directed by the professionals who put him on the job.

This year we shall have the privilege of voting for one arm or the other of the signpost. No matter how we vote the post will remain fixed in its place, and the hurrah and blare of trumpets that proclaim a victory for one arm will signify no more than the affixing of one set of patriots to the pay roll.

The Long-Range Conscience

BY HIS insolent question Cain denied being his brother's keeper, but very likely he had many times tried to be the keeper of his brother's conscience. Effort to keep the other fellow's conscience is universal. We see his faults as we cannot see our own, and the effort to reform him gives us a delightful feeling of righteousness. "Quit your ugly ways," we say to him, "and become as immaculate and incorruptible as we are."

Thus have we individuals losing sleep to worry about an unregenerate neighbor, public officials neglecting their own duties in an effort to guide a neighboring state in paths of righteousness, and nations devoting their energies to the development of primitive peoples who are in possession of coveted resources.

America delights in rebuking Europe for its sins. Deep in his heart the average American has a conviction that the millennium would draw perceptibly nearer if America should be given a moral mandate for the world. This feeling of superiority, coupled with a consciousness of physical strength, inspires him with a desire to go a-proselyting. He would take the world under his wing. He would shield it, guide it and spank it, and get great glory for himself.

If there is in any corner of the earth a little country bullied by a great neighbor the American yearns to kick the big fellow on the shins and help the little fellow to his feet. And if there is in any corner of the earth a country large or small that has not yet attained the degree of righteousness the American finds in America he would by logic, cajolery or force teach it to mend its ways.

The desire to reform other countries is but the natural reaction of race pride. The desire to protect the weak is the natural reaction of a consciousness of power. The two desires are the warp and woof of vanity.

As men who have consecrated their lives to the business of reforming their fellows are blinded to their own faults and follies, so nations go a-crusading and overlook the need of cleaning their own door yards.

Distance lends enchantment. We shed tears for the destitute in a distant land because we cannot see them or smell them. If there are other destitute in our own town we wonder why they do not try to be somebody. Water, we say, is free. They might at least keep themselves clean.

This long-distance conscience persuades us to do much good in the world. The pity is that the conscience doesn't begin work at home.

Of late we have become much interested in weak and undeveloped peoples, victims of the greed of the great—peoples glorified by the romance of distance.

Are they weaker than our own children? Are they less developed than our own illiterate?

There are industries in America that fatten by the toil of little children—little children with bodies kept thin by the stagnant air of factories—little children who should be in school or romping in the sunshine. These are weak. They are undeveloped. Why are no tears shed for these?

John Doe, his mark. There are in America thousands of adults who cannot so much as write their names—adults with the minds of children. These are the prey of demagogues—victims of the trickster and the near-anarchist with axes to grind. They are America's greatest liability. And these children who are kept from school, who weaken their bodies and their minds to fatten the purses of hard masters, are the raw material from which another generation of agitators will fashion a new social unrest. To-day they pay a profit; to-morrow their masters will call them a menace.

There was once an owner of a store who employed many girls at a flat salary of four dollars the week. He was a very pious man and gave a tenth of his income to the Lord. The greater part of this tenth was given to a rescue home for fallen girls. He was thus enabled to keep down expenses and give public demonstration of his piety, but it was very hard on the girls.

It may be that one who employs little children is enabled to make a greater profit and therefore has a greater sum of money to devote to charitable purposes, but one who loves children is free to question the righteousness of the plan.

All young animals should play out of doors. When a normal child is quiet it has need of a doctor. School is essential to the making of good citizens, but even this necessary thing should be less rigid than it is and require less of discipline. Good citizens must have sound bodies as well as sound minds. The development of one is as important as the development of the other. And neither can be developed in a child laboring inside four walls to earn its bread.

Gruesome stories came out of Belgium of infants impaled on bayonets. How quick and merciful! A few moments of anguish and then the blessed oblivion of death. How much more brutal a system that permits the enslaving of little children—the long hours of exacting toil where God's clean air and sunshine may not enter—the dwarfing of bodies, the stunting of minds—the making of criminals and invalids in an effort to get a profit.

The weak and undeveloped peoples. Statesmen shedding tears over the wrongs of the suppressed. Citizens indignant because of the woes of Ireland, India, Shantung. Millions to tell the heathen the story of Him who said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

At home, white-faced children—coughing. Adults who are a menace because their poor minds have been starved. The diseases and crimes of ignorance. A profit to-day; a menace to-morrow.

The long-range conscience—the romance of distance—the fattening of vanity that comes of reforming the other fellow.

Signing Notes

WHEN a petition is circulated for any purpose it is signed by a few men who are actuated by a sincere desire to attain the object of the petition, and by many men who have no interest in the matter and affix their names only to be quit of the person who asks for their signatures. Frequently also it is signed by persons who are not in sympathy with the cause it espouses and yet align themselves with it because to sign is easier than to refuse. A petition seldom has other significance than a tribute to the industry of the person who circulates it.

One who signs an objectionable petition to please an acquaintance will in all likelihood sign a note to please an acquaintance. When he signs the petition he loses only his self-respect, and this he may regain when time has enabled him to forget his weakness. One who signs a note against his will frequently suffers a more permanent loss. One is not permitted to forget a note bearing his signature.

Few men attain middle life and prosperity without some experience in this matter, and yet few have devised a method of protecting themselves or denying the applicant without giving him an opportunity to feel abused.

When an acquaintance asks you to indorse a note he takes it for granted that the bank values your signature. Your signature is the bank's security, but you have no other security than the character of your acquaintance. Say to him: "You would not intentionally cause me loss. But if I should indorse your note and you should die, the loss would be wholly mine. Banks turn instinctively to the signature most easily converted into cash. I will indorse your note and thus enable you to get the money at the bank if you will protect me with a mortgage on your possessions."

The need or desire of one who would borrow is usually proportioned to his property and his income. His personal belongings or his earnings are ample to afford protection to his benefactor. If his need is genuine and his purpose honorable he will without hesitation offer security to the limit of his ability. If he is more willing to accept your signature to secure the bank than to offer his own possessions to secure you, let him swallow his chagrin and take himself off.

One who is soft of heart cannot refuse to indorse a note offered by a friend. The friend seems to ask no more than the scratch of a pen. And yet he may be asking a gift of the sum written into the face of the note. Good intentions do not pacify the bank when the note falls due.

One should not sign a petition unless he is a sincere petitioner. He should not, without security, indorse a note he is unwilling to pay.

Critics

SOME men carry through life a collection of foolish notions, and go to their graves unenlightened because of an unwillingness to be convinced of error. So others find existence almost insupportable because of their determination not to be pleased. Chronic critics may be the product of wealth or social position, but more frequently they are persons of average wit and station who, by long-continued adoration of the ego, have come at last to believe themselves repositories for the whole of human wisdom.

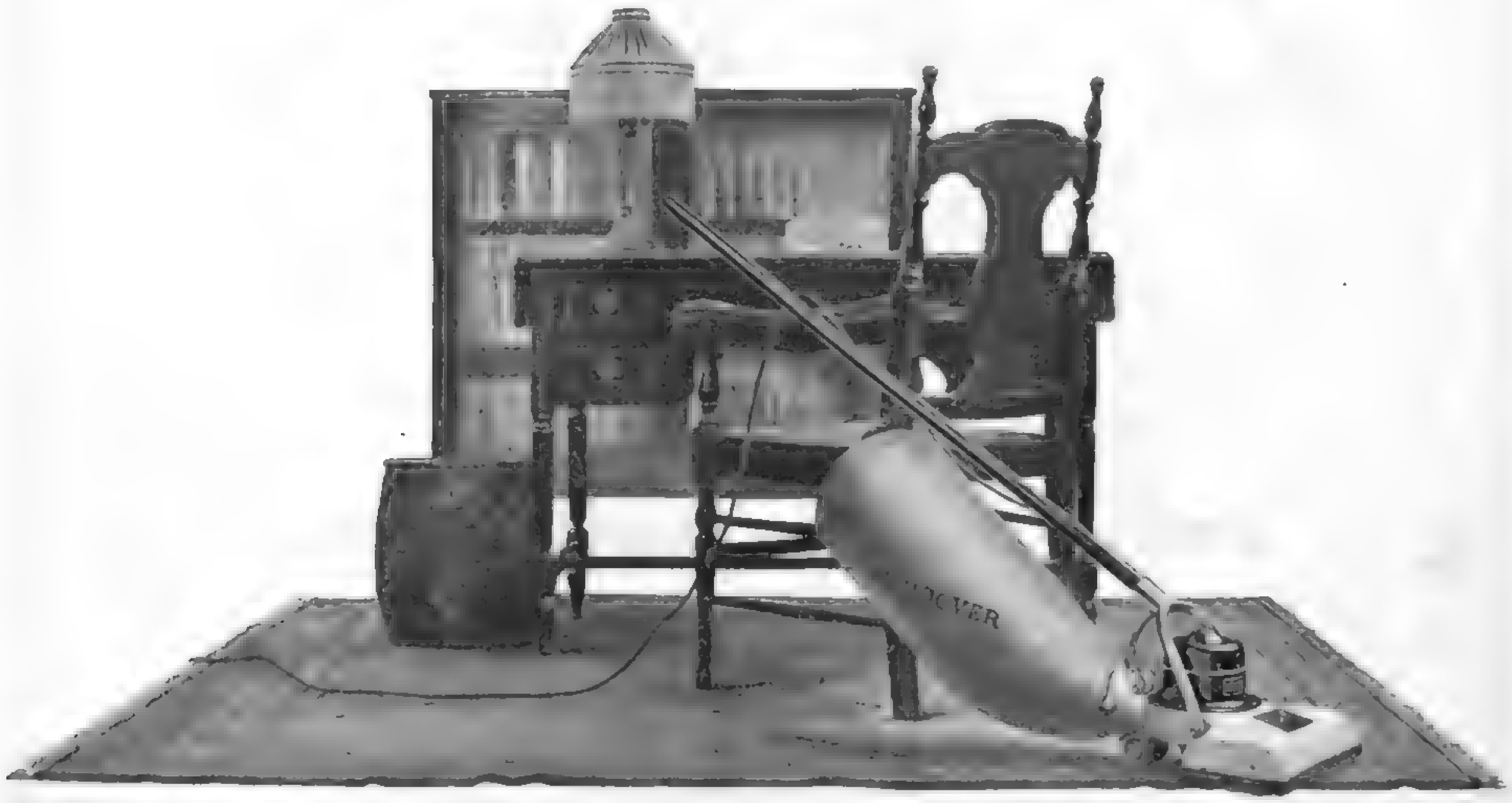
When one begins to entertain the conviction that he knows everything worth knowing he develops a consistent and inevitable contempt for all persons, causes, activities and objects that are farther from perfection than himself. In a world seldom free from fault he finds much to condemn and nothing whatever to commend save the work of his own hands. He searches diligently for flaws, errors and weaknesses, and having found one holds it up to view that he may profit by the contrast between it and his omniscient and immaculate self. Much finding of fault makes him at last a common scold, incapable of appreciation.

The art of living requires some skill in make-believe and some eagerness to make the best of things. If one visits a theater with the intention of placing the burden of proof on the show, grimly determined to remain in a state of armed neutrality, the production will seem as worthless as he expects to find it. If he goes with a determination to be entertained and the willingness to give thanks for half a loaf if a whole loaf does not appear, he will spend a delightful evening and come away refreshed and cheered.

The critic loses most by his criticisms. The hard things he says are discounted by his reputation for hard sayings, so that he neither injures the things he criticizes nor impresses those who hear the criticism. His world is drab because his eyes are schooled to focus on drab details.

In a world full of roses one may have a very pleasant time if some odd quirk of vanity has not persuaded him that ability to overlook the roses and make much of the thorns is proof of superiority to the common run of folk.

The Hoover lifts the rug from the floor, like this—flutters it upon a cushion of air, gently "beats" out its embedded grit, and so prolongs its life



For years, in the finest mansions of two continents, The Hoover has been prolonging the beauty of the costliest rugs that have been woven. It steadfastly has beaten out all the harmful embedded grit, swept up all the stubborn litter, brushed straight the velvety nap, revived the rich colorings and suction cleaned the surfaces. Only The Hoover does all this. And it is the largest selling electric cleaner in the world.

The HOOVER

It Beats—as it Sweeps—as it Cleans

THE HOOVER SUCTION SWEEPER COMPANY
The oldest makers of electric cleaners
North Canton, Ohio Hamilton, Canada

Zinc

Protects and equips the home

ZINC renders its service in the home through many channels.

The *paint* on your walls, the *shades* at your windows, the *linoleum* on your floor, your *galvanized water tank* and *porcelain sink*—these and many other articles require zinc in their manufacture.

By furnishing the highest grade zinc products to manufacturers of these goods, The New Jersey Zinc Company makes an important contribution to the decoration, protection and equipment of the home.

Whether the product required in the manufacture of these various articles is Metallic Zinc, Zinc Oxide or Albalith (our improved light-resisting Lithopone), this Company can always be depended on to furnish the quality needed and the amount desired. Its experience, facilities and resources offer decided advantages to manufacturers who demand materials that are both superior and uniform in quality. Our Research Department is at the service of all manufacturers who seek advice on the use of zinc products.

THE NEW JERSEY ZINC COMPANY, *160 Front Street*, New York

ESTABLISHED 1848

CHICAGO: Mineral Point Zinc Company, 1111 Marquette Building

PITTSBURGH: The New Jersey Zinc Co. (of Pa.), 1439 Oliver Building

Manufacturers of Zinc Oxide, Slab Zinc (Spelter), Spiegeleisen, Lithopone, Sulphuric Acid, Rolled Zinc Strips and Plates, Zinc Dust, Salt Cake and Zinc Chloride

The world's standard for Zinc products

New Jersey Zinc

Taking the Dust Out of Industry

By CAPT. H. P. SHELDON

There was a man in our town
And he was wondrous green,
He threw a lighted sulphur match
In a can of gasoline.

CHORUS:

His face and hands are somewhat sore,
His hair is gone, his eyesight poor
He's not as handsome as he was
But he knows a whole lot more!
Oh! he knows a whole lot more!

—*College Song.*

MY OWN ideas of explosives, as I stated them to the chemist, were gained during an extensive government excursion in France. Explosives came by mule cart in neat yellow-pine boxes stamped with scarlet warnings, or else they arrived in invisible containers by the aërial route. In the latter case they heralded their coming with a wild shriek, and announced their arrival with a loud personal roar. The chemist thought differently. He intimated that neither the wild shriek nor the red-and-yellow box was an accurate standard of identification for all kinds of explosive material. The roar was better—unless it came from an outraged taxpayer.

"No," said he, "explosive substances come from many sources. The waiter just brought an explosive which under proper conditions will make your swarthy TNT sound like a firecracker in a foundry." He dug his spoon into his blancmange. "This excellent dessert is made of cornstarch, I believe. Not long ago I fired two hundred and twenty pounds of starch in the course of an experiment. The concussion wrapped our official photographer round a tree and broke windows a mile away."

An admirable expression of foreign origin came to my mind; I thought the scientist was giving me a wheeze.

"I'm not," he denied; "I'm giving you facts gathered in one of the most important industrial investigations undertaken in recent years—the tendency of many kinds of dust to explode. Flour, starch, coal dust, grain dust, wood dust—all of these will do it; and they often do too. I won't talk shop to-night, but if you will come down to my laboratory tomorrow I'll be glad to show you something of which Mister Average Citizen knows very little now, but of which he must know more."

The chemist was at his desk in one of the Department of Agriculture office buildings when I entered. He rose and pushed up a chair for me while his stenographer brought us a thick volume from a corner shelf. The book was filled with photographs, and these photographs had a certain familiar look about them—they were the sort of thing one sees on the picture cards of Rheims, Ypres, and other wrecked cities and villages of Northern France and Belgium. There was the same look of death and desolation, the same prospect of broken masonry and twisted steel, crumpled buildings and torn earth, destruction heaped on destruction. But these photographs had been taken in America.

An Album of Catastrophes

A PHOTOGRAPH of an Iowa starch factory showed a horizon filled with modern factory buildings of concrete; structures of strength, and that cleanness of line which is the hall-mark of modern American industrial shelters. The plant covered hundreds of square yards of ground, and its white stacks swept skyward with the grace and dignity of Grecian columns. Here, evidently, was the home of a tremendous industry, the core of an investment of millions of dollars. The scene was alive with the beauty of service. The thing was not beautiful in the sense in which one speaks of an ancient cathedral or an exquisite pleasure yacht, but there was a definite suggestion of massy permanence and stark efficiency which made it impressive in the same way that a battle cruiser painted in fighting gray and stripped for action is impressive.

Fire in Grain Elevator Caused by a Dust Explosion. The Explosion Was Caused by Carelessness on the Part of Workmen Who "Did Not Know." Enough Grain Ration Was Lost to Feed an Army of Two Hundred Thousand Men for One Year

But the opposite page—ruin, the magnificent towering stacks leveled to the ground, and the thin vapors of an explosion drifting away on the light breeze. Not the most carefully cultured of all the ex-Kaiser's demolition companies could have wrought greater damage to a structure of such apparent permanence if they used unlimited high explosive and had weeks of time in which to plant their bombs. At the bottom of the picture a grim statement recorded forty-three deaths for that single explosion.

"Dust," said my informant laconically, as he exhibited the pictured records of catastrophe after catastrophe.

Across the bottom of each picture ran a typewritten legend which described the explosion, and which usually finished with a statement of death and wounds occasioned. The sinister significance of these brief records varied only in the counted numbers of dead and wounded; the fatalities ran all the way from three to forty-three and the lesser casualties were of course even higher. The grim footnote was seldom missing. We might have been checking casualties in a French salient after a successful enemy night raid.

"You see," explained the chemist as he turned page after page, each a record of catastrophe, "how serious this has been. The explosion may be very slight at the outset—it usually is—but the primary explosion shakes the lighter dust from the sills and braces overhead and propagates the real burst. The higher the dust has drifted before settling on a joist the lighter it is, and the lighter the dust the more explosive it is when the primary burst tosses it out into the air. Usually the accident is fatal to everyone in the place at the time.

"These explosions are very frequent, five of them in the period from May to September, 1919, with a property damage of seven million dollars and a casualty list of seventy persons killed and many more wounded. We have explosion records back as far as 1860, but modern industrial development tends to increase the frequency and multiply the loss. High-speed machinery housed in gigantic plants and requiring the services of a small army to handle the product was not so plentiful in those older days."

Warnings Ignored

"IN A FEED-GRINDING mill in Canada a small explosion was caused by the presence of foreign material in the grinding machine. This shook up more of the loose dust, and the second explosion came instantly and violently. Seventeen men were killed and sixteen injured. The loss was two million dollars.

"A workman in an Eastern export elevator noticed that Leg Number One had become choked. He signaled for Leg Number One to be shut down, but through some mistake Leg Number Two was cut off instead. The belt on Number One continued to slip and burn. Before the mistake could be corrected a spark from the heated belt had caused a small local explosion, which, as is generally true of these accidents, acted as a sort of priming charge for the terrifically violent detonation that followed. Seven men were killed, twenty-two were seriously injured, and a one million five hundred thousand dollar plant was entirely destroyed.

"Our experts visited a grain elevator in a Western state. The superintendent had operated his plant for fifteen years without experiencing trouble of any sort, and he was inclined to scoff at the whole theory of dust explosions. In that he was hardly to be blamed, because there is very little literature published on this subject, and news items usually indicate some other cause for the bursts which occur so frequently. Nevertheless, he should have heeded the expert's advice, which was to the effect that his plant was dangerously liable to a dust explosion. The beams and rafters were covered with inches of soft dust, and the other dangerous elements of a dust disaster were present. This was just after the war, when every pound of flour was worth saving and we were doing our best to prevent fire and explosion losses. Anyhow, we warned him twice without much result. Twenty-four hours after our last visit a dust explosion wrecked his plant, killed fourteen men and wounded as many more.

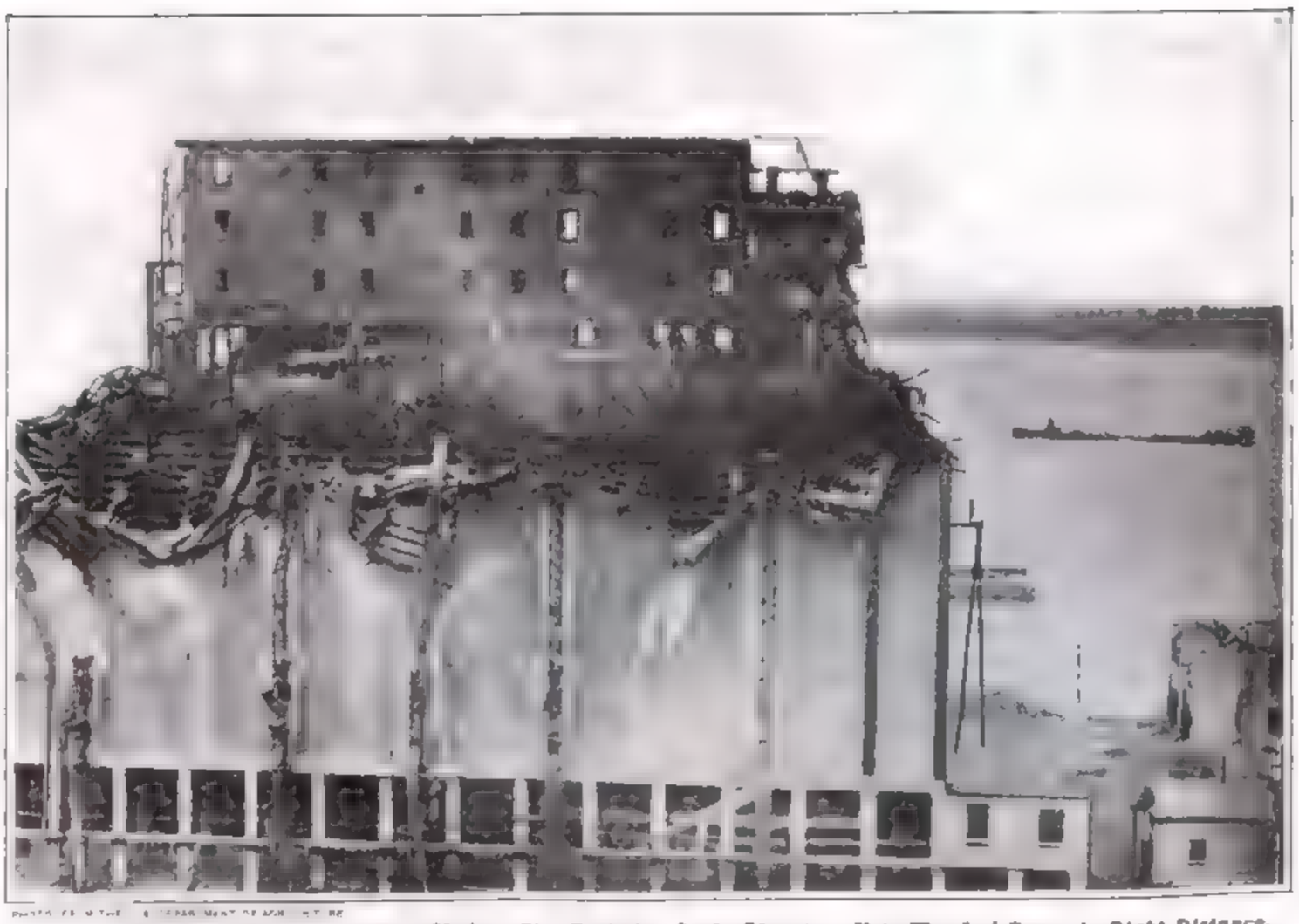
"Not long ago I was in one of the departments of a large Eastern publishing company. In one of the rooms a process was being carried out which required that quantities of gas and like volatile combustible liquids be used in the room. The place was full of employees, and overhead the machinery was developing static current from which the fatal spark so often comes. The plant might have run for years without an explosion; on the other hand it might meet disaster in the next instant. I called the engineer in charge and told him what I had seen. As an up-to-date practical scientist he saw the point at once.

"'We'll begin to remedy that inside the next half hour,' he said, and he was as good as his word. Within twenty-four

hours he had the place as nearly explosion proof as modern science could make it."

The chemist continued his story in the accents of one who knows his subject. For him, evidently, there was no element of doubt, his explanation had the certainty of a mathematical demonstration.

"Suspended dust particles in the air, friction enough to produce an electric spark, or the striking of a match to explode the imperceptible matter—and your plant or mill is a smoking wreck. In fact, the more strength you have applied in cement and steel to construct an indestructible and fireproof building, the greater the resulting ruin when the force of the pent gas is exerted. It will not be denied—it will escape! The thinner the walls of your building the more easily this is accomplished, and the less the wreckage. Look, here is a wooden grain elevator. A dust explosion occurred in this building, but the effect has been comparatively small—the gas simply pushed out this weak wooden wall and escaped. In this concrete building an explosion of similar power has tossed the blocks hundreds of yards; not one stone is left upon another!"



Showing Effects of Dust Explosion on Modern Fire Resisting Grain Elevator. Note Wrecked Barge in Right Distance. The Explosion Killed Several Men on This Barge. Ten Persons Were Killed and Ten Wounded

Still I needed something more. "The causes seem so well understood," I suggested, "and the ingredients which go to cause these explosions are of such definite proportions—would you be able to construct a set of circumstances which would produce an explosion?"

The chemist turned to his telephone, and after getting his connection I heard him giving instructions to an unseen assistant in another part of the building.

"Fix things up to fire a little cornstarch," said he. "I've a gentleman here who would like to see a dust explosion."

Then we went along a hallway until a door opened before us and we were in a little dingy laboratory. On the stone table an assistant had placed a miniature grain elevator. This structure was correct in all the appointments of the giant establishments common in places where large amounts of grain are handled. I tapped the side and found that it was of heavy steel, well bolted through from side to side, with a sliding door in the front of the building and a ventilator on the roof. The ventilator was open—a square four-inch orifice. Over this opening the assistant placed a dozen sheets of the heaviest bond typewriter paper and clamped it fast with a heavy steel clamp that wedged tightly against the sides of the stack.

What the Cornstarch Said

I TRIED the strength of the paper and found it as firm and strong as a pine board; the clamp, too, was so tightly wedged that I could not lift it loose. The chemist piled several articles on the surface of the paper to confine it further. Meanwhile the assistant busied himself with an ordinary bellows such as one uses about an open fireplace. This bellows had a short rubber tube attached, and in the mouth of the tube he placed a half teaspoonful of cornstarch taken from an ordinary grocery package. The sliding door was opened and a lighted candle set inside the elevator, then the door was firmly closed and fastened. The assistant introduced the rubber tip of his bellows at a small hole in the rear wall of the miniature building. To give full light effect the room had previously been darkened by drawing the shade over the one window. The light was about what would seep down a small stairway into a front-line dugout in an American sector.

As the assistant closed the bellows that innocent-looking, bland, commonplace cornstarch made a remark. It said "Bang!" with all the positiveness of a charge of dynamite. The room was shaken by the crash, a burst of livid blue flame leaped from the crevices of the little building, and the steel clamp rang sharply against the high ceiling. Meanwhile the air was filled with torn bits of the bond paper. My sensation was exactly similar to one of a previous occasion when, crouching in a concrete pill box in St.-Mihiel, during some recent patriotic exercises, a German aviator had dropped an aërial bomb squarely upon the yards-thick roof. The dull jar to my physique, the crash of the explosion and the blinding burst of weird bluish flame—all were the same. A later inspection of the little steel building convinced me that two drams of TNT could not have given the apparatus a more violent wrench, and the crash of the explosion was sufficient to bring excited clerks from all quarters of the big building that surrounded the laboratory.

Prevention Methods

I WAS convinced. Here was a man who took ordinary cornstarch, air and a spark of flame, and produced an explosion with all the certainty that follows the pulling of the pin on a bomb. Like conditions would unfailingly produce like results. Dust could and would explode, and with shocking violence.

"That," explained the chemist, "is our demonstration apparatus. Our workers go into the flouring mills and the dusty factories and set this little miniature up before a group of workmen. They get the owner to look on, too, if they can. Then they have the workmen gather a little of the flour dust, starch or coal dust from the bench or floor, and show them how it may be fired with the same effect and certainty that dynamite is discharged. It is convincing—especially if we allow them to gather the dust themselves. The millers used to accuse us of putting gunpowder in the dust if we gathered it, so now we let them arrange the material themselves."

PHOTO FROM THE U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

The Effects of a Dust Explosion in a Sugar Pulverizing Plant. The Concussion Crushed the Building Across the Street

The Bureau of Chemistry, United States Department of Agriculture, had charge of the precautionary measures by which the Government's immense stocks of grain and flour were protected during and after the war. The application of the new preventive principles proved to be the most valuable form of insurance. This statement is borne out by the Grain Corporation records. In May, 1920, nineteen months after the dust-explosion campaign was inaugurated, there had not been a single disastrous fire or explosion in any of the plants over which the Government's experts have had supervision, but in the twenty months preceding the above period there were four bad explosions, which killed twenty-four people, wounded thirty-six and destroyed foodstuffs and buildings to the tune of six million dollars. Obviously more grain was handled by the mills and warehouses during the period of the war, yet, though Uncle Sam stored and handled grain in five hundred million dollar lots, he can point with considerable pride to the fact that he lost not a dollar's worth by fire or dust explosions. There's a morsel for the chronic pessimist. Doubtless as a nation we have dropped several nickels into the broken slot of the universal gum machine, but while we were doing this our Department of Agriculture has been calmly at work saving us a few hundreds of millions of dollars in foodstuffs.

The remedy was accomplished through an educational campaign extended to reach workmen and operators. In this campaign the miniature elevators of steel played an important part. The demonstrations did much to gain the coöperation of the workers, and that coöperative interest proved to be the one best bet. No man who has had his system jarred by the explosion of a

(Concluded on Page 49)

Mo-lyb-den-um Steel

The American Super-Steel

and

The LIGHT WEIGHT CAR

THROUGH the ages, man's progress in the development of transportation has been dependent upon the discovery of better materials with which to put his ideas into execution.

The modern motor car is a product of steel. And so it cannot be better than the steel from which it is made.

Better motor cars require better steels.

Molybdenum Steel possesses	**This means**
Greater Strength	Lighter Cars
Greater Toughness	Greater Economy
Greater Resistance to Wear, Shock and Fatigue.	Longer Life
	Maximum Efficiency per Dollar Invested.

Molybdenum is the *only* steel alloying element mined in sufficient quantities in this country to take care of our fast growing industries. A mountain of Molybdenum ore at Climax, Colorado, makes the United States independent of the rest of the world in the production of the finest alloy steels.

BE SURE YOUR CAR OR TRUCK IS MADE OF MOLYBDENUM STEEL

The superiority of Molybdenum Steel was discovered during the Great War. Its strength and toughness made possible the light "Baby Tank".

Climax Molybdenum Co. *associated with* **The American Metal Co., Ltd.**

61 BROADWAY *New York*

Climax Molybdenum Company is the largest producer of Molybdenum in the World

From a painting in colors made for Eagle Shirts by Edward B. Edwards

© J. M. S. & Co.

EAGLE SHIRTS

of PARSEE PERCALE — CALAIS CORD — CARDIFF CORD — MIDDLESEX CORD — STRAND SHIRTING — MINDORA MADRAS — MARGATE MADRAS
KOLTON SHIRTING — HAGANTRY CLOTH — CHARING SHIRTING — ANGLODRAS — FROSTSHEEN — RAYTONE MADRAS — LUNA SILKLOTH
LUSTRA SILKLOTH — PRISMA SILKLOTH — BENTANG CLOTH — CREPE CASCADE — JER-NOVO *and of other exclusive* EAGLE SHIRTINGS

THE world may wonder that Livia, wife of Augustus Caesar, should have sat at her loom and woven her husband's togas in order that the fabrics might be *exclusive* in design. Yet, as the makers of Eagle Shirts have learned, the demand for *exclusiveness* in men's fabrics today is greater than ever before.

From that period years ago, when Jacob Miller Sons & Company began designing and weaving their own textures, Eagle Shirts have held an irresistible appeal for the discriminating wearer. The patterns have represented the conceptions of a corps of artist designers. The fabrics have represented the craftsmanship of an organization of master weavers. And the reception accorded the finished product everywhere has been a splendid victory for the distinctive over the commonplace.

Today, new creations in Eagle Shirts for Fall, moderately priced notwithstanding their unusual character, are on display at the best men's wear establishments. On each shirt label you will find the distinctive *fabric name* that is at once the sign of a *pedigreed* texture obtainable only in Eagle Shirts, and a mark of identification for your convenience in reordering.

JACOB MILLER SONS & COMPANY
Established 1867
Weavers of Shirtings—Makers of Shirts
Philadelphia

A full color reproduction of Mr. Edwards's painting (shown above) is now on display in the windows of the leading men's wear establishments featuring Eagle Shirts.

Send for the brochure, "Glimpses into Weaving's History." We shall also send you a card of introduction to your local merchant who features Eagle Shirts.

EAGLE SHIRTS of EAGLE SHIRTINGS

(Concluded from Page 46)

spoonful of dust fired in a tiny elevator is going to walk into a giant establishment where the same conditions prevail. He will make sure that the precautionary devices are installed to collect dust and put out fires, and he will make of himself an interested committee of one to keep an eye out for danger spots.

"The remedy," I was told, "lies in preventing sparks, of course. Much is accomplished by establishing water drenches and machinery that will keep the dust out of the air, but one of the best and most effective methods is that which gives the machines a chance to ground any electrical current they may generate. Some factories filled with whipping fans and whirring belts are really huge dynamos and generate an immense charge of electrical current. Such was true of the publishing plant, where the heavy glazed paper passing over the rolls generated so much electricity that the discharge, passing across the face of the metal, actually cut the wide bands of paper in two. That has been remedied by giving the machines a sort of specially developed lightning rod to carry off the dangerous accumulations."

The Sardine Explosion

More than the grain-handling industries are menaced by these odd accidents. Aluminum dust has shown this dangerous quality. A factory where aluminum lip-stick containers were manufactured blew up a few days ago, with the usual grim results, and it is now known that the dreaded blowbacks, so familiar to fire fighters, are caused by dust more frequently than not. The firemen find the matter so important that they called Mr. D. J. Price, who is in charge of the dust-explosion work for the Government, to the annual convention of the National Firemen's Association at Peoria to discuss preventive measures.

Personally, after a day in the chemist's laboratory, I am convinced that anything will explode. While I was begging a handful of the cards that the Government puts in the hands of the workmen all over the country, a man came in with a bottle of brown dust, which he said was fish meal, a by-product of the menhaden industry. He wanted to know if it would explode, and whether or not the factory where it was made should have precautionary measures installed.

The man pulled out the cork. Without any scientific information at all I knew instantly that the stuff was explosive. The chemist, whose olfactory register was not so acute as my own, was not so easily satisfied, and back we went to the laboratory with the bottle of ground sardine.

As we went along the hall people gazed at us in horror and hurried out into the air and sunshine. Equipped with a bottle of that stuff a blind man might tread on a healthy polecat without ever realizing his error. He might even smoke an Austrian cigar.

We entered the laboratory, which seemed smaller than usual, I thought. We had approached rather rapidly and the assistant had no time to escape. He charged the apparatus and closed the bellows which injected the sardine dust into the elevator.

I should say that sardine dust, as an explosive, is at least four jumps ahead of guncotton. Hereafter I shall regard a sardine with a great deal of respect. He explodes with a burst of dull orange flame and a smell that is far outside the spectrum. As between the odor of unexploded and exploded sardine there is no comparison. The laboratory was smaller than ever. The noise that fish made was about what one might expect if a careless tenant dropped his kitchen range out of a sixth-story apartment-house window. Again there was an influx of excited clerks and assistants who wanted to see who had found the leak in the gas main. They came, they saw, and they vanished down the hall with low murmurs of physical distress.

The unique quality of the subject lends itself to imaginary and outlandish situations, but the figures quoted earlier in the article are enough to bring the average manufacturer to earth with a bump.

Is there any good reason why our industries should cost the country eighty good lives a year? Is there any use in dropping seven million dollars on the annual scrap heap? Aren't these losses, though they appear to come directly upon the private owners or corporations, in reality a deduction from the credit side of the country's balance sheet—costly fiddling that we all must chip in and settle for?

A dust explosion in a single grain elevator ruined foodstuffs sufficient to feed an army of two hundred thousand men for a year. The same amount of grain would have fed Chicago for a whole month—and the ultimate consumer settles all the bills. He may do this directly or indirectly. In the case of a dust explosion of this sort the consumer pays a direct tax for careless methods or lack of information among the men who handle the foodstuffs. He pays a share of the tax to this destructive fiddler every time he buys a loaf of bread or a pound of sugar. Moreover, he pays for a dead horse—a thing from which he derives no value whatsoever for the money spent, and he pays a higher relative price for the flour and sugar which he does consume by reason of the short market created by the lost food product.

A Sensible Thing to Do

The economic value of these explosion investigations lies not in knowing how to explode the dust of industry but how to prevent it from indulging in this violent and unsuspected characteristic. The escaping gas from an industrial dust explosion is a gravity-defying aid which helps the rebellious H. C. L. to maintain its present elevated position above the economic center of things. If we could prevent these losses during the war why isn't it advantageous to carry the work along in peacetimes? The country needs to have removed every drag on production. Very well, here's a perfectly palpable one.

No one knows to how many varieties of dust this explosive property is extended. The only means by which it can be determined is to test the dust. If I were a mill owner, or in fact if I owned any sort of factory, large or small, I believe I should collect a sample of the dust produced and send it to Washington to be tested. If the chemist reported an explosion I should, by return mail, ask him to recommend preventive devices for the plant, and I should have enough pledge cards printed so that every workman in the place would have one.

The art of traveling in comfort

YOU will never realize that packing can be made a pleasure instead of a task until you get a Belber Wardrobe Trunk.

There is a place for everything. Just hang up your clothes as you would in a closet—they can't become mussed or wrinkled. Lay your other things in the drawers as you would in your bureau. There is a place to pack your hats without crushing them. There are places for your umbrella, your laundry, shoes, jewelry, etc.

The careful *planning* that carries clothes just right you will appreciate the minute you start to pack your Belber Wardrobe—and appreciate all over again when you open the trunk and see how fresh your clothes look.

The Belber name on a Trunk or Bag is your utmost security for metropolitan style, picked materials and workmanship second to none.

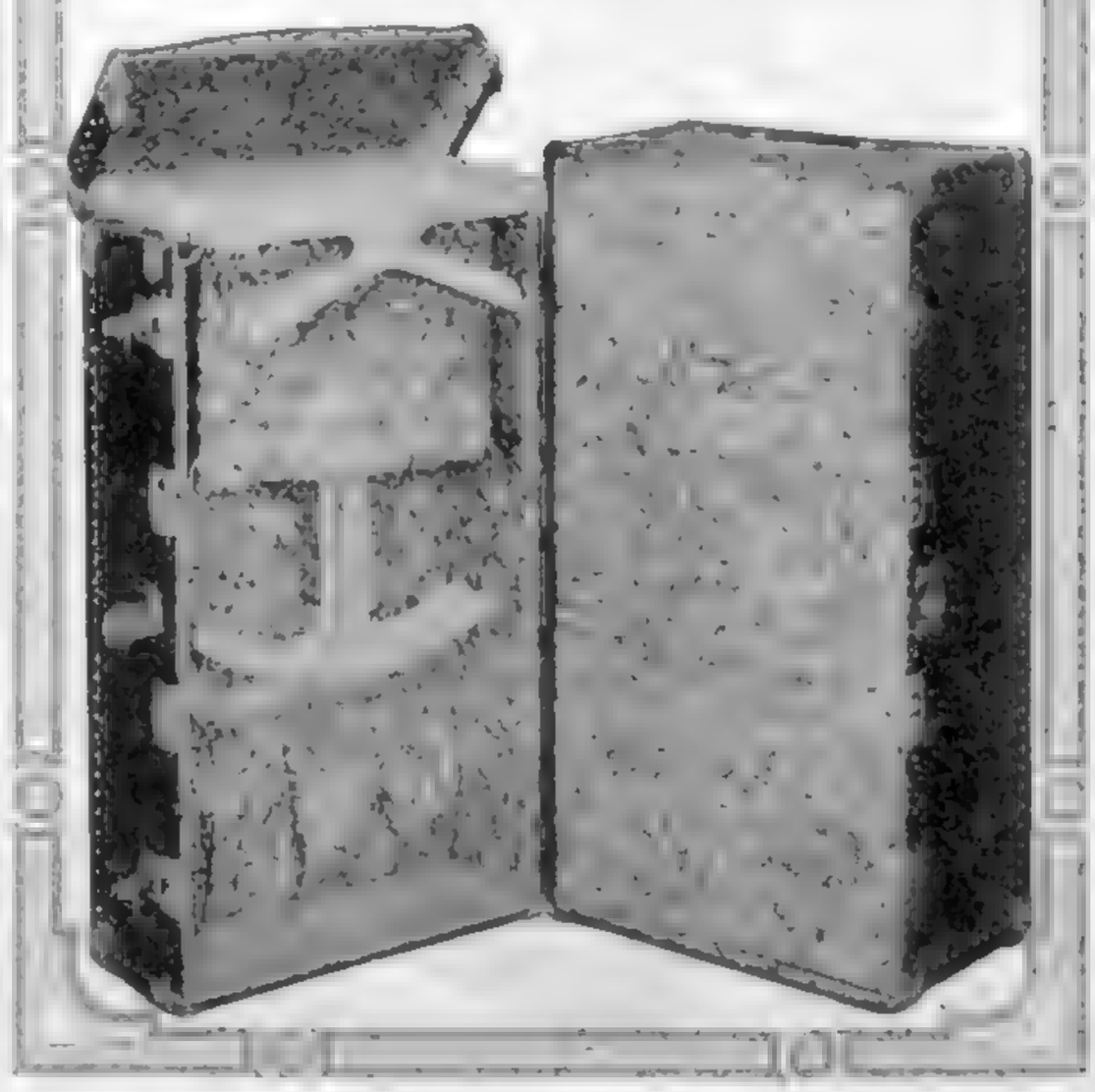
See the display of Belber Luggage at the better class stores in your city. Write us for name of Belber dealer nearest you.

THE BELBER TRUNK & BAG CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

Sales Offices and Factories:

New York Philadelphia Woodbury, N. J. Pittsburgh
Chicago Oshkosh, Wis. Minneapolis San Francisco

Belber TRAVELING GOODS



Patrick
DULUTH
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"Bigger than Weather"

THERE is no other cloth just like Patrick cloth. It is essentially a North Country fabric, made from the thick, long-fiber wool of "sheep that thrive in the snow."

Patrick cloth is as distinctive to America as are friezes to Ireland, cheviots to Scotland and tweeds to England.

It is produced by an unusual and exclusive process—an improvement of the old Scandinavian method called "stumpfing," by which they double-shrink the cloth and raise a nap on both sides by tramping on the wet cloth with their wooden-soled shoes.

By the Patrick-Duluth process the same effect is produced by passing the cloth back and forth between heavy wooden rollers which operate in a tank of soap and water and keep up a continuous pounding.

The quality of the wool and the special treatment produce a cloth that gives great warmth without great weight.

The Patrick coats have created a style of their own. They are selected by those who observe correctness in dress and appreciate their appropriateness for outdoor occasion.

Patrick Pure Wool Products possess extra worth and quality because Patrick controls every manufacturing process—from raw wool to finished garments.

The genuine and original Patrick-Duluth products are plainly marked with the green and black Patrick label. They are sold by the best retail clothing, dry goods and sporting goods stores.

PATRICK-DULUTH WOOLEN MILLS
Sole Manufacturers of Both Cloth and Garments
17 Avenue A Duluth, Minnesota

Pure Northern Wool from Sheep that thrive in the Snow

Sense and Nonsense

A Glowing Description

A NEW YORKER, one of the native-born type who rarely leaves the confines of the greater city, took a vacation this summer and went with one of the New York ball clubs on its trip West. He saw many strange sights.

On the return trip the club stopped off at Buffalo and, never having seen Niagara Falls, as is the case with most New Yorkers, the players persuaded their fellow traveler not to miss the opportunity.

He looked the Falls over very carefully and returned to his hotel.

"Well, what do you think of it for a wonderful sight?" asked one of the ball players.

"I'll say," said the New Yorker without undue enthusiasm, "that she certainly throws a mean leap."

Would Answer the Purpose

JAMES ALLISON, the newspaper correspondent, returning from abroad, went to his old home in Cincinnati, where he always was held in high esteem by the hotel employees.

While preparing to leave the hotel Mr. Allison called one of the bell boys, an old acquaintance. He relates the following dialogue:

"Boy," said the correspondent, "run up to Room 204 and get my grip."

In a very few minutes the boy returned, grinning:

"Dere wusn't no grip in 204, Mr. Jimmy, but I fetched you a good one out of 206."

Dictated, but Not Read

MY SYMPATHIES, I'd have you heed,
Are with the genial centipede,
Who hastened with the best intent—
You may recall the incident—
To teach some nut who took the notion
To learn his trick of locomotion.
Imagine then his consternation
To find he'd lost the combination!
His features wore a look of pain.
He tried once more. He tried again.
Still hoping to redeem his pride,
He tried and tried and tried and tried.
Then over rolled with piteous raving.
His hundred pedals wildly waving.

'Tis thus with me—though I'll admit
The "wildly waving" part don't fit.
But—with all modesty I'm telling—
I surely am a wiz. at spelling.
I neither swerve nor balk nor skid
At words like he-li-as-ter-id,
Di-hex-a-he-dron, Sus-que-han-na
Or even ip-e-cac-u-an-ha.
I never pause nor bat an eye,
But take them every one on high.
But should my son, with manner haughty,
Say, "Dad, is there a 'u' in 'forty'?"
My senses suddenly desert me.
I rack my brains until they hurt me.
Then "Fie," I say, "you ignoramus!
And is it thus that you would shame us?
Go, hunt it in the dictionary!"
He goes. He grins. He winks at Mary.

Yes, winks at Mary, my stenog.
Then, mistily, as through a fog,
And filled with righteous indignation,
I start the dismal day's dictation.
"Begin," I say: "John Smith, Cohoes."
She dabs an alabaster nose.
"Cohoes?" she murmurs languidly.
"D'ye spell it with an 's' or 'z'?"
It seems to me, at such a time,
That murder's not a heinous crime.
"I've changed my mind," I coldly say.
"Write 'Albany'—begins with 'A.'"
She wilts, kind reader; does she not?
And Echo answers: "Does she? Not!"
"I'm on," she says, in accents highbrow,
The while she smooths a perfect eyebrow.

And so it is at times like these
I've centipedal sympathies.
His legs—my nerves—in wild confusion,
The victims both of base collusion.
Yet once I'd tackle without fuss
Such words as pter-o-dac-ty-lous,
Pyc-nog-o-nid, di-ær-e-ses,
Nay, even nec-to-cal-y-ces.
I'd leap as any agile biped
With joy at par-al-lel-e-pi-ped.

—*Vilda Sauvage Owens.*

Begging the Question

A MAN living in New York's East Side recently obtained a job as train announcer at one of the big terminal stations in the metropolis.

Always he had yearned for this job. Armed with a megaphone and attired in a new uniform he put much zest into his call of the stations.

"This train leaves on Track Ten for Albany," he would call out. "The first stop is Harlem, Tarrytown, Ossining," and so on. "Ladies and gentlemen," he added, "you'll find de cushions soft and comfortable."

"Say," said a man, who had waited impatiently for him to get through with the long speech, "stop that thing a minute and tell me when is the last train for Buffalo."

"The last train?" repeated the new caller. "You should live that long!"

One Thing He Learned

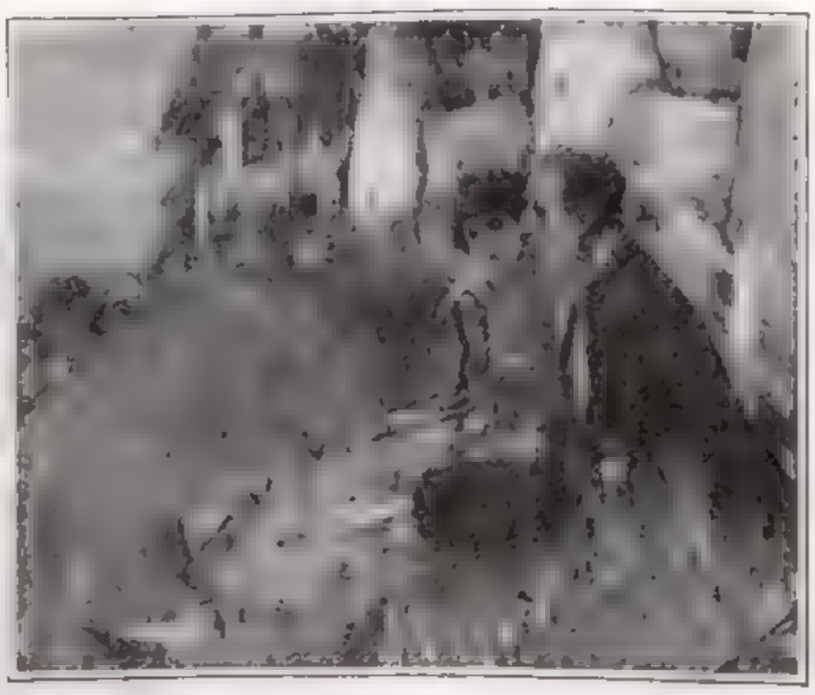
THE head of a coal firm, irritated beyond endurance at a driver's blunder, told the man to go to the office and get his pay and not come back.

"You are so confounded thick-headed you can't learn anything!" he shouted.

"Begorra," answered the driver, "I larn wan thing since I've been with ye!"

"What's that?" snapped the other.

"That sivinteen hundred make a ton."



Pathé Serials

Motion Pictures At Their Best

HOW dull the best written word-picture of an exciting adventure presented on the printed page, compared with the actuality of that adventure on the screen, in a Pathé Serial!

"As though in the grip of a giant hand the canoe shot toward the roaring falls," says the author. "'Better to die in the whirlpool below than to trust to the mercies of those cruel men,' cried Margaret."

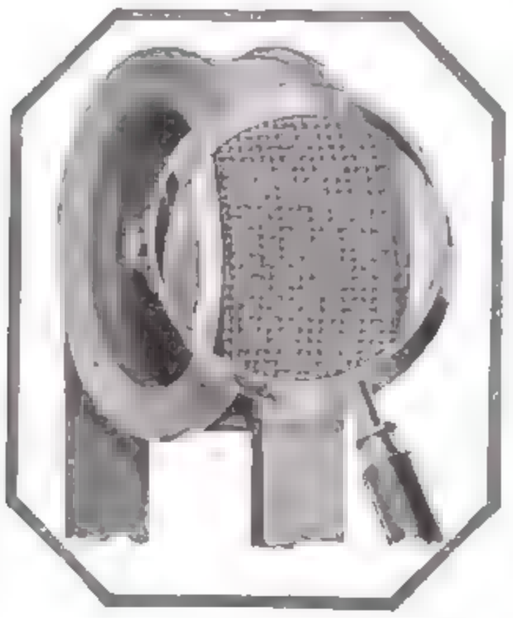
But in the Pathé Serial what action, thrill and suspense! You *see* the long chase down the roaring river, shot with jagged rocks; the dizzy speed of the frail canoe; the thundering waterfall; the charm of the girl and the bravery of the man she loves.

You forget the dull routine of the day, and sink yourself in the spell of adventures that unfold before you. Pathé Serials are the best kind of magazine serials, put into motion picture form. There is a theatre near you which shows Pathé Serials. It will be easy to find it.

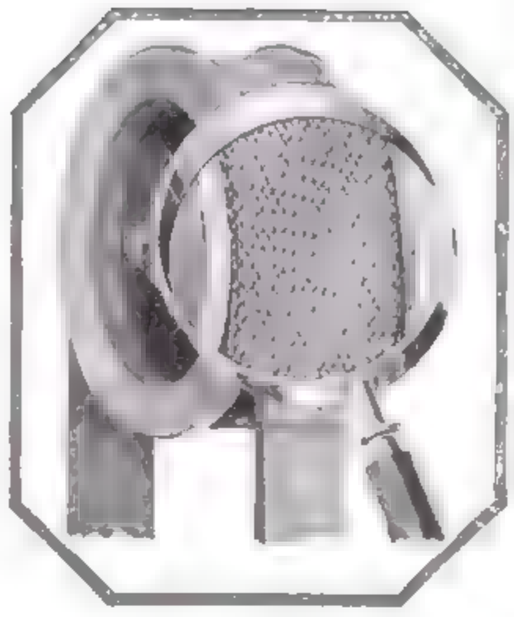
CURRENT AND COMING PATHE SERIALS WHICH YOU SHOULD SEE:

"The Third Eye," with Warner Oland and Eileen Percy; George B. Seitz in "Pirate Gold"; Ruth Roland in "Ruth of the Rockies"; Juanita Hansen in "The Phantom Foe" with Warner Oland; George B. Seitz in "Velvet Fingers"

PATHÉ EXCHANGE, INC.
Paul Brunet, Vice-Pres. & Gen. Mgr.
25 West 45th Street, New York



This illustrates the ordinary type of fan belt whose threads run lengthwise and across.



Note the bias weave in the Gates Vulco Cord Belt. It's this bias weave—our patent—that gives the belt elasticity so as to absorb all strain of service; to work with less friction and at slighter tension. It does away with stretching and slipping; and doubles the life and strength of the belt.

When driving through mud or sand your motor needs all the air it can get. A slipping fan belt is certain to cause overheating, and probably severe damage to your motor. Avoid this danger by equipping your car with a Gates Vulco Cord Belt.

You take big chances when your radiator boils

You know what an overheated motor means—serious trouble, and big repair bills.

It's the fan that keeps the heat down—that sucks the air through the radiator; if your fan belt slips and your fan doesn't run up to speed it causes a lot of damage.

Nine times out of ten you don't know that your fan belt is slipping until the motor overheats and the damage has been done.

The construction of the Gates Vulco Cord Fan Belt is scientific. It is made with a bias weave; this gives elasticity to prevent slipping. It maintains a firm grip on the pulley. It carries every revolution of the shaft to the fan and assures efficient cooling of the motor.

This bias weave construction is patented; no other fan belt has it. You can see by the illustration above that the bias weave of this belt doubles its life.

That's why more than 6,000,000 of these belts were bought last year; dealers everywhere have them for sale.

We make Vulco Cord Belts, V-shape or flat, in standardized sizes for all cars. Your dealer has one to fit yours.

These belts are also used as standard equipment for small machinery like washing machines, etc.

Manufacturers who have belt troubles should write us; tell us your needs; we'll submit plans for specially designed belts.

GATES RUBBER COMPANY, DENVER, COLORADO

Makers of

Gates Tested Tubes Gates Super Tread Tires
Gates Half Sole Tires

GATES VULCO CORD BELTS

Made by the makers of
GATES SUPER TREAD TIRES

CAUGHT SHORT

(Continued from Page 15)

had long served her employers. Suddenly she began to take in money without making a record of the transactions. In three months she managed to get away with almost seven thousand dollars. Finally her shortage was discovered, and detectives were sent after her. They found the woman deeply intoxicated in a New England hotel, and brought her back to explain. She had to have a bracer before she could talk. Then she told her story freely enough. She had always drunk, more or less, but the very fact that drink was now high in price and hard to get had incited her to drink her fill whenever there was opportunity. She had begun to take week-end trips out of the city, and had always spent them in some suburban hotel drinking. Investigation showed that the woman was always alone. She never took either male or female companions on these bibulous jaunts. She had simply drunk down seven thousand dollars.

In still another instance the cashier and paymaster of a munitions factory was short eight thousand dollars. An audit of the books was about to be made in the regular order of business. As the auditor stepped into the office the cashier made an excuse, took his hat and went away. The following day the manager of the concern received a letter from the cashier in which the absconding employee confessed and expressed his contrition. He was going West, he said, to join the Army.

It developed that the father of this young man was a stockbroker and that he had made unfortunate speculations. The son had taken the eight thousand dollars to tide his father over his stringency, hoping that the elder man would recoup and repay the money. Then the auditor stepped in. This young fellow was caught in training at a Southern soldier camp, brought North for trial and sentenced to a maximum of seven years in prison. Yet he had not personally profited a cent by his crime.

Those who like the melodrama and the moving picture know that necessity is the classical cause for defaulting. The mortgage on the old homestead must be paid, and the son steals to shield his parents from the bite of dispossession. The mother is ill, and money must be had to take her to the great specialist. The sweetheart is in trouble from which only money can extricate her, and her lover steals the requisite sum. Even so cautious an artist as Mr. John Galsworthy is not above using this antiquated motivation in his Justice. But if the necessity of loved ones is out of date as a crime-cause in the play and the novel, it is still a vital thing in actuality. Every day the big bonding companies come into contact with such cases. The difference is that the guilty ones are no longer always men. Women have stepped into the maelstrom, and the same currents wash them up or plunge them down.

A Happy Ending

Recently a pretty young woman who was cashier in a New York house was brought up for being short several hundred dollars. She was earning ten dollars a week, and managing to get along on it. There was no spot upon her character or record. But her mother, who was dependent, was taken ill. A younger brother was thrown out of work and the whole burden of the family fell upon this slender girl. She could get free medical treatment for the mother, but she could not get enough free drugs and surgical paraphernalia. Neither could she get the kind of food that would keep the ailing parent alive. The streets and the cash drawer were open to such a girl. She stole and was caught. She was also forgiven, which supplies the happy ending.

Dissipation of all kinds is another of the recognized causes of dishonesty, one of the good, time-honored, platitude-ridden explanations which explain so little. Men steal to waste the substance of others, to be sure. But why? The psychologists alone can answer this poser, and they all do, according to their lights—a too strong autonomic nervous impulse, says one; endocrin disturbance causing uncontrolled emotional waves, says another; and still a third explains that it is the primitive lawless nature of the race breaking the inhibitions of civilization. Take your choice.

The fact is that men of the most surprising types take forbidden money and cast it to the winds like rain. The rounder who throws his or other people's money away in riot and dissipation is too familiar to need exemplification. The clerk who bets peculated dollars on the ponies caused legislative enactments against betting. But superior kinds of men are baited to the same trap.

In a recent case in one of the large Southern cities it was found that a conspiracy had existed for a number of years among four trusted city officials. They had consistently juggled the books of the community and taken a total of about eighty thousand dollars. Since they belonged to the right party, they were regularly returned to office and went along in blessed immunity. But another and incorruptible official stumbled upon the falsifications. In their extremity the guilty officers destroyed the city's books, and the public was put to an additional expense of forty thousand dollars to get the records restored. Finally, all the guilty men were sent to prison. They had spent their stealings at the race tracks, which are numerous in the state in question.

Fidelity-insurance men tell me that in all sections near race tracks the factor of betting is strongly marked in the misdeeds of bonded men—and women.

Stealing for Women

Women, of course, bring many men to stealing. Some do it unconsciously, innocently. There is always the young clerk who takes small sums of his employer's money to spend upon his verdant sweetheart. These cases are so numerous and commonplace that a long search through the files of bonding companies failed to disclose one with a touch of the unusual about it. But there are also the sirens who understand more or less clearly what their allurements are causing to be misdone. They are usually not technically guilty of any share in the crimes of their admirers, yet they are the compelling forces.

Such an affair was one of the color spots in the raid on Wall Street, in which a Liberty Bond theft was the central episode. A young runner for a brokerage house went prowling one night with another fellow of his own years, and the pair planted themselves at the stage door of a burlesque house. They met two of the chorus girls and escorted them to supper. One of the women, who was of years to be the young messenger's mother and experienced enough for all his ancestors, fascinated the boy and got him to spend on her all he earned and all he had saved.

The boy saw that he was about to lose her unless he could raise further cash. He was honest, strictly reared, afraid of any form of misdeed. He struggled and agonized with himself, but the spell of the woman was too strong for him. One day when he was given thirty thousand dollars in Liberty Bonds for delivery to a bank he fled with the securities, met his charmer, gave her part of his loot and continued to meet her at various points on tour and blow in the stolen money.

Detectives sought the absconder for weeks before they got wind of the affair with the chorus woman. They immediately sought the woman, according to the familiar French mot, and found the dishonest messenger not far away. The woman turned over her part of the bonds and revealed the whole transaction without the slightest feeling of guilt or much pity for the deluded boy. He is vegetating in prison and she continues to dance and pirouette.

But when one exhausts all the weaknesses and frailties of mankind, all the patent breaches of the good safe code, one has yet hardly begun to understand embezzlement.

Many men dissipate or lose the money of their employers without design, some without intent, some by carelessness or accident, some through mere instability. Strange cases of all kinds constantly come to the attention of surety men, and perhaps the weirdest of them is the classical affair of the omnivorous hog.

A young railroad employee was sent to the bank for some money, and came back with a package containing five bills of hundred-dollar denomination. The possession of the cash must have intoxicated him. He stood on the station platform outside the small depot in his little town

Retail price 35 cents in the United States

It makes shoes *waterproof*

The Triangle Line

Dri-Foot—The Shoe Waterproofing—For men's, women's, and children's leather shoes Good for harness.

Presto-White (liquid)—won't rub off. For all articles of white canvas and duck

Presto-White Cake—For all articles made of white buck leather, canvas, and duck.

Cameo White-Kid Cleaner—For all white and delicate colored kid leathers.

Super-White (cleaner)—Cleans and whitens buck, nubuck, suède, and canvas shoes. Also scuffed and badly soiled kid shoes.

Milady (cream) All colors—For glazed kid and shiny leather

Carbolene (dry cleaner)—For cleaning all articles made of white or colored kid, of calf, satin, silk, and fabrics.

Lusteron (black) Self-Shining—For kid, vici kid, and all finished leathers.

Ebony-Oil (black-friction)—For box calf, kid, vici kid, and black leathers.

Shine-Well (paste) Black, Brown, and Tan—For shoes in all leathers.

You can have trim-looking, comfortable shoes and dry feet on rainy days by waterproofing your shoes with Dri-Foot.

It keeps shoe leather soft, pliable, and waterproof, and doesn't interfere with polishing.

Put Dri-Foot on the soles, uppers, and seams—it's good for black or tan shoes. It prevents cracking and makes shoes wear longer. This shoe waterproofing should be applied, especially to the soles, two or three times a season.

Dri-Foot bears the Triangle Brand—the Brand that identifies a complete line of fine dressings, polishes, and cleaners for every kind and color of leather and fabric footwear.

You will find Dri-Foot and all other Triangle Shoe Dressings at most good shoe stores.

FITZ CHEMICAL COMPANY, Phillipsburg, N. J.

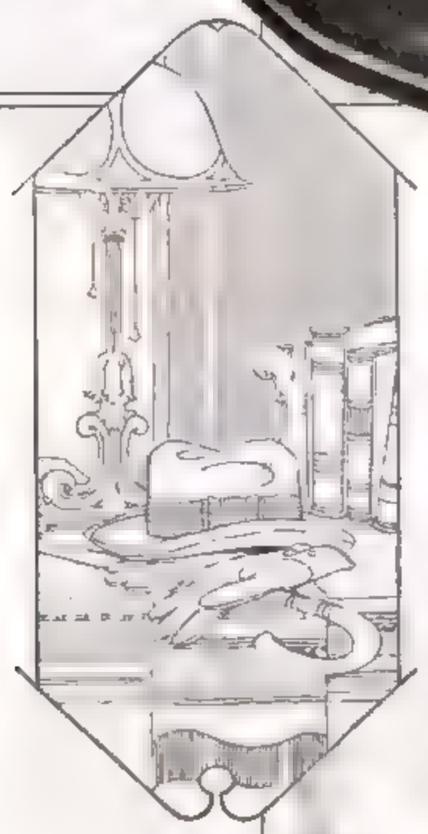
Makers of Triangle Shoe Dressings and Dri-Foot

This Triangle Product cleans quickly without harm to the skin

FITZ PRESTO HAND SOAP

Takes off Grease, Grime, Ink Stains and Paint. Leaves the Skin Smooth and Soft

Model 140
Dark Brown Calf Bal.
Bedford Model



Wear is *Hidden*

THIS fact cannot be too strongly emphasized: *Wear in a shoe is hidden.* Wearers are finding this out more and more. It is showing them the importance of going to reputable dealers who sell reliable shoes.

The dealer who puts Crossett Shoes in his windows does more than attract attention. He puts them there because he knows that there are no shoes at similar prices which are made of better materials. He knows that no shoes offer more service per dollar.

The Crossett name is stamped plainly in the soles of every pair of Crossett Shoes. It stands for best materials, careful workmanship throughout, and a fair, normal profit price. It will pay you to find that name on the next shoes you buy.

The CROSSETT Shoe

"MAKES LIFE'S WALK EASY"

LEWIS A. CROSSETT CO.
North Abington, Mass.

and tossed the money gayly into the air to amuse his fellows.

"Who cares for money?" he cried, and up went the packet of five bills.

An unfriendly wind whirled the money away. The clerk and one of his friends chased after it, only to find a hog, which had been wallowing at the end of the platform, in the act of swallowing the bank notes. Undoubtedly anything green looked good to that porker.

The clerk was in a quandary. After some debate he decided that the hog must be butchered and the cash recovered. But he saw no special need for haste. He little understood the digestive puissance of the hog. After some hours he got into communication with the owner of the hog, bought it and had it killed and cut open. The money could not be found, and since there was a disinterested witness to the swallowing of the notes, the only possible conclusion was that they had been digested.

This was hardly a case of embezzlement, but it was a default, and the bonding company paid a claim of five hundred dollars.

This story is true. I have seen the records of the company and the documents which record the investigation of the claim and the issuance of the check in settlement.

Again, a rather unstable young man was bonded for a trip to a foreign country which he was to make in the interest of an exporting house. He was given his steamer ticket and a thousand dollars in expense money, and he set gayly forth on his adventure. But on shipboard he began to play the gallant and protector to a young woman to whom an objectionable passenger was paying undue attention. Our young hero wound up his knightly conduct toward the traveling lady by falling in love with her himself. But she was married, and her husband was to meet her at the dock. However, the woman was so overcome by the gallantry of her protector that she urged him to leave the ship with her at an earlier port of call. This was done, the intention being to take another boat and elope. But the young man had an attack of good conscience at the last moment, and wound up by delivering the recreant wife safely to her husband. By this time, no need to recount, the thousand dollars of expense money had sadly vanished. These protective impulses are costly.

This young man was considered a brilliant salesman, and had a good-enough record. His employer and the bonding concern understood from other circumstances of the case that he was suffering nervously and not quite responsible for his conduct. He was not prosecuted, and the record went into the files as another exhibit of abnormality.

The Telltale Shirt

The heavy losses which employers, especially institutions and communities, suffer through embezzlement are, however, generally due, not to weaknesses for dissipation, for women, for gambling, and not to the press of poverty on employees but to the desire to rise and shine, either actually or merely outwardly—to ambition of one sort or another.

One of the most difficult phases of embezzlement to understand is the problem of the well-placed man who steals. Again and again we come upon the records of men in good and even high positions, well paid, highly reputed, blessed with happy families, trusted by their communities, who, nevertheless, take the money intrusted to them and misuse it. Perhaps the most familiar type of this class is the man who takes money to speculate on the market. Neither necessity nor ordinary temptation compels such a man, but mere ambitiousness, a mad desire to get more, to be a bigger factor. Many such men are found to be excellently situated. Ever and again we come upon the moral pillar of a community caught in the toils of defalcation. Frequently enough such men are a bit unbalanced. They are zealots in one direction and a bit defective in another. But generally these men are merely tempted by ambitious scheming. Some of them are misled by sheer love of display.

One morning not long ago the president of a great mercantile house happened to walk through the shipping rooms of his plant. His attention was arrested by a clerk who wore a silk shirt and too good clothing otherwise. The rich man stepped nearer the employee, and was a little shocked to find that the young fellow's shirt was the counterpart of one he wore himself. The employer said nothing, but went back to his private office and used the telephone.

Getting his shirtmaker on the line, he asked: "Those shirts you made me last month—does anyone else turn them out?"

"No, that pattern is exclusive with us," said the haberdasher.

"Well, I don't want to be nasty about this," said the employer, "but I have a reason for asking. Do you sometimes turn them out a good bit cheaper for some people? I'll not be angry about it. I want the truth for an important reason."

"Mr. Blank," said the shirt maker, "we alone make those shirts, and we charge eighteen dollars apiece for them to you or anyone else—for one or ten dozen."

The employer took another tack.

"Do you know Mr. A. B. Black?" he asked.

"Sure," came the answer. "One of our good customers; sold him a dozen of those very shirts last week."

The merchant hung up the receiver and called for his cashier, from whom he learned that A. B. Black was receiving twenty-five dollars a week. Naturally it was a bit remarkable that a shipping clerk on so small wages should be able to buy eighteen-dollar shirts by the dozen.

An Enterprising Crook

An investigation was made and startling results got. Mr. A. B. Black lived in an apartment renting for one hundred and fifty dollars a month. He supported two automobiles. He was the owner of three retail cigar stores. An investigation of the stock of these stores showed that they carried the brands in which the rich merchant dealt at wholesale. Finally, when everything had been gone over, it was found that Black had got more than one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of goods out of the warehouses of his employer by one trick and another. With these goods he had stocked his stores and supplied other dealers not too scrupulous about the sources of goods so long as they could be bought cheaply.

This was a case of embezzlement, for it was conversion of valuables intrusted to an employee. The motive of Black was love of good living and display, and this latter passion was so strong in him that he rashly wore his finery about his place of employment, and so betrayed himself.

In a New England city a man whom I shall call Jones was a high official of a life-insurance corporation. His salary was large. He had a fine home, a good wife, a growing family. He stood high in the community, enjoyed excellent credit, and was moreover a deacon in his church and a man high in the councils of his denomination. He was always active in charitable enterprises, and gave liberally to church work and the poor. He had a passion for these things which often drew the attention of his friends and the gratitude of the community.

The man loved to give to good causes, to be in the forefront of civic and moral movements and to act as adviser and mediator in the troubles of others.

One morning the auditor of a fidelity corporation in which Jones was bonded for a large sum walked into the office of the Jones company and announced that he had come to go over the books. Jones paled a little, but offered no objection, and the audit was begun. For a long time the accountant could find nothing amiss, but he had a subtle sense of some irregularity and kept doggedly at his investigation. Finally he discovered that the incoming premiums had been juggled. He called Jones' attention to the fact, and the man caved in.

"Yes, I'm guilty," said Jones. "I don't know how I started. I just needed more money than I was getting to carry on my work. I'm short twenty-six thousand dollars. For God's sake keep still about it till I can see what can be done!"

"You can do just two things," said the auditor sharply. "You can pay up in a hurry or go to jail like the thief you are."

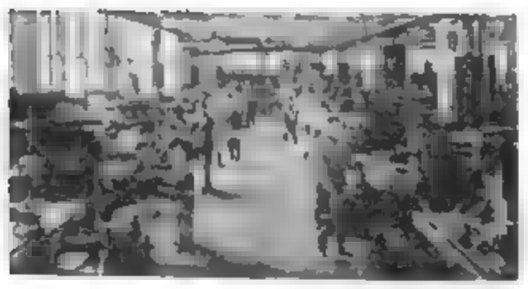
"Do you know who—what ——" Jones protested lamely, outraged at the bluntness of the agent.

"I know all about you," said the auditor. "You never think of yourselves as thieves till you're caught, but that's what you are. Maybe it'll do you good to hear the word."

Jones went to work on the telephone and called a conference of his friends, most of

(Continued on Page 57)

Where Lincoln Cars are Leland-built



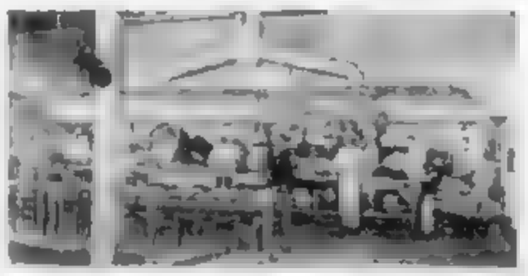
The Lelands are noted for advanced methods in making fine machine tools

In one of America's most modern factories, here Lincoln Cars are Leland-built.

Originally planned for the production of that marvelous mechanism—the Liberty Aircraft Motor—here produced in largest volume in the shortest time, that wonder workshop turns to peace-time occupation.

Here now is found an almost limitless array of new equipment, representing added millions of investment and more suitably adapted to the new pursuit.

Here is machinery of the most modern kinds, seemingly more than human in its ingenuity; and literally thousands upon thousands of the most scientific and accurate tools and devices which genius has yet conceived.



Where wholesome food is well cooked and served to employes at cost

Here the guiding hands rank with the world's most adept in their respective callings—men who have devoted their arts, their talents and their skill to designing, developing, refining and building cars and motors of the finer class.

One of the departments where parts are ground to Leland standards of precision

Here pervades the spirit of co-operation, and of harmony, and of fellowship—a spirit which has its source in the administrative offices.

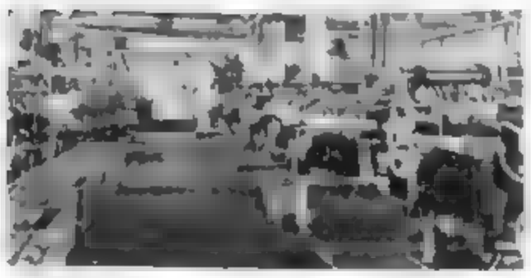
Here is found ideal environment, that which appeals to men's better selves.

Here, too, are means for healthful recreation.

One of our two main dining rooms designed and built for Lincoln employes

Here men are encouraged to develop the best that is within them; and here honest effort does not go unrewarded.

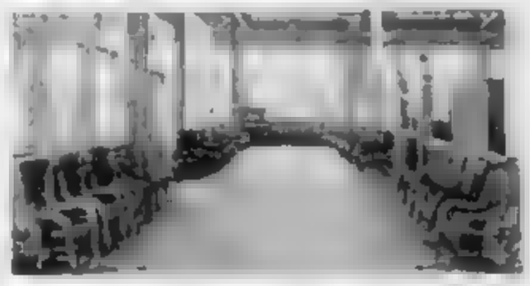
Here is seen the atmosphere of inspiration; and here is seen incentive to achievement.



Connecting rods are machined all over to remove superfluous weight

Here men of the serious-minded type seek affiliation, not alone for the creature-comforts, but for the skillful training they acquire, and for the prestige which that training wields in the world mechanical.

Here men, and methods, and machinery; here inspiration, environment and knowing-how work hand in hand for a common purpose—the production of the highest type of motor car that man has yet evolved.



A room which invites rest and recreation is provided for women employes

Here it is that Lincoln Cars are Leland-built.

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Looking Northeast *Administration Building* *Looking Northwest*

Composite View of Lincoln Motor Company's Main Plant in Detroit

eds I grow in age and size
More like Jesus may I be
Then at death to glory rise
And the gracious savour see
Emaline the daughter of Daniel
And Hannah Hancock done
This work in the fifteen year of
Her age october 1812
Whitman's
Sampler
CHOC TES & CONFECTIONS.

The original sampler which suggested the designs on the SAMPLER package shown below.

© S. F. W. & Son, Inc.

The Significance of the Sampler

When we decided to make up a package containing selections from our ten best-liked assortments, this old sampler in its mahogany frame gave us the happy inspiration for the design. The original sampler was worked by the great-aunt of the President of this company. The quaint figures and ornamentation of the old sampler are faithfully reproduced in full colors on the SAMPLER package.

In the SAMPLER you sample the quality and the skill and the originality of Whitman's—famous since 1842. You enjoy an assortment you are sure to like because it was selected, not by us, but by the millions of candy-lovers who have preferred these sweets for three-quarters of a century. Sold by selected stores in every locality acting as Whitman agencies—usually the better drug stores.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A. *Sole makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip*

(Continued from Page 54)

whom were members of his church. He confessed his guilt and asked to be helped out. There was a consultation which lasted till the early hours of the next morning. At the end the stolen money was put up by the guilty man's associates—in the interest of public morality, they said; and perhaps they were right.

Jones restored the money the following day as soon as his friends could get it from their banks. The auditor gave him a clearance, and the man went back to his position and his accustomed place in the community. Nobody but his friends and his bonding company ever knew of his defalcation.

For years this man had been playing a high rôle, and leading his town in display of charitableness and good works on money stolen from his company—a form of megalomania, no doubt. Whatever it was, the rough words of the auditor restored Jones to normality. He has been scrupulous ever since.

There are undoubtedly many cases of this type of spoliation in which leniency is best. As a general rule, however, the bonding companies find that the looseness and overcomplacency of employers is a bad thing. Many types of men are restrained from wanton thievery only by the realization of their peril. Bonding men point out that the huge number of cases in which employers for one reason or another refuse to prosecute, and the widespread impression among employees that leniency is generally practiced, contribute very largely to the prevalence of common dishonesty. Personal bondsmen often have this same generous attitude toward the men whose integrity they guarantee, and the results are not always happy. This is no plea for severity. Personally I am constitutionally skeptical of the efficacy of punishments, and in no doubt as to the demoralizing results of imprisonment. On the other hand, a weak-kneed policy toward employees, and one tacitly agreed upon in advance, can only cause much evil.

One of the unending provocatives of wonder and astonishment among bonding men is the innocent attitude of peculators. Not in one case in ten does the average defaulter realize that he is a thief until he is faced with the possibility of arrest. One of the most experienced claim agents in this branch of insurance tells me that there are even racial distinctions in this matter. The Mediterraneans and Latins in general, says he, have a most ingenuous attitude. When they are caught they always assert that they have not stolen, but simply borrowed. If they have speculated and lost they never feel that they have been guilty of a crime. They consider themselves wronged and unfortunate. They cannot understand why the utmost leniency, even to the point of dishonesty on the part of the investigating officer, should not be allowed them.

An Extraordinary Case

The position of the Northern races—the Teutons and Anglo-Saxons—is generally quite opposed to this. Men of these races, when caught, are usually ready to face the issue squarely, and either with courage or with deep contrition. They try to make good if they can. If not they usually accept their punishment with stoicism, and they seldom allow their families to make undue sacrifices to save them.

Levantines, says the same authority, seem to realize that theft is theft only in the sense that it is punishable by jail and prison. Generally they have the attitude that they have been unlucky or that they have been caught at the wrong moment, when a little time would have seen all things mended—and they always try to make the best bargains they can. They know that the pillaged employer or the bondsman or bond company is more anxious to get the money back than to send anyone to prison, and they usually strive for compromise.

The explanation of these attitudes, says my informant, lies in the old institutions and mental habits of various peoples. Disparate customs make disparate men.

Among Americans this childlike and trusting attitude of the embezzler seems to be most marked among public officials caught in the misuse of community funds. One experienced auditor told me of a typical case. 'In a Southern state this officer had been going over the books of a county treasurer, and had discovered a shortage of twelve thousand dollars.

"Oh, I know what that is," said the treasurer blandly. "I took that money to pay off some mortgages on some real estate I own."

"Oh, you did, did you?" exclaimed the accountant. "Do you know you're a —— thief?"

"How dare you, sir!" menaced the scandalized public servant.

"I dare tell you that you'd better get that money back in twenty-four hours or I'll visit you in jail," said the angry auditor.

And the treasurer went out, remortgaged his property, restored the money and complained bitterly of the harshness of his bonding concern.

The communities in which such men ply their predacious talents are sometimes solidly behind them. In one case a treasurer had taken ten thousand dollars, and was caught when his bonding company went over the books. He confessed his guilt under pressure, but could not make restitution. The community was pressed to prosecute, but refused, and eventually the company had to press the charge. When the case came to trial the judge ruled out the confession on a technicality. Nevertheless, the prosecution believed it had a clear case. The jury, however, thought otherwise, and promptly acquitted the defaulting treasurer. Whereupon the man turned right about and sued the company for damages, alleging persecution. With an acquittal to his credit, local sentiment at his back and the fact that the defendant was a corporation, there could be little doubt of the action of the jury, and there was no need for any. The plaintiff got a judgment and collected.

Muddled Accounts

In another rather pitiful case an aged public treasurer, verging upon his seventieth year, was suddenly attacked by childishness, and took about three thousand dollars of public money, which he spent rioting with young women in a near-by metropolis. His aged, faithful wife forgave him, and sold the house from over her head to save him from prison. He insisted that he had merely borrowed the money.

Another case illustrates the manner in which bad bookkeeping may lead to embezzlement on the part of public servants. It is always urged that careless accounting is one of the most frequent causes of dishonesty among such men. Especially in some of the more primitive parts of the country are the affairs of the city or county intrusted to men with only the loosest knowledge of bookkeeping. These men are then so little watched that they early see the ease with which their books—such as they are—may be juggled and the shortage concealed. Peculation follows like the thunder clap after lightning.

In the case in point there was no dishonesty, but a check-up showed the books of a certain county in one of the Southern states to be in a deplorable condition. The Confederate veteran who had been treasurer for twenty-odd years kept his accounts by means of the check book and his stubs. He always had a record of what had been paid out and how much was left in bank. On this basis the county commissioners spent money. The treasurer was a man of wealth, and in his more than twenty years in office he had never collected a fee. As a result the check-up showed that the county owed him more than thirty thousand dollars. This money had been left in bank, and the treasurer's check stubs showed its presence there. What more natural than to spend it in the interest of the county? But now there was need of an accounting. To pay the treasurer his back fees would have required a bond issue, so this complaisant official waved his hand with magnificent carelessness and said he didn't need the money.

Many a man has been tempted to his ruin by the prevalence of just such methods, and the cells are full of minor officials who might have been at liberty had their employing communities understood the restraining influence of competently conducted books.

The law is not easy on men who take money that is not theirs, albeit the biggest thieves sometimes get off with the lightest penalties through public sympathy, through able legal advising and too frequently—it must be admitted—through plain influence.

In some states there are special statutes concerning embezzlement, and special punishments. Generally, however, this crime is listed under the head of larceny, and

Quaker Flour

It will surprise you

We Make Three

Grades of Flour from that Wheat

A million users have already discovered Quaker Flour. It has amazed them by its whiteness, its fineness and its flavor. It has brought to their tables a new-type bread.

This is to tell you why Quaker Flour so differs from the usual.

The choicest bits

Quaker Flour is made from selected wheat. Then we discard about half the kernel. In this grade we use but the choicest bits. Two lesser grades of flour are made from the parts which we discard.

The Flour is made by master millers in the latest way. Chemists constantly analyze it, bakers constantly test it. Thus hour by hour the quality is watched.

Just for the few

We could never supply one-tenth the demand if every woman knew this Flour. So we advertise it little. It is made for the lovers of Quaker Cereals—folks who want super-grades.

Yet it costs them little, if any, more than ordinary flour, for we sell at a minimum profit.

We started in one mill, but the demand overwhelmed us. Women told others about it. Now four great mills are run to supply it, with a daily capacity of 10,000 barrels.

You can get it if you want it. Your grocer has it, or will order if you ask. It will make your bread so light, so white, so flavory, that you always will demand it. If that appeals to you, order your first sack now.

The Quaker Oats Company

Quaker Flour Mills

Akron, Ohio Cedar Rapids, Iowa Peterborough, Ontario Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

In our Canadian mills we conform to Government requirements as to percentage of wheat kernel used.

Quaker Biscuit Flour

This is for biscuits, pancakes, cakes, cookies, etc. It is a special flour made from special wheat for dainties. It comes in sealed round packages with tops, and the leavening is in it. Try this grade for your fine foods and see what foods you get.

Quaker Farina

This is granulated inner wheat—just the whitest, choicest half of the kernel. It is for a breakfast dainty or for fritters, for puddings, griddle cakes and waffles. The granulations make it appealing. No price can buy a finer farina—yet Quaker Farina costs a modest price.

reckoned as petty or grand, according to the amount stolen. In New York, which is typical, the embezzlement of less than fifty dollars is petty larceny, and may be punished by a fine or by imprisonment of from one day to three years, at the discretion of the court. Peculating less than five hundred dollars is grand larceny in the second degree, and the court may impose a sentence of from one to five years in prison. Taking more than five hundred dollars is a form of grand larceny in the first degree, and the guilty man may serve anywhere from one to ten years for his dishonesty. So there is no overdelicacy on the part of the law, which punishes burglary in about the same terms.

The question arises how to prevent or to reduce embezzlement. Here, surely, is a matter of grave concern to employers everywhere; to bankers, to corporations and to the public whose official servants form a great class among defaulters. I have asked a number of authorities for their opinions or advice in this matter, and find that a number of steps are urged:

First, say the experts in this line, employees intrusted with money, securities and other convertible valuables must be paid well enough to permit decent living. All hands point out that a bank cashier may now in many instances be paid less than a plumber. But he does more exacting and more responsible work; more is expected of him, and his scale of living has always been higher. The combination of opportunity and necessity is by all odds the greatest thief maker.

Second, all students of the question urge more general bonding. Men whose business it is to write fidelity bonds may be suspected of selfish interest in such advice; but the sound fact remains that being bonded and living in fear of relentless pursuit and unflinching prosecution restrains many a man from misdoing, especially in his formative years.

Third, it is urged that much loss is suffered by failure to investigate employees intrusted with funds. Many such men are still hired upon reference, or first employed in minor capacities and then promoted to positions of trust without any further inquiry into their pasts. The bonding companies tell me they have frequently found defaulters who had been hired as cashiers without investigation when these same men had long records behind them of dishonesty or unreliability.

Fourth, there is the matter of better bookkeeping. Poor and slipshod methods of accounting and infrequent or makeshift audits are responsible for heavy losses.

Again, experts in this subject charge that many employers are grossly negligent of the needs and condition of their help. They not only are out of touch with those who work for them, and are not to be reached with the troubles and stresses that come upon all men sooner or later, but they carelessly expose honest men to the temptations which make them dishonest. A more profound feeling of responsibility for the workman is urged upon every type of employer.

Finally, experience shows more and more that one of the best methods of preventing dishonesty is the correct and careful appraisal of men and their characters. If employers will learn to judge men or hire experts to do so, they will not get unreliable and unstable types placed in positions of trust and juxtaposed to irresistible temptations.

Mr. Joyce, whose views I have given above, adds one other suggestion.

"I think it is important to urge the need of preventing embezzlements on grounds not generally understood," he said in the course of our interview. "A case of embezzlement always demoralizes an office. It may put the idea into the heads of others and cause repetitions of the offense. We all know the power of suggestion. In cases where this does not happen there is bound to be depression and a very malignant feeling of suspicion and nervousness in the institution. Let us take a case in which some popular member of an office force has been caught stealing. In far too many cases the other employees know that the man has fallen because insufficient pay has been given him or because the employer has been grossly careless. The evil results of such episodes can hardly be overestimated."

Exteriorly it may appear there can be little romance about embezzling money. Yet who shall say what emotions sweep, what dreams compel the man who takes, little by little, a great glut of money from a bank or treasury and plays it against some high chance? There must be a prepotent allurement about the thing or so many men would not risk collapse, prison and death.

Vague dreams of piled riches, hot yearnings after place and power move and drive these men to their doing and misdoing. Before them a whole history of examples is ranged, admonishing and forbidding, but when has the disaster of others ever restrained the hungry sons of men?

The romance of pursuit, of the man hunt, is scrawled on every page of the story of embezzlement.

We find the absconder fleeing down the seas, hiding in outlawed places, under murderous suns. Our eye floats down the map to exotic islands where the missing find port; our nostrils quiver to the suggestion of tropic nard and patchouli; our ears echo with the imagined whisper of palms and the quaver of savage strings. We see the hunted man trying to hide himself in distance and impenetrableness, shaking from outpost to outpost. Those of us who like the traditions see him whipped by conscience, and those who are nearer the realities know him to be lashed by fear. For the hound is ever on the trail, and where the thief may hide the detective may follow.

Tomes might be written of flights and pursuits, but this phase of embezzlement has no place here. Let us look at another aspect of the thing and have done.

The local biennial elections were about to be held in a certain Western state a few years back when an auditor for one of the bonding corporations dropped into the office of a county treasurer and demanded access to the books. The treasurer was out campaigning for reëlection, but his assistant turned over the records to the accountant and helped him with the survey. The men worked hard till lunch time and found nothing amiss. They went down the main street of the town to a restaurant, and the auditor noticed posters with the portrait of the treasurer adorning the billboards everywhere.

"Vote for John Doe! Honest, Able, Efficient!" they flared.

The auditor went back to the books and found a shortage of forty-seven thousand dollars.

"Better get your man here fast," said he to the assistant, and that young man went off in a rush to bring the official.

An hour later Doe came storming into the office out of breath and furious. What did the auditor mean by turning up three days before election, in the hottest heat of the campaign? Had the opposing candidate seen him? What was all the fuss about, anyway? This was no time to go into the books. After election there would be plenty of time.

"You're short forty-seven thousand, that's all," said the auditor coldly. "Where's the money?"

"What if I am?" demanded the official. "I'm good for it. Come back the day after the election and it will be in the bank."

"That won't do."

"The devil it won't! I'm a responsible man in this community. I've held this office for ten years. Everyone knows I'm honest. What are you trying to do? Defeat me?"

The auditor lost patience.

"That's all fine and may sound good," said he, "but it doesn't interest me a bit. All I know is the books show you short forty-seven thousand dollars. Now, you're either a thief or you're not, and I intend to know before I go out of this room and before you do."

The veteran treasurer of the county slumped into a chair and fanned himself weakly.

"What did you do with the money?" the relentless accountant demanded.

"It's all right, I tell you," the treasurer protested. "I used it in my business, that's all."

"That's all, eh?"

"I'll put it back right after election."

"No, you won't put it back after election! You'll put it back in twenty-four hours or the game's up!"

"I can't! This'll ruin me—defeat me!"

"That's your affair. Better call your party leaders and see what they'll do for you. This time to-morrow I must act."

There was an immediate conference of the political bosses of the county, and the treasurer told them what had come upon him in the crisis of his campaign. The party leaders in turn tried to persuade the auditor to wait till the campaign was over.

"What difference can three days make?" they asked.

"Just enough to make me a party to a crime," said the auditor. "I can't extend the time one minute."

The leaders skirmished about that night and the following morning. By noon they had delivered securities worth in excess of forty-seven thousand dollars to the auditor, who placed them in the bank in escrow. He finally consented not to put the transaction through, in order that there might be no leak before election. Thus he was compelled to wait in the town and watch the developments. There followed one of the strangest campaigns on the books.

Honest John Doe, as the posters and his political sponsors called him, made a whirlwind finish of the campaign. He set out at noon every day, addressed a couple of meetings in the afternoon and appeared at a rally every night. And each time he and his fellow candidates marched upon a stage or appeared in a speaking van flanked by political dignitaries of local position. They were accompanied by two strangers—the auditor and a detective, who was on hand to keep an eye on the treasurer.

Every time Honest John Doe spoke he pointed with pride to his record and asked the voters whether they would turn him out of office after ten years of unimpeachable conduct and intrust the affairs and the money of the county to an untried man.

When the principal orator of any meeting got warmed up he never failed to refer to the ten years of loyal and upright service "given to the people of this county by Honest John Doe."

And Honest John Doe was triumphantly elected. But just before he was to enter upon his new term of office this paragon among embezzlers resigned under pressure of his political sponsors, and his office was filled by the governor. The county wondered about this sudden resignation, puzzled darkly, but never understood.

The College of the Lighted Lamp

Young Washington read by a tallow dip; and Lincoln by the light of a log.

What kind of a light shines for your boy when he brings you his books at night?

It ought to be the light of an Edison MAZDA Lamp. No other evening hours will ever mean so much in mental growth to him. He's learning his most precious lessons; give him the most perfect light.

© E. L. W. of G. E. Co. *The seventh of a series painted by* NORMAN ROCKWELL *for the Edison Lamp Works*

BACKED by MAZDA Service, centered in the great Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company, and by forty years of continuous development, Edison MAZDA lamps represent the latest and best in lighting. Each lamp is wrapped in a distinctive "His Only Rival" wrapper—and this as well as the name Edison MAZDA etched on each lamp is your assurance of lighting quality and service.

Use Edison MAZDA lamps for every lighting purpose

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

EDISON LAMP WORKS OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

Grinnell Gloves

"Best for every purpose"

Suède—
fleece lined

Scout—lined or unlined

"Fabro-kid"

Military
"Wool-kid"

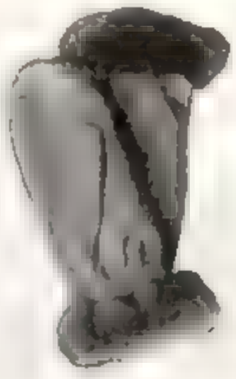
"Wool-kid"

Piqué dress kid

Only actual Glove photographs are used in Grinnell Glove advertisements

Black Auto

Mackinaw



Fur top kid

Dress cape

Cape Mitt

Horsehide

Grinnell

The Future President Starts to School

One of the boys—and who knows, perhaps one of the girls—starting to school this month is the future president of our Country. In the sixty-four years of the history of Grinnell Gloves and mittens, they have been worn in youth and later life by many of our most prominent men and women. They are friends of Grinnell Gloves today, because we make gloves that keep friendly wearers. The Grinnell trademark is the honor mark of good gloves and mittens.

Nothing is too good for your boys and girls. Provide them with Grinnell Gloves and mittens now—fabric for early autumn wear and warm wooli-kids or lined mittens and gloves for the severe cold weather that comes later. Glove production is greatly limited. Be wise and outfit your children at once. You will find that Grinnell Gloves and mittens are made for hard wear as well as style. Ask your dealer to show you Grinnell Gloves now.

MORRISON-RICKER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

(Established 1876)

GRINNELL, IOWA, U.S.A.

200 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Copyright, 1920, by Morrison-Ricker Mfg. Co.

FIRST AID TO VOX POPULI

(Continued from Page 29)

it was last year and the year before and even two or three years preceding, so you can't know clearly about the status of the average man in politics until you find out how much of a part he played ten and twenty and fifty and one hundred years ago.

Well, he's coming along, and it's entirely up to him how far he goes. There is nothing to hinder his having his way if he insists on it. There exist channels for an orderly procedure. One of the glories of this experiment in government we are making here is that any man can be what he can make himself. Every condition is not perfect, of course, while this country continues to be inhabited by human beings, but we have got an edge on some of the others.

The lot of the small man, the average man, is constantly bettering. That is the one thing that is clearly visible through the murk all over the world. The war has given this movement an immense impetus. Nearly every big war has. The French Revolution, the American Revolution, enlarged the right of average men to manage their own affairs. The most notable manifestation of the quickened intelligence and common sense here at home has been the absolute refusal to have a war hero as a candidate for President. For the first time the old bunk has failed. The soldiers brought home no hero. The so-called glory of war has been dissipated; that illusion can't be revived for this generation.

Generals are not supermen. They didn't claim to know anything except that one particular business of war—and not always even that. I remember one naïve, choleric old soul who wished fervently "that the war would end, so that we could get back to our proper business of soldiering." Warfare was entirely out of his line, and he knew it. There is a failing market for all sorts of old political bunk and political illusions that seemed indestructible. A senator said to me the other day:

"The nature of campaigning has changed entirely in my time in politics. Fifteen years ago, when I began and went on the stump, I just told stories and jollied the boys. Every now and then I would ring in a bit about Old Glory or the sun-kissed Sierras and our rich and fertile plains, a sort of fancy description of the scenery, as you might say. But you can't get away with that stuff these days. You have got to talk turkey. The people are more intelligent and they are more impatient. They want to know. They want to hear talk about real things, and intelligent discussion. I don't know how it is in all the other states, but in my section a man who wants to be listened to and not laughed at must know what he is talking about."

Now let us recklessly commit the three great rhetorical sins of tautology, verbosity and redundancy, and look back in retrospect over the past in an attempt to discover how the average man has fared in politics, and how he has come to have an increased and increasing participation and power.

How Washington Was Elected

I doubt whether George Washington could be nominated and elected President of the United States in these times. Certainly he could not be selected as he was in 1789. I doubt whether he could be elected, because, for one thing, he was probably the richest man in the United States when he was chosen. All other questions of eligibility and availability aside, everybody knows that the richest man in the United States could not be elected President now. He might be the best man in the country for the office. He might have all the qualities of an ideal President, but his wealth would stand in the way.

Do you remember how George Washington was elected? The electors were chosen on the first Wednesday of January, 1789, and it was an election in which the people took no part whatever in most of the states. None of the states had made any preparation for an election, and the only practical method for choosing electors was by the legislatures, as the Constitution provided then, as it does now, that each state shall appoint presidential electors "in such manner as its legislature may direct." Attempts were made to hold popular elections in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, but even in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, after elections had been held after a fashion, the legislatures of those states finally chose the electors. There were next to no votes cast in Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, as there was no contest, the election of Washington being conceded by all; and whatever votes were cast in the states have never found their way into the political statistics of the country. New York, Rhode Island and North Carolina gave no votes for President in the Electoral College of 1789.

There had been no formal nomination of Washington for President and Adams for Vice President in any part of the country. Washington was accepted as the logical ruler of the new republic, and Massachusetts was conceded the second place on the ticket by general assent. Washington was consulted about the choice of a Vice President, and answered that though he took it for granted that a true Federalist would be elected, he was unwilling to indicate any preference.

The Old-Time Caucus Club

At that time the presidential electors did not vote directly for President and Vice President, as they do now. Each elector voted for two men for President, who could not be residents of the same state, and the candidate receiving the larger vote was chosen President, and the candidate receiving the second largest vote for President became Vice President.

The Electoral Colleges met on the first Wednesday of February, 1789, and elected Washington President, giving him sixty-nine votes, being the full number of electors, and giving John Adams thirty-four votes for President, which made him Vice President.

Washington's second election was quite as perfunctory a performance and quite as far removed from any popular participation. In nine of the states presidential electors were chosen by the legislatures, and by popular vote in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Maryland, North Carolina and Virginia, but there were very few votes polled, and what were cast indicated nothing politically, as there were no opposing tickets. Again the people had little or nothing to do with it.

This was true not only of presidential elections. John Adams wrote in his diary in February, 1763:

"This day I learned that the caucus club meets at certain times in the garret of Tom Dawes, the adjutant of the Boston regiment. He has a large house, and he has a movable partition in his garret which he takes down, and the whole club meets in one room. There they smoke tobacco till you cannot see from one end of the room to the other. There they drink flip, I suppose, and there they choose a moderator who puts questions to the vote regularly; and selectmen, assessors, collectors, wardens, fire wards and representatives are regularly chosen before they are chosen in the town. Uncle Fairfield, Story, Ruddock, Adams, Cooper and a *rudis indigestaque moles* of others are members. They send committees to wait on the merchants' club, and to propose in the choice of men and measures. Captain Cunningham says they have often solicited him to go to these caucuses; they have assured him benefit in his business, etc."

Corroborative testimony is given by William Gordon, the English historian, who wrote in 1788:

"More than fifty years ago Mr. Samuel Adams's father and twenty others, one or two from the north end of the town where all the ship business is carried on, used to meet, make a caucus and lay their plan for introducing certain persons into places of trust and power. When they had settled it they separated, and each used his particular influence within his own circle. He and his friends would furnish themselves with ballots including the names of the parties fixed upon, which they distributed on the days of election. By acting in concert, together with a careful and extensive distribution of ballots, they generally carried their elections to their own mind. In like manner it was that Mr. Samuel Adams first became a representative for Boston."

Now another picture of the good old times. This one of a town meeting in Connecticut in the period between 1796 and 1810, as described by one Goodrich, a Federalist writer:

"Apart in a pew sat half a dozen men, the magnates of the town. In other pews near by sat still others, all stanch respectabilities. These were the leading Federalists, persons of high character, wealth and influence. They spoke a few words to each other, and then relapsed into a sort of dignified silence. They did not mingle with the mass; they might be suspected of electioneering. Nevertheless, the Federalists had privately determined, a few days before, for whom they would cast their votes, and being a majority they carried the day."

Such were the caucuses in the early days of the politicians whom we have now canonized. We have built up a legend, a myth, a tradition and a fond delusion that in the early days of the republic our politics was free from trickery and manipulation. The caucus methods described by John Adams were in all respects precisely the methods of present-day bosses, party managers, leaders, in operating the rings and machines against which we chafe. The methods of the fathers in selecting and electing candidates were precisely those we are trying to overcome now. Even that inducement offered Captain Cunningham for entering the caucus—"benefit in his business"—is powerful and potent in these troublous days.

Thurlow Weed gives in his Autobiography an account of the first nominating convention ever called together:

"It had been decided at an accidental meeting of"—naming six persons besides himself—"that a state convention consisting of as many delegates as there were representatives in the assembly, to be chosen by voters opposed to Mr. Crawford for President, and in favor of restoring the choice of presidential electors to the people, should assemble at Utica, New York, for the purpose of nominating candidates for governor and lieutenant governor. Thus the policy of nomination, emanating directly from the people, instead of by legislative caucus, was inaugurated. The convention, which met at Utica in August, 1824, was the beginning of a new political era. The convention was very fully attended. Most of the delegates were men of political character and experience."

This was the beginning of the revolt against an arbitrary and undemocratic system of political management.

The politicians were quick to perceive the new movement and get in step with it. If the caucus was dead and the convention had come, then they must find ways and means to control the convention for their own purposes. It was at this time that the pursuit and wooing of delegates to conventions first came to be practiced as a political art. It has been kept up, as everybody knows, to this day.

Perfect in Theory

The convention system produced bosses by the score—local bosses and county bosses and state bosses and even national bosses. They were men who understood how to control conventions, who did control them absolutely; who selected and named candidates virtually without reference to anybody, merely using the convention to ratify their choice. The Autobiography of Thomas Collier Platt, lately a United States Senator from New York, is one of the most illuminating disclosures of the methods and the habit of mind of a boss. He was called the Easy Boss, and his autobiography is frankness itself. He makes no secret of his processes. Here are some of the chapter headings in his book:

Tammany Corruption Compels Me to Direct Three Legislative Inquiries.
I Choose Morton for Governor, and He is Elected.
I Nominate Roosevelt for Governor.
How and Why I Nominated Roosevelt for Vice President.
How I Made Odell Governor.
Making of, Faithful and Unmaking of Disloyal Organization Men—List of the Devoted Rewarded and Instances of Discipline Administered to the Insubordinate.

As long as politics is politics and human beings are what they are, there will be demagogues, professional politicians, political machines, bosses, rings and all the instrumentalities and excrescences against which the average man so chafes. We can't devise a system so perfect as to eliminate them. No country ever has. The only plan is to find some system of nomination which will reduce the political power of and as nearly as possible eliminate these warty growths. It will not do to say that the condition is due alone to great business interests which exercise a sinister influence. The remedy is not to maim and mutilate business, but the improvement of our political methods.

When the caucus system had become intolerable and the delegate or convention system of nominations was adopted, it was regarded as a great triumph for the plain people over the aristocracy, as indeed it was. Theoretically the convention system is perfect. It admits of the purest application of the principle of representation, or delegated authority. Step by step the voice of each individual voter can—in theory—be transmitted from delegate to delegate, until finally it finds its perfect expression in the legislature, the executive or the judiciary.

Faulty in Practice

In its best and early days the convention was a school of practical politics. It taught young men the earlier and simpler lessons of practical public affairs. They learned to know the Constitution and operation of our nominating machinery, and received an insight into the inner workings of party politics.

But the convention in practice and the convention in theory proved to be two entirely distinct things. Politicians were not long in acquiring the art or knack of controlling conventions, and then they ceased to be representative. The delegates became dummies.

The convention became not a mouthpiece of the people but of the political machine or organization, and the fine theory of delegate representation, of which it seemed so perfect an embodiment, fell flatly to the ground. It was made too complex and intricate. The average voter became confused. Delegates to higher conventions were selected by delegates to lower conventions. This eased the way for the professional politician. It came to be so that the average delegate to a convention hoped to have his personal fortune affected by the selection of this or that man. Corrupt delegates at important conventions sold out for money or office or political advantage. Instead of being calm, deliberative bodies, conventions became as a rule tempestuous storm centers, where opposing factions contended with each other; where debate was cut off by resolution; where trade and compromise defeated the popular wish and enabled the leaders to foist upon the conventions their cut-and-dried plans.

It was these conditions, generally known, generally observed, widely detested, that brought about the movement for direct primaries. This movement found its first legislative expression in California in 1866 through the enactment of a statute which regulated the method of selecting delegates and threw a few safeguards round primary meetings. It is an attempt, just as the convention was an attempt, to reduce the power and influence of the professional politician. Under a system of direct nominations a political manager must use such influence as he can, not upon a small body of hand-picked delegates, but upon a scattered and large number of voters. It does increase the effectiveness of the average man in politics, but it is yet far from perfect.

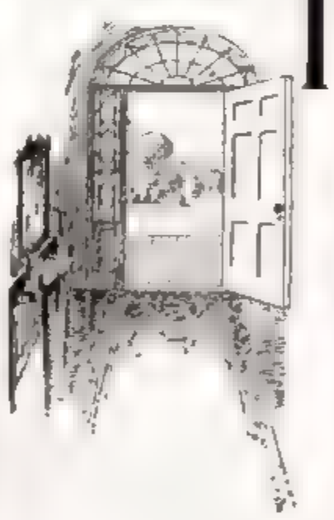
As a result of the movement in the last decade or two more than two-thirds of the states in the Union now have the direct primary in some form. About one-third of the states, containing about one-half of the population, employ the direct-primary system for practically all elective offices. It is commonly believed by people who most closely follow this sort of thing that unless a reaction sets in the desire for a direct primary in another ten years will have swept over the entire country, and it will have become the universal method of

"Door Hardware that Harmonizes"

CORBIN WARE

Adam Design

You owe it to yourself



TO select Door and Window Hardware that harmonizes with the surroundings. It should be perfect mechanically so as to be really safe and continuously useful; and it should have beauty—a note of refinement lasting as long as your home shall stand.

The Door in your home, your office, hotel or any public building, may be otherwise appropriate, but it will not work right, or properly admit you or safely guard you or content you, if it is not equipped with cordial and comely Hardware that works infallibly without bluster or protest.

See if the Hardware is practical, safe, correct, well-disciplined, restful. See if it is CORBIN. Be an aristocrat in taste—all people can at least be that. No Door or Window Hardware need is neglected by the CORBIN line.

You'll always find a good hardware store near by.

P & F CORBIN

The American Hardware Corporation Successor

New Britain Connecticut

NEW YORK CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA

CORBIN

selecting party candidates. The direct primary offers an opportunity for the defeat of the conspicuously unfit candidate and for the choice of one conspicuously fit.

The chance of carrying out the will of the majority is greater when nominations are made directly than when they are indirectly made. But the direct primary does not guarantee the choice of proper candidates. To this moment the direct primary has not justified either the lamentations of its enemies or the professions of its friends. It has not destroyed the party, nor has it smashed the machine. It has not automatically produced the ideal candidate. Some of the leaders are wondering why they feared the law, and some of the reformers are wondering why they favored it. But nobody but a few reactionaries propose abandoning the primary and going back to the convention system.

What it all comes down to—and one of the chief reasons why the primary is not so perfect an instrument as it should be—is that you, the average man, the small man, the man without political influence to whom this is addressed, do not take sufficient personal interest in it. In the words of E. C. Meyer, who is one of the authorities on this subject: "Does not Bryce lament the fact that our capable men of affairs are kept out of office, and out of conventions as delegates, because of the time it takes to get there? This is not only an unavoidable circumstance of our political system, but of life itself. It takes time to do things, and it is for us to decide to what particular thing we prefer to dedicate our time. When the decision lies between public service and business, on terms of remuneration, it readily passes to the latter. It is choice that keeps the busy man out of office now."

The Victorious Minority

Too often the question becomes, not how the average man can play a more effective part in politics but why he doesn't take advantage of the opportunities now offered him and vote at primaries and elections and attend political meetings and attempt to shape their course. There are many more good citizens than there are corrupt voters in every precinct, city and state in this country. The corrupt vote, the controlled vote, the purchasable vote, is an almost infinitesimal minority. It is only possible for it to become a potent factor when the good citizen neglects his duties. Every man who absents himself from the polls in the primaries is the equivalent of at least one corrupt vote. Good citizens who stay away from the polls enable the small purchasable and corrupt vote to turn an election.

When the average voter is really moved he sweeps everything before him. He has never been known to fail when he was really in earnest. The experience of Tammany Hall in New York is sufficient proof of this. Tammany controls in New York City when the voters are lethargic and are not moved to express themselves, but whenever Tammany becomes intolerable it is always thrown out of power and one of the so-called reform administrations voted in.

You must have had this experience in your own town and your own state. Virtually every municipality has its organization, or city ring, which is spasmodically ejected from time to time by citizens or reform or business administrations. The trouble is that the interest is not sustained. The regulars, the professional politicians, are always on the job. The average voter takes only a spasmodic interest when affairs become intolerable. He turns the rascals out, calls it a day's work and goes back to his own business. The politicians bide their time. They know they will come back again when the flurry dies down. That has always been their experience.

Indeed the professionals lament that the high cost of politics and of elections is chiefly due to their endeavors to get the voters interested in what concerns them so nearly. This was the whole burden of the recent hearings on presidential-campaign expenses before a committee of the Senate. The managers of the candidates testified that the bulk of the great sums they expended was to get the voters interested in what was going on. I quote by way of illumination bits from the testimony of Mr. J. S. Darst, who managed General Wood's campaign in West Virginia:

SENATOR POMERENE: Let me understand you. You say it would take $4438.36, the amount of your expenditures, to conduct a campaign for sheriff?

MR. DARST: That would be in one of the smallest counties in the state. A United States senatorship cost in my state no doubt $100,000 for years past.

SENATOR POMERENE: That depended on the candidate, did it not?

MR. DARST: Our people have been educated up. If you will pardon me, you can't get a man to look at you down there for less than $10 or $15 a day. Why, pshaw!

THE CHAIRMAN: Senatorships come high there, do they?

MR. DARST: You bet! Of course I could not make a campaign on that amount in my state. What I have done, I have done myself with the assistance of my friends. I was the whole shooting match. If I had had $30,000 I could have carried the state by 50,000, and that would be a conservative amount in a state like West Virginia, to go into fifty-five counties and look the people in the face and make a few speeches. It takes more than advertising; it takes the power of the human voice and the man that can use it to carry the primary in any state.

SENATOR POMERENE: Did I understand correctly from your statement that there was at least $50,000 expended in the Wood campaign in your state?

MR. DARST: Oh, no! I said that he could have spent that if he wanted to make a decent campaign and organize counties. Senator, fifty-five counties, at $1000 to the county, in my state would be a very humble amount—very, very.

I was going to ask the privilege to tell the committee what I think about the expenditure of money, if I may. I have been in a good many campaigns. I have held public office for twenty-four years. Under the present system of electing men, how are you going to hope for any support whatever if you do not get the facts to the people of your state? Is there anybody hurt, Mister Chairman, if $100,000 is spent in West Virginia to get that campaign of education to the people—get the facts to the people? If $100,000 is spent in that way, wouldn't it be well spent? Should not the people vote intelligently? If that money is used for educating the people, what is the harm? In my state thousands and thousands of people are absolutely voting in the dark, and it is dangerous to vote in the dark. What harm is it going to do to let the people know the facts about a candidate? The people of my state don't know Leonard Wood. There is only one in twenty that knows anything about him. How could he hope to win unless we could get the facts to the people?

And is anybody hurt by that? And whose money is it?

THE CHAIRMAN: That is what we are trying to find out.

SENATOR REED: Did I understand you to say that the people of your state had been trained up to the point where they expected to be paid for those political services?

MR. DARST: No; I say it has been the habit in West Virginia, even in a sheriff's race, in the gubernatorial fights in the past and senatorial fights in the past.

SENATOR REED: And in presidential fights in the past?

MR. DARST: Great sums of money have been spent.

SENATOR REED: And as the result of that, you said the people had been educated up to expect money?

MR. DARST: Certainly they have.

SENATOR REED: Newspapers expect money to publish notices of meetings?

MR. DARST: Yes, sir.

SENATOR REED: Everybody expects money?

MR. DARST: Yes, sir.

SENATOR REED: Workers at the polls expect money?

MR. DARST: Oh, yes.

SENATOR REED: When a man goes out to the polls and works he expects money?

MR. DARST: Oh, yes.

(Concluded on Page 64)

ARMCO AMERICAN INGOT IRON

TRADE MARK

Fighting the Iron-Eater

Think of the metal the railroads use — thousands of miles of tracks, engines, cars, bridges, fences, tanks, towers — billions of dollars of the nation's wealth, your money and mine, at the mercy of the great destroyer, rust!

The mind cannot grasp the colossal yearly waste.

But ARMCO Ingot Iron is coming into widely diversified use. It means an indirect but a real saving to every man in the country. With this metal in general use, the elements that eat iron will be held back, and thousands of tons of iron, that is bought with gold, will be saved.

ARMCO Ingot Iron is as pure as modern science can make it for commercial purposes. Its long life and its excellent welding properties are due to this purity and to its smooth, uniform texture.

Our engineers can tell you much about the conservation of metal. Write to us.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY

Box 272, Middletown, Ohio

The following list suggests the wide variety of uses for ARMCO Ingot Iron

Maintenance of Way Department: Bridge Capping, Coal Handling Stations, Stand Pipes, Tie Plates, Culverts, Water Tanks and Towers.

Motive Power Department: Air Reservoirs, Cylinder Jackets, Feed Water Heaters (shell and tube sheets), Locomotive Jackets, Locomotive Smokestacks, Locomotive Tenders, Oil Storage Tanks.

Car Department: All Metal Box Cars, Box Car Roofs, Gondolas, Hoppers, Passenger, Mail and Express Cars, Passenger Car Roofs, Refrigerator Car Linings.

Building and Bridge Department: Roofing and Siding, Down Spouting and Gutters, Smokestacks.

Welding Wire and Rods made of ARMCO Ingot Iron can be obtained in desired quantities from Page Steel & Wire Company, Monessen, Pa.

ARMCO

ARMCO Ingot Iron
RESISTS RUST

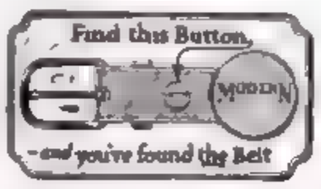
The trade-mark ARMCO carries the assurance that products bearing that mark are manufactured by the American Rolling Mill Company with the skill, intelligence and fidelity associated with its products, and hence can be depended upon to possess in the highest degree the merit claimed for them. The trade-mark ARMCO is registered in the U. S. Patent Office.

MODERN BELTS

There is satisfaction and economy in owning a variety of belts—particularly when each is a MODERN Belt.

The name MODERN on the size button means highest quality always at a right price.

MODERN Initial Buckles are most practical and comfortable because "No Roller to Slip." Shown in several designs, raised letters, heavily plated in French gray silver finish. All leathers. Ask for the MODERN Initial Belt by name; the original tongue buckle initial belt. At most good stores.



If your dealer does not sell MODERN Belts, send us his name and we will see you are supplied.

Dealers: Write for Catalog

MODERN BELT CO
241 W. Van Buren St.
CHICAGO

Exclusive Makers of Men's and Boys' All-Leather Belts

(Concluded from Page 62)

SENATOR REED: If a man goes out and polls the precinct he expects money?

MR. DARST: Oh, yes.

SENATOR REED: If a man goes out as a watcher at the polls he expects money?

MR. DARST: Oh, yes.

As soon as the suffrage amendment is ratified and out of the way there will begin in the Senate an organized campaign to abolish the Electoral College. The proponents of the plan come from direct primary states. They represent the same political thought that brought about the direct election of senators. Now they want to take the next step and bring about the direct election of Presidents. They seek to make it easy and possible to have independent candidates for the Presidency when the voters of either or both the two great rival parties are dissatisfied with the nominees of the national conventions. They know they will have popular support for their plan. It will be strongly urged in the Senate and before the country. The argument they will present will run about like this:

When our Government was founded and our Constitution was adopted it was an experiment. The step which our forefathers took was in advance of any that had ever been taken toward a free government. In setting up the new Government they were afraid of placing the power of government too close to the people. Of all the governmental powers provided for, that which was possessed by the House of Representatives was the only one where the people were accorded a direct voice, but before anything done by the House of Representatives could become legal it had to receive the sanction of the Senate and the approval of the President. It was provided that the Senate should be elected by the legislatures of the various states, thus removing senators one step from the direct control of the people. Everybody knows that it took years and years of agitation and hard work to procure an amendment to the Constitution that would provide for the direct election of senators.

The Voter's Limitations

The fathers removed the President and Vice President from such control and provided that they should be chosen by electors. Thus during all the years of our existence as a nation we have not been voting for President, but voting for men called electors, who in turn select the chief magistrates. It is true that these electors have been instructed by the people themselves as to how they should vote; or in other words, they are nominated by some political party with an understanding of honor that they will vote in the Electoral College for the nominee of that political party. As a matter of fact, they are not legally bound so to vote. A presidential elector has the right to vote in any way he pleases, for whomsoever he pleases.

The successful attempt, however, to get away from the real meaning of the Constitution and select presidential electors who are pledged to vote in a particular way has only partially relieved the situation of its difficulty. Since no person has the legal right to vote directly for President and Vice President, and since presidential electors are nominated by political parties pledged to vote for the nominee of their respective parties, it follows that it is a physical impossibility for a citizen to vote for the candidate for President in one party and the candidate for Vice President in another party. The ordinary citizen does not realize that his electoral right and privilege are thus curtailed.

It is a practical impossibility for any person to run independently—with any chance of success—for the office of President of the United States. In theory this could be done. In practice it is just as much prohibited as though the right were denied by express terms in the Constitution. This point is very important, and bears directly on the fundamental principle of the right of an ordinary citizen to be heard and to have his influence and his voice count in whatever direction he desires to use them. He is compelled now to vote for the candidate of one of the two great political parties, and the powers and influences which control the nominations in these parties indirectly but very perfectly and completely control the vote of the citizen and in reality nominate the President.

I quote one of the senators who is prepared to take an active part in the campaign to abolish the Electoral College:

"Everybody knows that nearly all political conventions are manipulated and controlled by powerful influences that have selfish ends in view rather than the benefit of all the people. We have a practical illustration before us at this moment. If a few men are able under existing conditions to control the nominations of two great rival parties, as they have done recently, without consulting the wishes or the wants of the voters, then the only right given to the voter is that of choosing between these two samples which are set before him. This is in reality a denial of the right of suffrage. At least the right of suffrage so given is not absolute.

"The actual practice always has been, and perhaps, as long as the system lasts, always will be, that the man or the men who control these political parties do it from selfish motives. The people are not consulted, and the people have in reality no voice in the selection of their own President of the United States—the most powerful and influential official and who has more to do with their laws, with their surroundings, with their environment, their country and their happiness than any other one official.

"And even though the people are dissatisfied, they are helpless, because it is practically impossible for anyone to be an independent candidate for President, no matter what demand there may be from the people. The Electoral College stands in the way. In order to run for President it is necessary to organize in every state, in every congressional district of every state, and select candidates to become electors, pledged to the man who is to be the candidate. This takes not only time but a great sum of money. It could not be done in behalf of any independent candidate for President without the expenditure of several millions of dollars. Usually the man who would become such an independent candidate is of moderate financial means."

The Candidate from the Machine

"The great interests and the politicians are all behind the regular nominees, or at least they have been behind them long enough to see them nominated, and if these interests succeed in controlling each of the political parties they have nothing to do in the election except to watch the sham battle that is going on between the political dupes throughout the country. If the Electoral College were abolished and the people allowed to vote direct for President it would naturally follow that the men who control political conventions would be more careful in their selections. The platforms would be statements of principles rather than wordy attempts to avoid saying anything.

"In the national convention of one of the great political parties that has just adjourned they nominated a man whom the politicians selected nearly a year ago. He was the man whose candidacy was first announced. It was soon discovered that his candidacy was not taken kindly or even seriously by the rank and file of the party, and it was practically abandoned. He had almost been forgotten as a candidate. In the few primary campaigns that were held, where he entered as a candidate, he was defeated. And yet the leaders of the party, after permitting the various delegates to the national convention bitterly to fight and oppose the leading candidates, so worked the machine that this man became the nominee. It was done at a time when everybody was worn out; when everybody was anxious to get away; and so the machine had its way in the end.

"It does not necessarily follow that I am criticizing this candidate. For argument's sake, we might admit that he is a model and is entirely satisfactory to everybody and will be elected unanimously, but the fact remains that the method of his selection was such that it gives into the hands of the men who actually do the selecting the power to make a selection without considering the wishes or the wants of the people themselves. It is anything but democracy.

"It cannot be said that the people at the ballot box can vote as they please, because they are not voting for President at the ballot box. They cannot agree among themselves in any state upon the nomination of an independent set of electors and write in the names. It would be a physical impossibility. They must take the dose that has been given them, and the only privilege that has been accorded them is the right to choose between two men that have been thus selected. The voice of the people has not only not been considered, but it has been absolutely denied. If we are to have the right of suffrage, if we are to have a real democracy, then why not abolish the Electoral College? Why not permit the people to vote directly for the man who is to govern them and under whose control they must live? If they are not sufficiently intelligent to do this, then why keep up the false claim that we are in reality a democracy and that the people rule?"

A Means to Independent Voting

"If the Electoral College were out of the way all that would be necessary would be to announce the name of the independent candidate and to comply in the different states with the method provided by law for putting the one name on the ticket. It would be a very simple procedure, inexpensive and perfectly practicable. Every state in the Union which has an official ballot provides for a method of putting names on the ticket which are not nominated by political parties. Such machinery is already provided for in every state, and applies to every office except those of President and Vice President, and the reason it cannot apply to these positions is because the Electoral College stands in the way.

"In fact we do not elect a President. We do not vote for a President. We have no voice. We have no way of expressing our opinion at the ballot box in the selection of a President. Our Constitution keeps from the people the right to be heard in the selection of a chief magistrate. If the people are competent to select members of the House of Representatives, if they are likewise competent to vote directly for senators, why for the same reason should the same Constitution not provide that they shall likewise have an opportunity to vote direct for President and Vice President?"

I think it is clear that the question the average man is asking about how he can share effectively in politics is answering itself all the time. Year by year the opportunity for participation is increasing and widening. It is really up to the average voter himself how much of a part he plays. Too many men who complain of bad government take no interest in bettering it. They simply find fault and think they have done their full duty. It is as easy to frustrate politicians as it is potato bugs, but it takes time and energy and application and eternal vigilance. You can do it if you make the effort and keep eternally at it. There is no short and easy way to get rid of either pest.

Copyright, 1920, McQuay-Norris Mfg. Co.

take the slant out of hills

– and bills

The hard hill is easier if your cylinder compression is good. There's power enough in most any gas engine for all your wants if your pistons are equipped with the right kind of rings.

Many piston rings don't expand evenly enough to have equal tension, or pressure against the cylinder wall—leaving a leak somewhere for the gas to waste through.

McQuay-Norris Leak-Proof Piston Rings solved this trouble ten years ago and earned a reputation for taking the slant out of hills. Their design is all their own. Their two pieces close each other's expansion openings. They interlock so as to act like a unit—and the result is a perfectly circular expansion—the same all around that doesn't let gas waste past them.

You can increase the power of your car by installing the genuine Leak-Proof Rings. They also save a lot of high-priced gas and help cut down carbon troubles. There's a size and over-size for every motor made.

Any repairman can get the right rings for your car promptly—either from his own supply or from his jobber's complete stock.

If you haven't used the genuine McQuay-Norris Leak-Proof Piston Rings, you'll be surprised at the way they will help your motor. The genuine have the name Leak-Proof stamped on each one.

This Booklet Tells the Whole Story

"To Have and to Hold Power" will be sent to any car owner without charge. It describes the principles of piston ring practice in detail—and is written in plain, non-technical language. It gives a good explanation of gas engine operation. Address Dept. B.

For Motors that "pump oil" use

A McQuay-Norris Supercyl ring in the top groove of each piston controls any excessive flow of oil and with McQuay-Norris Leak-Proof Piston Rings in all the lower grooves makes an ideal combination for complete compression—power.

McQuay-Norris Manufacturing Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.

BRANCH OFFICES

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Kansas City, Seattle, St. Paul, Columbus, Atlanta, Memphis, Omaha, Dallas

Canadian Factory: W. H. Banfield & Sons, Ltd., 120 Adelaide St. West, Toronto

McQuay-Norris Mfg. Co., Dept. B, St. Louis, U. S. A.
Please send me "To Have and to Hold Power"
Name
Address

Our Decorative Service Department will gladly help you with your floor-covering problems. This service is free. Beautiful pattern folder free on request. Address nearest office.

The pattern on the floor is Gold Seal Congoleum Floor-Covering, No. 836. It is made in the two yard width only. Price $1.00 per square yard.

WHEN you put Congoleum on your floors there's a lot of satisfaction in knowing that it is absolutely guaranteed—that if it fails in the slightest degree to live up to our claims you can return it and get your money back immediately.

Whatever your needs may be in the way of a beautiful, durable, low-priced floor-covering for the kitchen, pantry, hall or bathroom—wherever you require a sanitary, waterproof, easy-to-clean floor-covering, you will find Gold Seal Congoleum Floor-Covering a splendid investment.

It is so easy to lay! Just unroll it on the floor—and it will lie flat—snug against the baseboards without fastening of any kind. No tacks or cement are necessary, as Congoleum never curls up at the edges.

Its easy-to-clean surface is such a help on busy days. In just a few minutes you can wipe away the signs of a morning's baking or the dirt tracked in by the children and delivery men.

Moreover, Congoleum, with its waterproof base, is not affected by water—does not rot along the seams, and the charming colors come up fresh and bright after each cleaning.

There is a variety of Congoleum Floor-Covering patterns from which to select just the design most attractive and practical for your purpose.

All Gold Seal Congoleum Floor-Covering is made in rolls in the usual two-yard width, while a number of the patterns are made in a special width of *three* yards. The extra width enables you to cover many floors with a single piece and necessitates but few seams in larger rooms. The cost is the same—$1.00 a square yard.

Congoleum Floor-Covering is made of the same high grade materials as our world-famous Art-Rugs. All carry the Gold Seal Guarantee of absolute satisfaction.

Prices in the Far West and South average 10% higher than those quoted; in Canada prices average 25% higher. Prices subject to change without notice.

Congoleum Company
INCORPORATED

PHILADELPHIA NEW YORK CHICAGO CLEVELAND
SAN FRANCISCO MINNEAPOLIS DALLAS BOSTON
KANSAS CITY MONTREAL

GOLD SEAL
CONGOLEUM
FLOOR-COVERING

Always look for the Gold Seal

Every two yards of Congoleum Floor-Covering bears the Gold Seal Guarantee—"Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back." It represents our faith in our product and our honest pledge of satisfaction to you.

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

TRIAL BY TRAVEL

(Continued from Page 19)

For example, an acquaintance of mine landed in Italy last winter with an American passport bearing an Italian visa, so that the document demonstrated that the bearer was authorized by the United States Government to gallivant in Europe, as well as authorized by the Italian consular authorities in New York to enter Italy. This person, after great mental anguish and physical labor, collected an interesting assortment of visas and passed out of Italy into Central Europe. After percolating through Central Europe for a time he decided to return from Vienna to Italy. He had the permission of the United States to travel in Italy, remember; and he had secured the permission of the Italian authorities in New York to go there. A visa which has been used once in crossing a border becomes worthless for all future border crossing, however; so it was necessary for him to get a new visa from the Italian consul in Vienna.

He went to the Italian consul with his nice blue American passport requesting the aid and protection of all whom it might concern, but the Italian consul had received new orders from Italy. Because of socialist disorders in the north of Italy he had been instructed to visa no more American passports unless the Americans could produce letters from the American mission in Vienna stating that they were not concerned with political questions. The Italian consul had absolutely nothing to offer in the line of aid and protection. So the American went to the American mission—which would have been known as a legation if the United States had not been technically at war with the Central Empires. The mission, however, announced that they were refusing to give the letters that the Italian consul was demanding. It was a matter of principle with them. They argued that once an American had been granted a passport, consuls of other countries had no right to demand an additional document vouching for the bearer of the passport. So they stood on their principles, and the bearers of the passports which so earnestly requested all whom it might concern to give the bearers all lawful aid and protection in case of need were unable to scrape up enough aid or protection to keep a gnat warm. The request for aid and protection makes pleasant and reassuring reading; but under postwar conditions in Europe it often turns out to be nothing but diplomatic south wind or hot air.

Rogues' Gallery Photographs

Underneath the engraved preliminaries on the first page of an American passport are written the names of the countries to which the traveler is going and a long and sometimes embarrassing description of him. Nothing is said as to whether or not he has bowlegs, grows morose after a couple of drinks and uses bad grammar; but almost everything else is covered.

In addition to the written description there is a photograph of the bearer. The photographs which are attached to passports have one striking and noteworthy resemblance—they invariably seem to be likenesses of hardened criminals or hopeless idiots. This is usually due to the fact that they are perpetrated in about two and a quarter minutes in studios which specialize in portraits of young men who don't know what to do with their hands, have poor control over their Adam's apples, and usually elect to be photographed in an imitation automobile or in a cowboy costume owned by the studio. The true passport photograph makes clergymen look like safe blowers, and transforms sweet-faced matrons and innocent maidens into wild-eyed harridans that would frighten a healthy baby into convulsions.

Photographs of this nature can in the normal course of events be burned in an extra-hot fire by their owners and thus removed forever from their offended sight. Passport photographs, however, are almost invariably obtained on the spur of the moment and must be used because there is no alternative. When the photograph is once attached to the passport no other can ever be substituted for it; for the official who prepares the document makes the photograph an integral part of it by stamping the great seal of the United States into it and plastering a rubber-stamp declaration across the face of it to the effect that the signature on the photograph is the signature of the person whom the photograph purports to represent. Thus, in addition to the photograph's being almost unbearably libelous, it is further mutilated most offensively by the rude hands of State Department officials; and whenever the passport is unfolded the bearer is forced to look at a repellant travesty on his own face. Since it is being unfolded on an average of once every seventeen minutes he is frequently filled with a mad desire to go home and murder the photographer who took the picture.

One of the favorite pastimes of American travelers in Europe is looking at each other's passports, inasmuch as a glance at one of them reveals the occupation, the place of birth, the destination and the age of the bearer—all matters that would not ordinarily be revealed without several prying questions. In the case of a woman one is able to determine from her manner of filling in the age blank whether or not she is a liar. So, as I say, matching passports is one of the most popular sports among Americans in Europe. And no sooner does one person open another's passport than he bursts into a shriek of laughter at the photograph it bears. "Awful! Horrible!" he cries. "What jail were you in last? They certainly didn't do a thing to your face! It makes you look hard enough to chew nails! Don't ever show that to any children, or you'll start them crying. That would get you a job as a shophfter anywhere in the world. Don't let the Bolsheviks see that, or they'll elect you to office!" And so on until the owner of the passport is seething internally and keenly desirous of torturing somebody in a most cruel and unusual manner in order to assuage his blood lust.

Where Travel Means Trouble

The first page of an American passport, then, is the passport proper. The three other pages are blank, in order to provide room for the large and varied collection of visas which the owner of the passport will inevitably collect unless he emulates Mr. Wordsworth's Lucy and settles down on an untrodden way like a violet by a mossy stone half hidden from the eye. Since it is not the custom among Americans in Europe to pattern their conduct after a half-hidden violet or any other botanical specimen that must root itself in the ground in order to exist, the average American passport soon gets to look like a visa album well filled with the results of a long and busy lifetime devoted almost exclusively to the collection of visas.

A visa, according to the dictionary, is an indorsement made on a passport by the properly constituted authority, whether ambassador, consul or police, denoting that it has been examined and found correct.

One must have a visa to get into every country in Europe, and one must have another visa in order to get out again. Having got out one cannot return again on the visa that originally admitted him to the country. No, indeed! One must have an entirely new visa. Let us suppose that a man in France wishes to cross the border into Italy. He gets a French visa permitting him to leave France and an Italian visa permitting him to enter Italy. Having arrived in Italy he decides that he will return to France. He must then get an Italian visa permitting him to leave Italy and a French visa permitting him to enter France. Once again he decides to go to Italy. One would suppose, would one not, that his original visas permitting him to leave France and enter Italy would be sufficient to satisfy the most zealous guardians of these nations' interests? Anybody with common sense would so suppose; but the supposers of European passport officials are not built on those specifications. If a traveler went back and forth between France and Italy eighty times his passport would have to show four visas for each round trip—or three hundred and twenty of them for the eighty trips. And every time he got a visa he would have to pay out a nice little lump of money and explain carefully where he was born and what his mother's maiden name was, and whether his father was living or dead, and where he was going, and what he was going for, and how old he was, as well as several other purely personal matters which would be about as valuable on the government records as information as to whether the applicant took two or three lumps of sugar in his coffee and whether or not he cared for the later works of Henry James. He would have to tell by what route he was going; and if by any chance he found it impossible to go by the specified route his visas wouldn't be worth a worm-eaten fig and he'd have to get new ones.

When the three blank pages of his passport are filled with visas he must go to an American embassy or consulate and have a patch of blank paper stuck on a convenient edge or have a second Alice-blue section riveted to the original document so that he may proceed unchecked in his mad debauch of visa hoarding. My travels last winter and spring took me through Ireland, England, France, Germany, Poland, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Italy, Albania, Jugoslavia and Switzerland. My passport was enlarged twice, so that it contained eight full-sized pages and two half-portion pages; and crowded on these pages in every conceivable color from a passionate purple to a seasick green were fifty-five clearly decipherable visas and upward of forty-two scrawls in crayon, ink and lead pencil which are utterly unintelligible to anybody except the persons who put them on, and probably even to them. It had been stamped or written on, then, by ninety-seven different officials. In addition to that it had been scrutinized suspiciously by at least one hundred and fifty other officials whose duties required them to look at it but not to maul it. Each one of these stampings and scrutinies represented a wait of from five minutes to five hours.

Next to losing a couple of legs or an arm or two the losing of a passport is probably the most embarrassing thing that could happen to an American in Europe. Losing one's only pair of trousers wouldn't begin to cause so much unpleasantness. If one loses it in a large city where there is an American consul or an American mission it isn't so bad. But if one loses it on a train that is headed for a frontier, or if it disappears in some out-of-the-way corner of a country, practically everything is lost save honor. Indeed, the officials to whom one explains one's predicament do their best to make one think that one has no honor left either. Until one can get to an American consul one is helpless. He can't cross a frontier, he can't escape the suspicion of the police, and he can't refuse to play and start for home. The passport officials won't let him. Since American consuls are as rare in some parts of Europe as are Mongolian baseball players the man who loses his passport might, in the phraseology of the more verbose elements of the American Army, be designated as S. O. L.—which, as all scholars are aware, means "singularly out of luck."

The Passport Epidemic

There is only one American consulate in all Poland where passports and visas can be obtained—or there was only one last winter and spring—instead of the four or five that are earnestly needed to look after the emigrants. There is only one in Czechoslovakia instead of the four that should be doing a hustling business. There is only one in Jugoslavia instead of the several that are needed. There are certain features connected with the consular and the diplomatic service of the United States in Europe which tend to indicate to persons unfamiliar with America that these United States are about seven years old, and that the United States Government is run along the same lines as a country grocery store which for eleven years hasn't been cleaned out and which has been dying gradually but determinedly for at least nine of those eleven years. If there are any who are inclined to accuse me of unnecessary carping I earnestly beg that they will withhold judgment until I have had opportunity to open up my carper at greater length in a future article on a few of the more glaring imbecilities which distinguish our diplomatic service in foreign parts.

The virulent epidemic of passport control now raging in Europe is a natural result of a war which has practically wrecked two-thirds of the Continent and which has

(Continued on Page 69)

Let a Matthews Light Plant Furnish Power For Your Farm

A MATTHEWS Full Automatic Electric Light and Power Plant will milk, pump, grind, wash, iron, churn, sweep and run the silage cutter, cream separator, fanning mill and other machinery besides lighting the house and the farm buildings. It will do all this and much more with practically no attention except supplying it with fuel, oil and water.

The "Automatic Caretaker", with which the Matthews Full Automatic Electric Light and Power Plant is equipped, automatically starts the generator recharging the storage batteries long before they are exhausted to the danger point, and automatically stops the generator when the batteries are full

MATTHEWS FULL AUTOMATIC TRADE MARK

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER PLANTS

(For Rural Homes)

constantly guard themselves against the damage which results from too-rapid discharge of current. When any overload is thrown suddenly on the batteries the "Automatic Caretaker" instantly and automatically starts the generator, which carries all the load. If, however, the batteries also are needed, the "Automatic Caretaker" automatically calls them back into service.

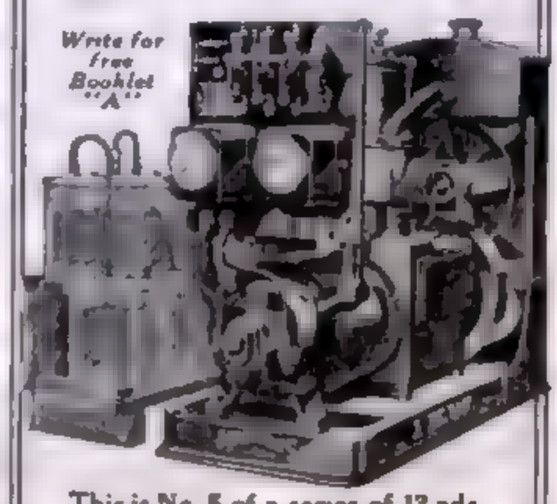
Matthews Full Automatic Electric Light and Power Plants bring to rural homes practically all the modern conveniences of city life, and aid materially in solving the perplexing problem of obtaining or keeping good farm help. A Matthews plant quickly pays for itself in the time and money it saves. Ask your dealer for a demonstration.

Made in six sizes to operate from 15 to 500 (20 watt) lamps, all burning at once. Prices from $445 upward.

Dealers: Some good territory still open.

Full Automatic—starts and stops itself—not merely self-starting.

CONSOLIDATED UTILITIES CORPORATION—CHICAGO
730 S. Michigan Ave.



This is No. 5 of a series of 13 ads.

Why Did Velie

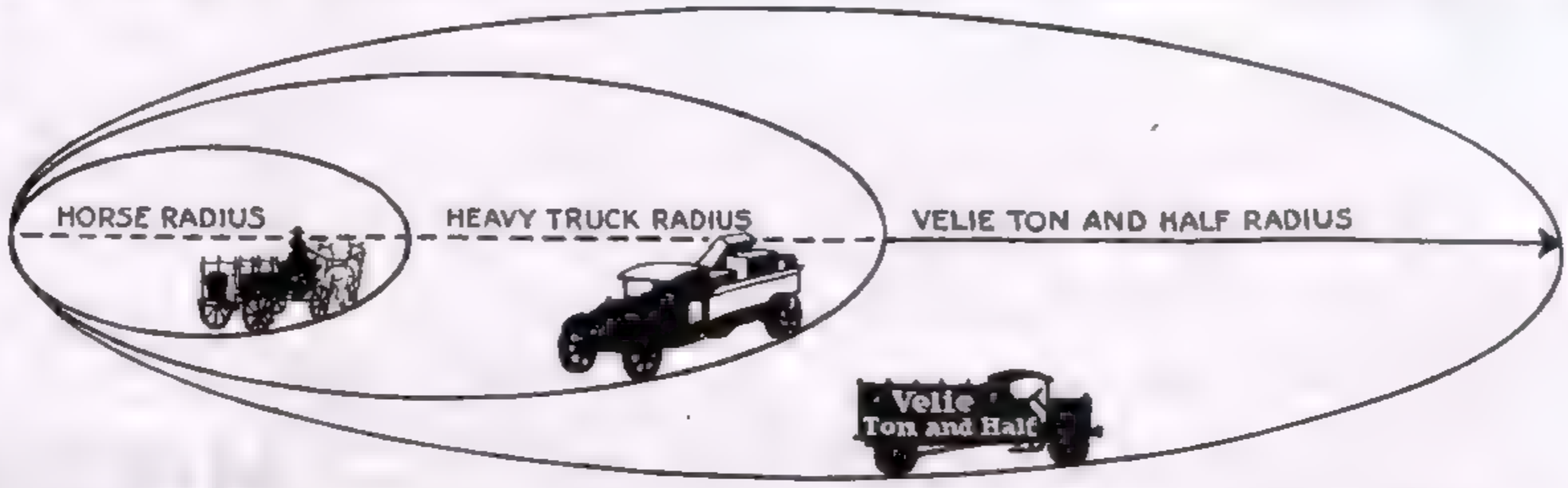
Concentrate A Great Factory On This One Truck?

YOU who want to solve your hauling problems once for all, READ THIS STORY. It may mean a saving of many dollars to you.

The entire resources of the Velie Truck factory are now concentrated on the one New Model 46, Ton-and-a-half. All our heavy-duty models are discontinued.

This is a big step for a company that has been successfully building large trucks for over a decade. The reason is this:

Out of our long experience building trucks of many capacities we have been able to develop a Ton-and-a-half that gives by far the most economical service in 90% of *all* hauling—a truck that sets a new standard for strength, *speed* and *fuel saving*—a truck with amazing reserve power and capacity for any kind of load.



The Logical Size

In the good old days before the motor truck, the best team of horses would average only about 20 miles a day. With the coming of motor trucks the daily mileage was greatly increased, but the heavier duty trucks were far too widely adopted. Two-and-a-half to four-ton trucks are used much of the time on loads of half, or even quarter, of their capacity—*at an unnecessary operating expense*. Users have learned that the ton-and-a-half serves nine out of every ten needs.

Real Reasons

The new Velie saves 30% to 50% the initial cost of heavier duty trucks. It gives twice the daily mileage service and, consequently, delivers as much or more tonnage in a given time. Or think of it this way: Two of the Ton-and-a-half Velie Trucks will deliver in two directions at the same time, covering four times the area with more goods than one heavy-duty truck costing as much as two Velies.

The Velie is more easily handled in congested traffic—travels country roads, lanes, or even plowed fields, that heavy-duty trucks cannot negotiate. It saves fuel—saves mechanism—and stays on the job!

Farmers Endorse Ton-and-a-Half

Over 6,000 farmers replied to a query sent out by one of the large tire companies. The result showed a more uniform use of one-and-a-half ton trucks on all sizes of farms than trucks of any other capacity. By far the majority of farmers said the motor truck gave them new markets—reduced shrinkage—brought better prices for produce and stock hauled—reduced help—saved horses—enabled them to cover greater distances at a marked saving in time and hauling cost.

Thousands of them said they used their trucks for work about the farm itself. Over half said they made money hauling for their neighbors. The big majority rightfully preferred pneumatic tires.

Pneumatic Tires the Thing

Model 46 is equipped with either solid or pneumatic tires, but its new and special design makes it far and away a leader on pneumatic equipment. We have yet to hear that its records are equaled. *On pneumatic tires it can be operated at 25 miles an hour fully loaded.*

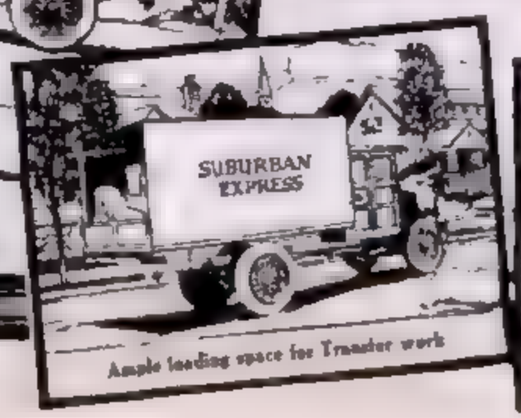
With all its strength and power it is as easily operated as a passenger car. You may not need 25 miles an hour, but think what such speed capability means in cutting down trip time—in bringing in shipments—in getting rush hauling done.

Learn More of the Velie

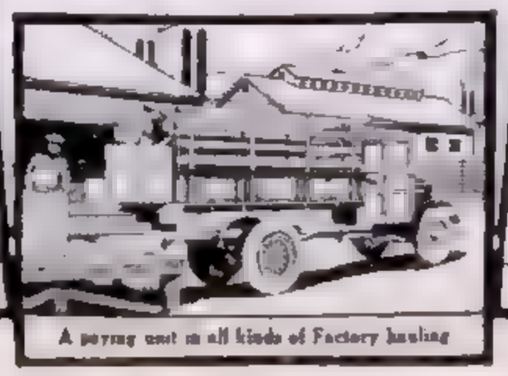
Here is a truck built for harder use than you ever imagined a ton-and-a-half could stand. Its money-saving performance means a big cut in your hauling expense whatever your work may be. From radiator to last frame bolt Velie Quality is condensed into this remarkable model. Ask any Velie dealer, or write for catalog of specifications and body types.

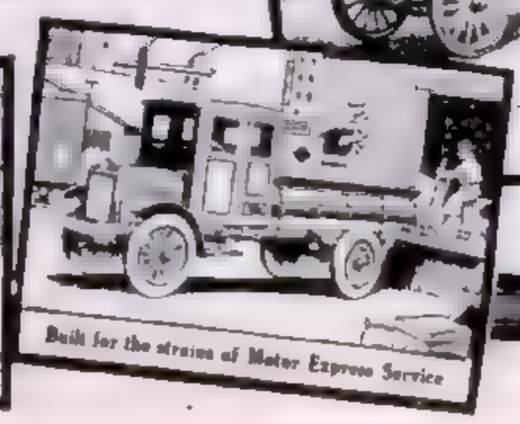
Velie Motors Corporation, Moline, Illinois, U. S. A.

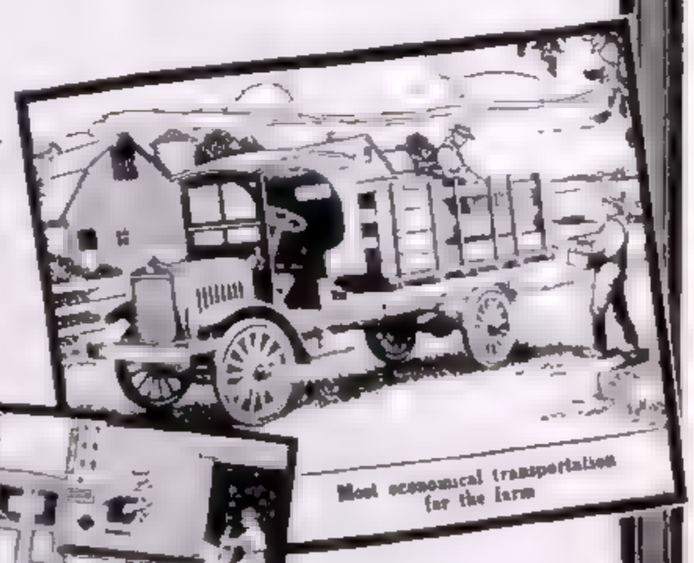
Speed and capacity for widest range of Merchandise



Ample loading space for Transfer work


A paying cost in all kinds of Factory hauling


Built for the strains of Motor Express Service


Most economical transportation for the farm

(Continued from Page 67)

left the remaining one-third so groggy that it is still blinking its eyes and asking "Where am I?" in a feeble whisper. Money is being smuggled across borders, partly to escape heavy taxes on capital and partly because a certain sort of money will be worth more in one country than in another. A silver franc, for example, was worth only seven cents in France last spring, whereas the same piece of money just across the border in Switzerland was worth eighteen cents. If a person carried only a little silver money across the border he could make his fare just like finding it. Czechoslovak money was worth more in Czechoslovakia, during the winter, than it was in surrounding countries. Consequently a highly popular pastime was to buy Czechoslovak money cheap in outside countries, smuggle it across the border and make a tidy little profit without the slightest risk. It was almost as easy as counterfeiting, and far more cleanly.

In addition to the money smuggling there is the smuggling of various forms of valuables, to say nothing of the smuggling of Bolsheviks. Traders from England, France, Italy and America are buying heavily in Central Europe and getting out the loot by bribery and by ordinary smuggling. Bolshevik agitators are constantly doing their best to pass from one European country to another in order to further the cause of Bolshevism or to get away with their private swag. A lot of them sifted into Switzerland during the past year, and after procuring false passports and visas in Switzerland, attempted to proceed gayly to the United States. All sorts of false passports are being counterfeited in Central Europe.

Passport control aims to stop all these things, and it is fairly successful. It can't be wholly successful, because most of Europe is full of people who haven't had any really good food to eat for several years, and who haven't had any decent clothes, and who have endured the morally disturbing effect of more than four years of war. They want money for food and they want money for clothes and they don't care how they get it. Consequently many of them can be bribed; and when railroad officials can be bribed a person who is unscrupulous and keen and determined can usually sneak across a border in some way. None the less, the abolition of passport control would make Europe an even messier place in which to live than it is at present, in spite of the fact that most of Europe, in the cant phrase of an older day, already takes the cake as a mess. It takes the largest cake with the pinkest frosting; but if it weren't for passport control it would be taking the entire confectionery shop.

Choking the Golden Goose

A number of people have remarked sagely to me that all this poppycock over passports has got to stop in a very short time. It will stop when the Bolshevik agitators learn that Bolshevism and civilization cannot get along together and when the money of the different countries gets back some of its old value, and when the citizens of the different countries stop trying to escape the tax on capital by smuggling their money away to a safe hiding place. As the song says: "I do not ask to see the distant scene." You couldn't see it with the Lick telescope.

There is as much waste motion to Europe's passport control as there is to a Bolshevik's tongue. Every country in Europe is panting for a record-breaking influx of American tourists and the golden flood of dollars they always bring with them. The shopkeepers in the different cities discuss the best methods of taking money away from the Americans with all the crude frankness of two yeggmen planning to tap a sucker at the base of the brain with a stockingful of moss agates. The American tourist is one of Europe's greatest assets, not to say goats. Assiduously cultivated, he will drop such a large portion of his bank roll on the Continent that he will be of great assistance in restoring the balance of trade. When the balance of trade is restored the rate of exchange will improve and everybody in Europe will be benefited. One might therefore conjecture that European nations would assist the tourists in every possible way to come among them and play the drunken sailor to their hearts' content; but if he did his conjecturing would be faulty in the extreme. European nations need American tourists, and want them; yet each nation—with the exception of England—is inclined to throw many stupid obstacles in the way of tourists entering the country.

It would be a comparatively simple matter for two adjoining nations to effect a combination of passport and customs officials at one place on the border. By so doing they would save labor, electricity and duplication of effort. They would cut down the running time of trains; and above all they would avoid rousing that golden goose, the tourist, to such a high pitch of frenzy as to make him long ardently to hand Europe nothing but a decayed goose egg in place of his usual golden product. European nations, unfortunately, do not usually think highly of working together. The French and the Swiss almost succeed in turning the trick, but they make a fizzle of it, as I shall proceed to show in another place.

Out of all the nations on the other side of the Atlantic, England is the one in which travelers have the easiest time, while Switzerland and France are the ones in which they have the most agonizing struggles. In England the traveler not only does not need to obtain the permission of the police to stay in the country, but he is actually allowed to pack his bag and catch the most convenient boat for foreign parts without obtaining anyone's permission to do so. The English, with their peculiar and disconcerting habit of looking at things sensibly, have arrived at the conclusion that if a traveler has received permission from a competent British authority in another country to enter Great Britain there is no particular reason why that permission shouldn't be enough of a credential to allow him to stay in the country for a while, and also to leave it if he so desires.

The Low Record for Visas

In other words the British take a businesslike attitude on the passport situation. They wouldn't make a man pay to get into a theater, and then make him pay to stay there, and on top of that make him pay in order to get out. That, however, is just about what the Swiss and the French and the Germans and the Czechs and the Italians do; and that is why American travelers in Europe so frequently lift up their voices against the custardlike brains which could permit a supposedly civilized nation to adhere to the system of passport control generally prevalent in Europe during 1920.

The situation in European countries is not made easier for travelers, of course, by the fact that the American seeker after visas is usually unable to converse with any fluency in the local languages. He spends half an hour waiting in the wrong room, is directed to the right room by somebody whom he can't understand, wastes hours in wandering round and round with his brain in a ferment of impotent rage, occasionally pausing to ask questions of people who can't understand a word he says, and finally blunders into somebody who takes his passport away from him and keeps it for two hours and then returns it to him with the explanation that he can't have a visa until he has been round to see the police.

The French have one of the most cunningly devised torture chambers for visa collectors that can be encountered in all Europe. It is in Paris and is known as the prefecture of police. It is a fine large building occupying an entire block. Every American traveling through Paris must go there to get a visa permitting him to leave Paris and a little piece of paper permitting him to remain in Paris until he wishes to use his permission to leave. Almost always the American visitor finds it necessary to go round and round the building and ask innumerable questions of cheerful but noncommittal policeman before he can even locate the proper entrance. Once inside he is shunted from official to official and from room to room, waiting hopelessly and helplessly in each one, and greatly inclined to join in the wild shrieks and the heartrending groans with which the temperamental French folk greet the delays to which they are subjected. In a preceding article I touched on the horrors of a bout with the French visa officials in Paris, but I neglected to state how I was enabled to secure a visa in the almost record-breaking time of two hours and fifty-five minutes. Two hours and fifty-five minutes doesn't seem like a long time to a man who is making love to a beautiful woman or to a golfer who is cheerfully engaged in hammering a ball round

MALLORY
FINE HATS

To buy, and *what* to buy —that is the question

You want to save—

And you are concerned about the high cost of hats.

You know you won't save anything by buying a cheap hat. And you know that thoughtless extravagance is a large factor in our present high prices.

Why not follow the wise counsel—"Economy is sensible spending"?

Buy sensibly—and you will save.

* * *

Mallory has always made reasonably-priced hats.

For a hundred years, Mallory Hats have been building a reputation for *quality at a sensible price.* It is not likely that such a record should be reversed in a period of temporary high costs. Mallory has been through war-inflations before.

So many men know this—and believe it—that last year, when prices began to go up, we sold more hats than ever before. Over a million men turned to Mallory as the safe, sensible hat to buy.

Isn't that the kind of hat *you* want to buy, these times?

THE MALLORY HAT CO.

234 Fifth Ave., New York (Wholesale only) Factory at Danbury, Conn.

10¢
RED WING
RED WING POWDER
Kills Flies!
Eat in peace! Sleep in comfort! Close room and blow clouds of Red Wing Powder in air. Floats like cigar smoke. In an hour, every fly will be dead or dying. Same with mosquitoes.
RED WING
POWDER
in the "Round Bellows Box with Red and Yellow Label"
Also kills roaches, bedbugs, moths, fleas, lice, certain plant lice, ants, red ants. Never loses strength.
Puff it on insects; in cracks of walls and floors; in closets; under sink. Safe to use anywhere.
10c 25c
TO DEALERS: It grows harder daily to supply the immense demand for Red Wing. Get your stock NOW
RAT CORN
Never fails to kill Rats, Mice, Gophers, Prairie Dogs, Squirrels. No odor. Money-back guarantee stamped on every package.
25c 50c $1
For Sale at Drug, Seed, Hardware, Grocery and General Stores Everywhere.
Botanical Mfg. Co., Inc.
Philadelphia U. S. A.
Be sure you get the Round Bellows Box with Red and Yellow Label.

the links; but to the person who is trying to get an idea into the heads of a succession of about thirty officials who can't understand a word he says, and who is also handicapped by having to fight off a matter of fifty or sixty French, Slovak, Italian and Polish emigrants, so that he can gesticulate properly to the visa officials—to such a person, two hours and fifty-five minutes seems like a week in the salt mines. In my own case, after going up and down stairs repeatedly, and joining lines in front of windows and then unjoining because they weren't lines that would do me any good, and filling out two or three different varieties of application blanks, I found myself in a room where, if I waited long enough, I would eventually get a visa authorizing me to go to Poland whenever I wanted to go and by whatever route I was able to cross Germany.

There were thirty-seven people ahead of me; and they were being passed at the rate of one every ten minutes. Since the hour was four-thirty, and since the office closed in one hour's time, it was a simple mathematical problem to discover that a wait of three hundred and seventy minutes would not be particularly nourishing. Those who were waiting their turns were sitting on long benches. I held speech with an official. Could he help me? His gaze traveled over my right shoulder. One thousand thunders, but no! I also looked over my right shoulder and found two other visa collectors staring malevolently at us. It was clearly evident that they would emit an anguished and ear-piercing protest if a foreigner succeeded in getting ahead of them. At that moment a man rose from one end of one of the long benches. On the other end of the bench sat a fat Polish emigrant woman. As the man rose the end of the bench from which he had risen flew high in the air, and the Polish woman landed on the floor with what our leading descriptive writers term a dull, sickening thud. She screamed as though a knife had been plunged deep into her back.

A Clock Shop on Wheels

All was turmoil at once. Strong, black-bearded men stood up on benches to see who had been killed, and were almost immediately jostled off on their faces. Horrified ejaculations filled the air, and everybody gathered at the scene of the accident and waved his hands frantically above his head in the fascinating French fashion. This left the visa official and myself at liberty to do business together and in seven minutes my passport, nicely stamped in purple ink, was handed back to me with the charm and elegance of manner so characteristic of the French. If the lady from Poland hadn't been kind enough to fall off her bench at the critical juncture I should have been forced to devote more time to the prefecture of police than the conscientious tourist usually devotes to Napoleon's Tomb, the American Bar, the Palace of Versailles, the Eiffel Tower and the Louvre put together.

I talked to a Frenchman at the prefecture who had received a telegram ten days previous saying that his daughter was dangerously ill in Italy. For ten days he had been trying to get permission to go to Italy. He hoped to get it that day.

Somehow or other one doesn't expect to have much trouble in getting French visas in Paris, so that the trouble which is encountered leaves a deep impression. On the other hand, one expects trouble in getting German visas in Berlin, and his expectations are fully realized—about one hundred and three per cent realized, I should say.

Berlin police headquarters is the temple of gloom where American visa collectors gather to gnash their teeth nowadays. Accompanied by a fluent interpreter I dashed down to police headquarters in Berlin one frosty morning, determined to get a visa in about two shakes of an anteater's tail. Skirting the barbed-wire entanglements that were placed in the courtyard for the purpose of wrecking the nether garments of any Bolsheviks who might come racing in, we mounted several flights of stairs and walked along miles of corridor to the passport control room. A large black sign on the door announced that persons not lined up outside that door at nine A. M. for the purpose of having a number allotted to them could not butt in on the proceedings for that day. Since the hour was then nine-forty-five my start seemed inauspicious. A proud and haughty Fräulein sat in disdainful attitude in front of the door. When questioned she demanded my number. She became quite loud and offensive about it, but finally consented to take my passport and examine it superciliously, after which she requested me to produce my registration slip from the police station nearest to my hotel. I assured her that I had no such document. She was horrified. Officially I did not exist until I had that paper. How could I go anywhere until I had documentary proof that I had arrived. *Mein Gott!* Even a *Dumnkopf* should know that he couldn't leave a place before he got there! Yes, no?

There was no room for argument. Before I could get a visa of any sort I must return to my local station and get a registration slip. *Ach!* These *Amerikaner!*

We embarked in a German taxicab with hard tires and a trick meter. Present-day German taxicabs were not primarily designed to stimulate the liver; but after hitting a few rough spots one is left with a distinct impression that they exist solely to shake up the internal organs. As for their meters, they can be read properly only with the assistance of a slide rule and a table of logarithms. Each meter possesses seven clocks—one for the passenger, one for extra passengers, one for luggage, one for waiting, one for the luxury tax, one for the tax on capital and one for good luck. All the clocks work busily all the time—even the one for waiting. This is probably because the passenger, due to the hard tires, is either waiting to bounce up or to fall back after a bump during the entire ride. After determining the amount registered by each clock at the end of a ride, these sums are added together and multiplied by four.

A twenty-minute ride brought us to the police station of the precinct in which my hotel was located. I respectfully begged for a registration slip. A gruff, walruslike man with a bull neck and kaiserliche mustaches barked at me harshly. I should have reported at the police station on the day of my arrival in Berlin, instead of a week later! What did I mean by it? Did I think that because I was an American I could do as I wished?

I had my interpreter inform the genial old party that one of the things we had not yet mastered in America was the gentle art of mind reading. Since there were no signs in the hotel instructing travelers to report at the police station, and since the management did not hand out the information by word of mouth, travelers felt no particular urge to rush over to the police station immediately on arriving in Berlin. If not told to drop round for a friendly call on the police they would be more apt to drift out to the Sieges-allee to see all the marble statues of the delightful Hohenzollern family, or to visit the celebrated wooden effigy of Old Man Hindenburg, or to slip over to one of the leading beer gardens in order to find out whether the postwar brand of German beer is really as rotten as everyone says it is. If the police wanted people to come and see them, ran my argument, it might not be a bad idea to say so.

Among the Sandwich Eaters

Muttering hoarsely, the walruslike gentleman ceased his objections and made out the desired registration slip. We rumbled and clanked back to police headquarters and presented the paper to the proud and haughty Fräulein in front of the passport-control room. She turned me over to another pot-bellied Prussian, who formed the second line of defense. He was smoking a pipe which smelled as though it were filled with the scrapings from a herring fisherman's rubber boots. If a man in his position had done such a thing in the old days he'd have been shot at sunrise, and I'm not saying that it would have been a bad thing for him. He was a splitter of hairs and a roarer over misprints. In writing down the date on my registration slip the walruslike man had made a slight blot and had rewritten one figure without erasing the original figure. The eye of the stout one hit instantly upon this blemish. It made him fretty and suspicious. His meticulous Prussian mind conceived the idea of having me return to the police station for a corrected copy.

After a long argument he reluctantly consented to overlook the dangers that lurked in the flaw on the registration slip. There were, however, a few slight formalities to be observed. First my registration slip must be registered. Kindly go up two flights, walk to the end of the corridor, turn twice to the left and once to the right and then hunt round; you can't miss it.

We did as well as we could, my interpreter and I. We missed it five or six times, but finally got into a room crowded with patient and hungry-looking Germans. Two grumpy officials, both of whom had sandwiches secreted in their desks and were constantly gnawing at them, were collecting registration slips and copying them in large ledgers. One of them collected mine. I waited half an hour without getting any results, and then reminded him that I was still on earth. He viewed me with amazement, took a large bite of sandwich and informed me thickly through the crumbs that I should go home and wait a day or two for my notification.

This was too much for even my interpreter, who was a person of some influence in Berlin. He telephoned to the Foreign Office and the Foreign Office telephoned to the head of the passport bureau, and the head of the passport bureau telephoned upstairs to the sandwich eaters to show a little energy. Hastily gulping down the crumbs the sandwich eaters unearthed my papers and by driving themselves at top speed succeeded in getting them to me in three-quarters of an hour.

We returned with them to the pot-bellied one. He examined the papers and almost threw an epileptic fit. The stamp! The stamp! Thunder-weather, where was the stamp? *Himmel!* These *Amerikaner!*

Restraining himself with difficulty he directed us to the room where stamps were to be found. We reached it after a long walk. So far as we could discover, the official in that room had nothing to do but sell stamps to persons wishing visas. It was an engrossing and thrilling occupation. Maddened by my agonizing morning I sought to wound the stamp seller with the poisoned barbs of sarcasm.

Not Yet But Soon

"Ask him," I told the interpreter, "where we find the official who licks these stamps for us."

The stamp seller, giving ear to the question, looked worried. "We have no such official yet," he replied. "You must lick your own stamps."

The manner in which he enunciated the word "yet" was a tacit intimation that as soon as things got to running more smoothly an official stamp licker would be provided.

With my documents properly filled in and stamped, we returned again to our friend in front of the passport-control room. This time my papers satisfied his critical eye, and we were permitted to enter. There was a crowd in the room—a crowd clinging to the counters and to each other in weariness and dejection. My interpreter at once put in a call for the head of the passport bureau. He emerged from his office beaming, and ordered that my passport be attended to at once. Once again my documents were copied into a ledger. To a German there is an indefinable but gripping charm connected with writing things in ledgers. It gives him a false sense of security and efficiency.

Each time he enters something in a ledger he says to himself: "Nobody else would ever think of being as careful as I am. Nothing escapes me. I am old Wilhelm von Efficiency himself. What fools all these other nations are, blundering along in their stupid, careless ways! What barbarians they are! How much beneath our culture is their culture!"

When a German makes up his mind to be thoroughly efficient he draws heavily on his ledger supply but tosses common sense into the discard. The German police force, through their superefficiency, almost drive travelers mad at a period when Germany needs all the money she can get and can ill afford further to antagonize visitors from the outside world. At the same time, early in 1920, there were thirty thousand petty profiteers or *Schiebers* who had come into Berlin alone from outside countries and who were not registered with the police. The police, superefficient at writing things down in ledgers and irritating desirable travelers, were quite incapable of ferreting out or making trouble for undesirable foreigners.

I was more than four hours in getting a visa in Berlin. If I hadn't been lucky, and if I hadn't been able to bring pressure to bear on the head of the passport-control bureau, I should have been several days in getting it.

(Continued on Page 73)

MICHELIN

full-size tubes

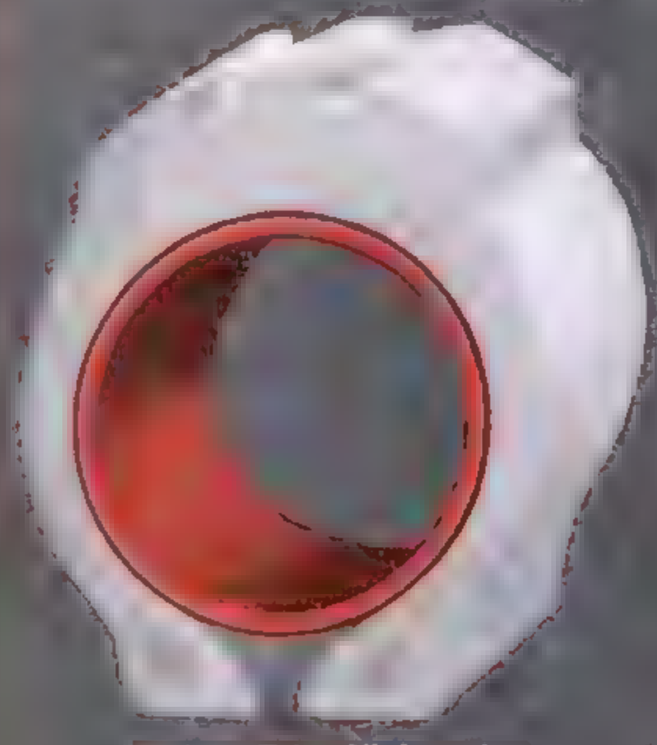
Actual photograph showing difference in width between Michelin Tubes and other tubes

Michelin Ring-shaped Tubes are made full-size to fill the casing. Therefore they are not subjected to tension when inflated

Other tubes being smaller than the inside of the casing are stretched and weakened under inflation.

The flexing of these stretched tubes causes destructive heating which rapidly kills all the natural life and resiliency of the rubber, making it brittle, porous and less resistant to cuts and punctures.

Insist on Michelins—
the full-sized tubes.



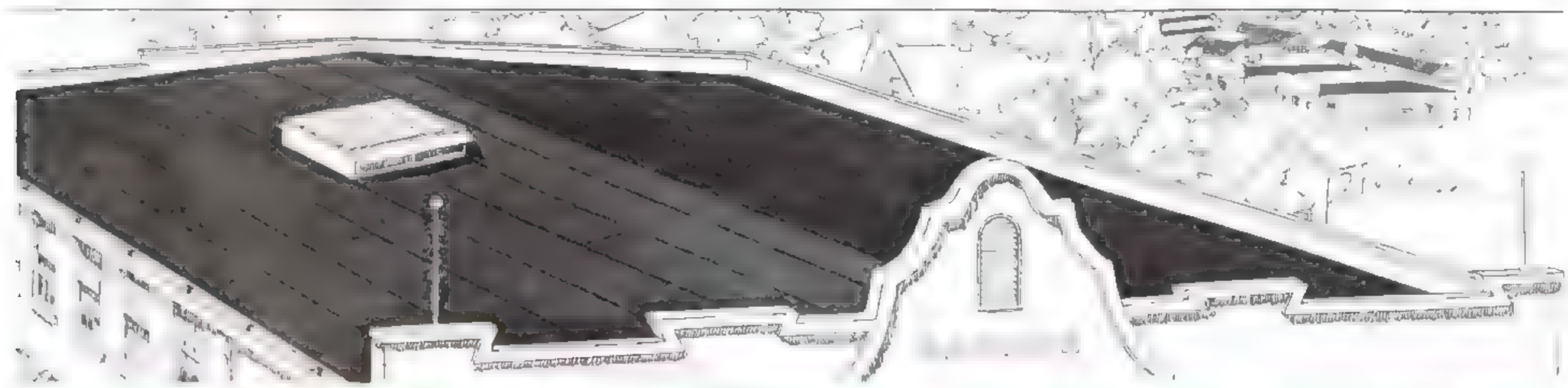
Michelin Tubes fill the casing when before inflation

Other tubes must be stretched by inflation to fill the casing

Michelin Tire Company, Milltown, New Jersey

Dealers in all parts of the world

The area of roofs yearly covered with Certain-teed is greater than that covered by any other kind of prepared roofing. Certain-teed comes in rolls—both in the staple green and red and the mineral-surfaced green or red, and also in green or red mineral-surfaced shingles for residences. Light, medium and heavy Certain-teed Roofings are guaranteed for five, ten or fifteen years respectively. The mineral-surfaced Certain-teed is guaranteed for ten years.



CERTAINTY OF QUALITY AND GUARANTEED SATISFACTION - CERTAIN-TEED

NOT even the many great Certain-teed factories could, unaided, give Certain-teed Roofing to the public at the present moderate price per roll.

Getting a product from the factory to the user often costs as much as its manufacture.

The large number of Certain-teed warehouses and hundreds of Certain-teed distributing centers provide an unusually inexpensive passage for Certain-teed from the factory to the user.

In some cities the average dealer is only an hour's haul by truck from a Certain-teed point of supply.

The saving of freight and handling charges effected by the Certain-teed system means a great deal to the purchaser of roofing.

In fact the Certain-teed distributing policy saves so much that, today, a roll of roofing generally costs the user less than it did years ago.

In the few places where the price is not lower, the increase is much less, proportionately, than the increased cost of labor and materials.

Certain-teed Products Corporation

General Offices, St. Louis
Offices and Warehouses in Principal Cities

Certain-teed

PAINT · VARNISH · ROOFING & RELATED · BUILDING · PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 70)

People who have plenty of time at their disposal and who don't care about moving rapidly can sometimes hire somebody to get visas for them. But people who want to make certain trains on certain days and want to be sure that all passport requirements are complied with must get their visas by their own efforts. To lack one visa that one should have on a long journey means disaster; for passport officials don't waste time arguing over a missing visa. Usually there are several officials, so that it would be difficult to bribe all of them; and in addition there is usually a crowd of travelers in the offing, so that the officials wouldn't dare to take a bribe if it were offered to them.

There is an express run by the Entente between Warsaw and Paris three times a week. It runs through Austria and Switzerland on the way. There are no other trains making this through trip and travel on local trains is one of the most horrible experiences that can be imagined. Consequently a berth on the Entente Express is a very precious thing, to be obtained only through the kind offices of an Allied diplomat or military mission. People wait weeks and even months in order to travel on it. To go from Warsaw to Paris one must have four visas—one to leave Poland, one to pass through Austria, one to pass through Switzerland and one to enter France. When I traveled out of Poland there were four Frenchmen on the train who had Austrian, Swiss and French visas, but had carelessly thought that the country they were in could have no objection to their leaving. When the train reached the Polish border the Polish passport officials forced them to get off the train because their passports showed no police permit to leave Poland. Argument, anathema, tears and hysterics were of no avail. Back to Warsaw the four Frenchmen had to go, in trains that crawled four and five miles an hour; in railroad coaches jammed with people. It doesn't do to overlook a bet in passport matters when romping through Europe; and the only way that one can be sure that his passport is in order is to attend to it himself.

My object in mentioning all these things is not to deter Americans from traveling in Europe. Forewarned, as the man remarked, is forearmed; and the person who isn't forewarned about European passport conditions is not only not forearmed; he isn't even two-armed. In fact, he's about as badly off as he'd be if he were armless and footless as well. But if a person can keep his temper and endure endless standing, waiting, crowding and boneheadedness, he will always get through all right. Even lone women stagger through safely, albeit a trifle hysterically.

The Black-and-Blue Lady's Trials

A young American woman of my acquaintance landed in Italy and headed up into Central Europe alone to join her husband. Everybody with whom she came in contact, from the American Embassy in Rome to the tourist agencies, advised her not to make the trip. She made it handily; but when I saw her in Vienna she was still bearing the marks of her visa collecting in numerous blue-green splotches on her arms and shoulders. If a herd of mountain sheep had been using her for a springboard the same effect would probably have been obtained. I took down her story, for it was typical of the present-day visa hunter; and this was the way of it:

She traveled all day northward from Rome; and at the night's stopping place she performed the astounding feat of getting a room in a hotel. Getting a hotel room in a city in the north of Italy or in London or in Berlin or Cologne or Warsaw or Vienna nowadays is about as unusual as running across a bed of water cress in the Great African Desert. I tried it out myself, and I finally almost burst into tears of gratitude when a Red Cross courier officer offered to let me sleep in an easy-chair in his room. The young woman of whom I speak, however, demonstrated that luck was with her by getting a room all to herself.

To go to Vienna she needed the Italian permission to leave and a Jugoslav visa permitting her to pass through a little two-by-four section of Jugoslavia. She didn't need an Austrian visa because Austria is the least fussy of all the European countries in the matter of passport restrictions. A traveler can often get into Austria without a visa, but he must always have a visa in order to get out. This laxity of the Austrians is due to the fact that there isn't much of anything left in the country, so that a strict passport control would be about the same as locking the garage door after the flivver has been stolen.

She asked the hotel porter whether he could get her a Jugoslav visa. He could, he said, if she didn't wish to go for several days. If she wished to go in a hurry she would have to do her own fighting. She replied that she wished to go on the following day. The porter looked at her compassionately and stated that it couldn't be done.

She went round to the Jugoslav visa office early in the morning in a cheerful frame of mind. She found upward of forty Germans, Austrians and Italian peasants squeezed into a narrow stone passageway from which a flight of stairs went up at right angles. At the foot of the flight of stairs stood an apologetic minor official who had orders to allow only fifteen people at a time to mount the stairs. There was unrest and excitement among the people in the passageway, because all of them were struggling to get past the official and one of them occasionally succeeded. The crowd was constantly being augmented by new arrivals, and it finally became necessary to summon a *carabiniere*, who is an Italian policeman nattily arrayed in a cocked hat and a claw-hammer coat. The *carabiniere* stood at the foot of the stairs and pushed back the visa hunters with his gun when they became too brash.

When Money Talked

The American woman, after watching for a while, withdrew from this mob scene and hastened over to the American consulate in order to see whether she couldn't get a little of the aid that her passport so confidently requested. The consulate had practically nothing in the line of aid to offer, so she loped back to the Jugoslav consulate. The crowd in the corridor had increased to a matter of seventy people. Taking a long breath and banishing from her mind everything except the thought that she had got to catch a train the next day she swung her elbows freely and plowed her way through the seventy people to the very foot of the stairs. There was a terrible outcry in German and Italian, but she held her place. She held it for two more hours while the crowd swayed and murmured and pushed against the *carabiniere's* rifle. At the end of the two hours an official came down the stairs and announced that nobody was allowed in the corridor between the hours of twelve and two; everybody would therefore have to go outdoors and stand in the street. The crowd promptly went mad and attempted to mob the staircase. That was when the American woman picked up most of her black-and-blue marks. One Austrian woman burst into howls and shrieks and sobs, which so excited the mob that everybody began to curse and moan and insist that she be let through. She was accordingly let through, after which the *carabiniere* began to force the crowd out of the corridor with his gun.

The American woman put up a vigorous fight—not a very satisfactory one because she couldn't get the drift of the *carabiniere's* language; while the *carabiniere* hadn't the slightest idea whether she was conversing in Chinese or in one of the Basque dialects. He did his best to understand her, however, but the jostling of the crowd interfered with his concentration. He turned his attention to the mob, pushing them away so that he could have more room in which to devote his mind to the problem; and by so doing he left the American an open road to the staircase. She promptly jumped for it, expecting every moment to be shot from the rear by the angry *carabiniere*, but no sign of life came from him.

She sped up two flights of stairs to the door of the consulate. It was locked. She rang the bell frantically, and eventually an official opened the door a few inches and told her with passionate emphasis that there was absolutely nothing doing. By means of a little shifty footwork she prevented the door from closing, and begged for mercy. He insisted firmly that it was impossible. One of his hands clutched the edge of the door in such a manner that a part of his palm was exposed. The American woman got out a twenty-lira note and rubbed it gently against the palm. He still declared proudly and firmly that no one else could enter. She rubbed harder. The protests developed weak knees and began to stagger. Finally he elevated his shoulders and threw up his hands hopelessly—retaining the twenty-lira note in one of them. The American woman entered. One hour later she received her visa—and she was very lucky to get it.

Occasionally an astute American with enough influence to locate gasoline and enough money to buy it conceives the precious thought of simplifying his travels by crossing European borders in an automobile. By the time he has crossed two of them he has developed a severe case of nerves and is filled with a consuming desire to return to America and live on a farm. The most recent Central European gasoline quotation with which I am familiar is the Vienna quotation of one dollar and sixty cents a gallon; and one buys it by the liter, which is the amount of liquid contained in a commodious beer mug.

I tested the border crossing by automobile in company with Mr. Arthur Dubois, special representative of the State Department in Central Europe. We secured a beautiful limousine for three hundred crowns a day—three hundred crowns at the then rate of exchange being slightly under one dollar—and we furnished our own gasoline and paid one-half of the tire expenses. In this highly burnished bit of machinery we started north from Vienna into Czechoslovakia. This trip is just one long rolling hill after another. On almost the first hill that we struck something went wrong in the internals of the lovely limousine. We tried four times to make the grade; but each time the machine balked within thirty yards of the summit. At length Dubois and I got out and pushed. We managed to reach the top; but during our violent pushing we inhaled great quantities of fumes from the muffler and became very ill. In this condition we reached the Czechoslovak border.

The Czechs, according to their peculiar and somewhat irritating custom, held us up with rifles and twitched the bayonets suggestively in front of our faces. We produced our passports, one of which was of the diplomatic variety—and a diplomatic passport is supposed to pass its owner through anything in Europe from a sealed tin can to a barbed-wire entanglement. The sentries, however, were not impressed by the diplomatic passport. As far as they were concerned, we might have been trying to get past with a last year's bird's nest for credentials. Their idea was that we should go back twenty miles or so and spend the night in an Austrian village or some picturesque schloss with green mold on the walls of its bedchambers and every imaginable inconvenience in the line of insanitation.

Direct Action

Dubois, poisoned by the gas fumes, was hardly able to stir. The sentries finally weakened so far as to allow one of us to talk to higher officials. One of them, with his rifle held in irritating proximity to my head, led me away in search of the proper official. The other sentry posed himself in front of the automobile with his rifle wavering between the chauffeur and the front tire. The first sentry escorted me a distance of two miles to the home of the mayor. He rapped on the door gently and waited patiently. There was no action within. He rapped a second, third and fourth time without an answer, after which I attacked the door with my boot heels. A few seconds after I had done so an upstairs window flew open and the peevish mayor, wearing a nightcap and carrying a candle, stuck out his head and in a voice cracking with rage called the sentry a number of vile Czechish names for waking him up. With a final prolonged howl, in which he ordered the sentry to appear before him early the next morning to answer for his insolence in kicking the door, he slammed down his window.

It was therefore necessary for me to start kicking the door again. When the mayor again appeared, almost insane with fury, it became my sad duty to inform him, in rather sketchy German, that we were traveling on American passports which were in good order, and that if he didn't care to attend to our case I would have to break in his door in order to bring it more forcibly to his attention. The mayor calmed down considerably at these words and directed the sentry to take me to the commanding officer of the Czech garrison

Big Trial Offer

Send Ten Cents for Big Trial Size Safetee Stick or Safetee Cream.
Not Sample Sizes.
20c if both are desired.

SAFETEE SOAPS for Safety Razors

SAFETEE Cream lathers *instantly*—its fluffy texture not only softens the toughest beards, but actually aids the action of your safety razor. It *can't* clog the safety razor—it leaves the blade unhindered. And its use results in the quickest, cleanest, pleasantest shaves you ever had.

Safetee Stick is rich, pure shaving soap through which a core of golden cocoa butter runs from end to end. Everyone knows that cocoa butter is perhaps the most efficient soothing agent for the skin—and combined with Safetee Soap, it is a most effective beard softener.

30c Everywhere

Ask your dealer to supply you

SAFETEE SOAP CORPORATION
Jay and Johnson Streets, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Stick with the COCOA BUTTER CENTER

SAFETEE
SHAVING SOAP

Part of an industrial piping equipment in the Raleigh State Hospital, Raleigh, N. C.

General view of a power station of the Rhode Island Co., Providence, R. I., showing part of a power piping installation.

OUR successful experience through 70 years justifies any manufacturer seeking a distinctive service in any industrial piping equipment in bringing his problem to us. Our experience covers:

Automatic Sprinkler Systems
Steam, Hot Water and Gas Heating — Power and Related Piping
Process Piping of all kinds — Gordon Dryers
Safety Fuel Saver — Constant level Size circulating systems
Pipe bending, threading and fabricating
Water Supply Systems — Hydraulic Piping
Piping for Acids and Alkalies — Compressed Air Lines — Welding

GRINNELL COMPANY
EXECUTIVE OFFICES — PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Offices in all the larger cities of the United States and Canada.

in the town. We walked another mile and unearthed the officer. He was affable, but had orders from Prague to permit no automobiles to pass after a certain hour at night.

We argued the case at great length, and finally the officer led me back two miles to the Czech customs house. After some difficulty we located the chief customs officer and his assistant and went into conference with them.

They were just naturally averse to letting us pass. It made no difference to them that one of our passports was a diplomatic passport; it made no difference that the visas on our passports showed that we had been examined and passed at almost every other Central European frontier; it made no difference that we were Americans in good standing, with no business affiliations that might make us desirous of smuggling goods in or out of the country; it made no difference that we had in our pockets letters from the American Commission to Negotiate Peace and letters to the highest government officials in Czechoslovakia—they didn't want to let us go by. I had to argue for the better part of an hour and use language that will some day make the Recording Angel shake his head dubiously before the officials reluctantly consented to enter the number of our passports in a ledger and permit us to proceed. We had been two and one-half hours in getting across the border.

Hoover's Men Mistreated

Automobile travel in Europe sounds intriguing, but I am free to admit that when the chauffeur manipulated our glittering machine in such a way that it skidded round a few times and finished by wrapping itself lovingly round a stone post on the edge of a ravine on the outskirts of the old Hussite city of Tabor, my chief sensation as I crawled out of the wreck was one of thankfulness that we would thereafter do our frontier crossing in crowded trains.

There will be people, I assume, who will claim that I am exaggerating the difficulties travelers have in getting visas and in crossing frontiers. I wish to assure these people that I haven't told the tenth part of the troubles travelers actually have. I have toned down my statements in every instance. Those who think I exaggerate should study the following excerpt from an official protest made to the Jugoslav Government by the American Relief Administration, or Hoover Child-Feeders, in Jugoslavia. This protest is dated May 4, 1920.

"Properly authorized and accredited members of this mission," says the statement, "have been subject to excessive and abusive treatment when crossing the frontier. Members of our mission have been obliged to change their personal foreign money at the frontier at arbitrary rates of exchange below the current rate for the day. No consideration has been shown members of this mission crossing the frontier with diplomatic visas."

The persons mentioned here who have been subjected to excessive and abusive treatment on frontiers are American ex-army officers engaged in the work of feeding starving children. They travel in automobiles bearing United States license plates, their credentials are the best in the world, and their only work is to give lavishly of the bounty of the United States. In spite of all this they receive excessive and abusive treatment from the passport and customs officials of a country which they are helping. Ordinary American tourists and business men, naturally, fare even worse at times.

Long train trips, under conditions which obtain in Europe to-day, are everything that is nerve racking. Engines and rolling stock have suffered severely in every country except Switzerland because of the enormous quantity that was destroyed during the war. Engines and cars break down constantly; passport and customs examinations frequently require every passenger to descend from the train and stand for hours on end in congested and stifling rooms; and when everything seems to be running serenely a railroad strike breaks in on the proceedings with a sickening crash and forces the travelers to pick up their baggage and walk for miles or to hunt for rooms in overcrowded cities whose hotel clerks only laugh derisively when asked for accommodations.

Here, for example, are a few of the unvarnished details connected with a trip which I made from Belgrad to Paris in May, 1920, on one of the few really good trains in all Europe—the Orient-Simplon Express, which carries two sleepers and a diner.

In order to make this trip one's passport must bear Jugoslav, Italian, Swiss and French visas. The Italian and the Swiss were comparatively easy to get; one merely paid his money and got them. The French visa was more difficult because the French visa office was open only from ten to twelve o'clock each day, so that the office was always crowded. The proceedings were in charge of one young Frenchman who refused to allow whispering or other distracting noises from the large crowd of visa hunters who awaited his pleasure. The average American can readily understand the boisterous gayety with which American travelers would receive ferocious orders not to whisper while standing in a long queue. This young man called me down sharply for daring to whisper; and later, when I laid my passport on his desk in order to get some credentials from an inside pocket, he picked it up angrily and hurled it to the floor. There are many passport officials of his type in Europe.

The Jugoslav permission to leave Belgrad is a most intricate matter, evidently designed to give employment to all Serbian ex-soldiers whose intelligence failed to measure up to subnormal. One goes first to the prefecture of police. There one receives permission to get his permission to leave. That is a truly delicate distinction—a permission to get a permission. It is like splitting frog's hair. With this precious paper clutched firmly in his hand he walks three-quarters of a mile to another building, where after waiting from one to two hours he receives a permission to leave, tastefully decorated with so many party-colored tax stamps that his passport looks like a small boy's postage-stamp album after he has spent five months' savings buying stamps by mail.

Experts in Doing Things Wrong

He then discovers that though he has got it he really hasn't got it. In order to get it in its entirety he must proceed still farther, to the office of the chef and obtain the chef's signature. There are more chefs to the square yard in Jugoslavia than there used to be in Sherry's kitchen, but they aren't the same sort of chef. A chef in Sherry's was a master cook who existed to see that things were done right; but a Jugoslav chef is the head of a department who often seems to exist solely to see that things are done wrong.

It is after some such experience as this that the traveler perspires heavily and gets red-eyed and wants to know what in the name of tarnation is the good of all this stupid, fatheaded, boobish silliness. His question, however, will never be answered satisfactorily; for there isn't any answer.

The train started from Belgrad on time. At a junction five hours from Belgrad we waited for the other section of the train, which comes from Rumania. The Rumanian section was six hours late because the passport and customs officials at the Rumanian-Jugoslav border were unable to finish on time. Because it was a limited train, carrying only sleeping cars, the Jugoslav and Italian passport and customs officials boarded the train and examined luggage and passports on board. We crawled out of bed at two o'clock in the morning and allowed the customs officers to scatter the contents of our luggage on the floor.

The train reached Triest, in Italy, at eight o'clock in the morning. The sleeping-car employees were striking, and all the passengers on the express had to get out. They squeezed into crowded second and third class coaches and went on as best they could across Northern Italy. Just at dusk the train reached Milan and was promptly taken off at the request of the striking sleeping-car employees. Two Red Cross couriers and I tried at eighteen hotels to get accommodations, without success. We finally saw an American naval officer on the street and asked him for permission to sleep on the floor of his room. He turned his key over to us and slept with friends. We never learned his name, and I take this opportunity of thanking him. Without his help we'd have slept on the floor of the station, as did most of the other passengers on the train.

(Concluded on Page 76)

It is a Name Honored in More than Two Million Homes

A roster of those families that have found the name Round Oak to be a guarantee of satisfaction on warm air heating systems, ranges or stoves would fill every page in twenty bulging issues of The Saturday Evening Post.

Some conception is thus to be had of the more than two million users who commend the Round Oak Folks for their respective products, each of which is symbolized by the Round Oak Indian.

It is of interest to know that this friendly regard of such immense proportions owes its origin to a resolve made forty-nine years ago that "good goods only" should bear the name Round Oak.

How conscientiously this standard is followed reflects itself in the praise of so vast a host of purchasers.

There is, however, ample confirmation of it visible in every Round Oak upon the floors of more than six thousand good stores.

During the generation or more that each Round Oak is capable of serving, the savings in fuel and repairs are found to repay, again and again, the slight additional investment that its heavy oversize parts and good manufacture require.

The Beckwith Company, Dowagiac, Michigan

"Round Oak Folks" *Established 1871*

ROUND OAK

STOVES AND HEATING SYSTEMS

Throughout the United States and Canada just one good store in each locality handles genuine Round Oak products, all of which embody traditional Round Oak quality and patented exclusive features: Round Oak copper-fused boiler-iron Chief Range; Round Oak Ironbilt Cast Range—patented gas-tight joints; Original Round Oak Heating Stoves; Round Oak Pipeless Furnace—clamped; Round Oak Moistair Heating System. A request to us brings complete information concerning any of these products, whose satisfied purchasers now exceed two million.

During "Round Oak Week"
September 4th to 11th

Attend Your Round Oak
Dealer's Special Display

A WOMAN'S pride in a well-furnished home does not stop at the kitchen door.
She is just as proud of her kitchen as she is of her attractively furnished living room, dining room, library and bedrooms.
"Wear-Ever"
Aluminum Cooking Utensils
"Wear-Ever" utensils form an important part of the equipment of thoroughly modern homes.
"Wear-Ever" utensils are so bright and clean that food prepared in them seems to taste better than when ordinary utensils are used.
Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"
Write for booklet, "The Wear-Ever Kitchen," which tells how to save fuel, food and work. Address Dept. 18
The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co.
New Kensington, Pa.
In Canada, "Wear-Ever" utensils are made by Northern Aluminum Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.
WEAR-EVER
TRADE MARK

(Concluded from Page 74)

We caught a train going toward Paris at half-past seven the next morning. It was made up of one first-class coach, one second-class coach and four third-class coaches. Two British officers slept in the station all night for the sole purpose of being on hand early enough to get a seat in a first-class coach. They got out on the platform at six o'clock and found every seat taken in both the first and second class coaches. They used up so much time in standing on the platform and protesting loudly and bitterly against their unhappy fate and against the Italian railway system that the third-class coaches began to fill up and they barely got any seat at all.

The Italian customs officials hauled all the baggage off the train and examined it at Domo d'Ossola, just before the train entered the Simplon Tunnel. Four passengers lost their trunks.

At Brieg, on the other side of the tunnel, the Swiss passport and medical officials removed all passengers from the train and removed all passports from the passengers. The passengers were then herded into a big corridor. Passport clerks entered the salient points of the passports in ledgers, after which Swiss soldiers clad in natty monkey suits with broad red stripes down the trousers bawled out the names of the passport owners. The passport owners then advanced and paid a matter of five Swiss francs, following which they received their passports back again. The entire proceeding caused a delay of two hours and a quarter.

The Swiss have accomplished wonders at developing passport control into a money-making scheme, but they have made no progress at all toward lightening its burdens. People who stay in Switzerland must not only have a general Swiss visa but they must also have a separate visa for each Swiss canton in which they wish to linger. If a traveler doesn't report himself to the police within twenty-four hours of his arrival on Swiss territory he will be lucky if he isn't cast into durance vile. One pays high to get into the country and one pays higher to stay there and one pays even higher to get out. And they make handsomely on the rate of exchange which its officials force on travelers. Most travelers passing through Switzerland carry French francs. The Swiss customs and passport officials give five Swiss francs for fifteen French francs. The Swiss and the French silver franc, however, are interchangeable; and nothing infuriates a traveler quite so much as to hand a Swiss fifteen French francs and receive only five Swiss silver francs in return. If he were to take those five silver francs back to France they would be worth exactly five francs, instead of the fifteen which he had paid for them.

From Brieg the train chugged through the Alps and along the shores of Lake Geneva, with the passionate curses of the weary and infuriated passengers rising high above the rumble of the wheels. At Lausanne two sleeping cars were put on, and every passenger on the train fought to get into them. About one-sixth of the passengers were successful. When the dust cleared away women found themselves occupying staterooms with men whom they had never seen before in their lives. It was what George Eliot would have termed a hot mess. Those who didn't get into the sleeping cars naturally sat up all night.

Late at night the train pulled into Vallorbe, the Swiss frontier station where the Swiss and the French endeavor to work together. Every passenger must descend from the train—rich man and poor man, soldier, cabinet minister and food profiteer—with all his luggage. He must show his passport and crowd into a long pen with hundreds of others and wait until the Swiss and the French officials, working together, have dug into every piece of baggage and marked it with a piece of chalk. Then, hauling most of his luggage, he must pass into another inclosure, crammed with anxious and crowding maniacs, and have his passport stamped by the Swiss passport officials.

This is where the Swiss and the French fall down in their attempt to work together. Their customs officials work together in excellent fashion at Vallorbe, but their passport officials don't. Instead of putting their passport officials in with the Swiss officials the French have a separate passport-control station several miles beyond; and at this station every haggard, brain-fagged, leg-weary, sore-backed traveler has to descend again and stand in a long line and work forward inch by inch with people pushing him forward and other people pushing him back and everybody sticking his elbows into everybody else and tramping on his neighbor's feet.

The Vallorbe ordeal took over three hours. The French passport examination at the next station took over an hour.

At Vallorbe a French enlisted man stood guard at the gate between the customs inclosure and the passport inclosure. Something about the chalk marks made by the customs officials on my typewriter case didn't suit him and he refused to let me through. We argued hotly, and finally he passed me. After he had done so he changed his mind, left his post, came over to me, got me by the left arm and started to throw me out.

It is such situations as this that will cause agony and misunderstandings when Americans start traveling in Europe with their old-time fluency. A good many Americans do not care to be manhandled by employees of passport offices, customs bureaus or anything else. If European nations insist on retaining passport control, and really have the same fondness for the American dollar which they claim to have, they could prevent an enormous amount of peevishness on the part of Americans by installing English-speaking employees in all their passport control and customs stations. I went through a good many of them in the past year, and in none of them did I find a single employe who could speak English.

In spite of many vicissitudes the trip from Belgrad to Paris took only seventy hours. Before the war—before these hair-raising and nerve-wrecking days of passport control—the trip could have been made in something less than forty hours.

This, however, is not before the war. This is the great peace.

Trial by fire, indeed! If an experienced European traveler were told that he must undergo trial by fire do you think that he'd blench?

The chances are a thousand to one that you'd never know he had ever acquired the knack of blenching, or that he so much as possessed a blencher. "Trial by fire?" he'd probably say. "Why, sure! I went through the Swiss customs at Vallorbe in five hours, and a little thing like going through fire won't amount to anything. When do we start? Where do we get our visas? Do we have to have a police permit? Call a taxi and let's go!"

I should be deeply interested in seeing one of those hardy and reckless souls whose reputation rested on having endured trial by water taking a fling at trial by travel under present European travel conditions. What would he know about genuine trials? What would happen to him, do you think, if he had stood in line for five hours waiting for a visa, and had ridden for two days and two nights in a second-class coach, and had been searched eleven times by customs officials, and had finally been ejected from a train at half past two in the morning because nobody had told him to get a police permit?

I don't know what you think; but having had a taste of a few of these things myself I think that he'd creep into a corner and sit there with his worn, haggard face in his hands and have a good cry and long ardently for something soft and easy and soothing, like trial by poison or trial by red-hot plowshares.

Foreign travel may come under the head of pleasure with some, but in a third-class compartment of an Italian train I met a young American who was earning his living by traveling back and forth between France and Rumania. He had just been ejected from a sleeping car because of a strike, was very hot, and he was speaking his mind on the subject of foreign travel with more force than elegance.

"Think of it!" said this young man. "A million and a half American tourists want to come to Europe to travel for pleasure! Think of it! Pleasure? Pleasure, hell! I'd rather get my pleasure out of going over Niagara Falls on a raft. It's quicker and less painful!"

If you ask me, I think the boy was right.

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF THE U. S. FOREST SERVICE

A Morning's Catch of Black Spotted Trout From Trappers Lake, White River National Forest, Colorado

Lexington

MINUTE MAN SIX

A Proved Success—The Thorobred

FOR those who want the individuality of advanced design, Lexington originated this highly specialized sport model. It led the way in ending the impossible compromise between a regulation touring car and a smart sport type. The body lines, color scheme, seating arrangement, and all the other fine points of the Thorobred give unrestricted expression to the most advanced style of this popular type of car.

It suggests youth, vigor, gayety! But it is more than a new fashion; it is a finer running, easier driving, better riding car.

Although it is not a "race car," the way it passes others without effort or fuss is an undeniable source of satisfaction. Basic improvements account for its remarkable efficiency; it gives more power on present-day low-grade fuel than was possible with the former high-test gas.

This—one of the many Lexington advantages—is due to the Moore Multiple Exhaust System in conjunction with the Lexi-gasifier.

The new Cable-Brake, the non-rattle, unified frame, the 2-Way Head Lamps that give full light at all times without glare, are among the features in store for you.

Visit the Lexington dealer or write the factory.

Thorobred (Sport Model), $2285; Lex-Sedan, $2585; Touring Car, $2185—All Series "S" models equipped with cord tires—All prices f. o. b. factory.

Lexington Motor Company, Connersville, Indiana, U. S. A.

Subsidiary United States Automotive Corporation.

ADAMS
Pure Chewing Gum

All Flavors
One Quality

THE HEROINE

(Continued from Page 17)

won for Joffre and Foch the approval of thousands who could never hope to pronounce either general's name. Shakspere has been highly mentioned in literary circles.

But not one of these worthies, nor all of them in one, tasted a single tithe of such fame as is lavished on a small-town hero. As they compare to the small-town hero so does the small-town hero dwindle in radiance beside the small-town heroine.

Viva Kane did not wake next morning to find herself famous. But that was because she could not wake, not having been able to sleep or to do anything but lie shivering and trying not to cry. She was none the less famous—a celebrity, a local lioness, the woman of the hour. All Paignton was chanting her renown. Five minutes of spectacular heroism had lifted her miles high out of partial obscurity into the ranks of the immortals. Nor was her fame cabined in Paignton. To the New York papers the burning of a suburban stable was not worth a single line of agate. But to the New York papers the deed of a "beautiful society girl" in risking hideous death to save three flame-prisoned horses was worth featuring on the front page. The Associated Press sent the human-interest tale in tabloid form across the continent.

Viva had done more than make a heroine of herself. She had put the slumbrous townlet of Paignton on the news map, and Paignton was jubilant in its prideful gratitude.

An evening-paper sob sister with a rhythmic soul coined the exploit into catchy verse. The poem was picked up by out-of-town papers, and in time it was embalmed in a school reader. The first-to-fifth-grade Paignton children were wont long thereafter to recite it, with four gestures, at the biweekly Friday afternoon exercises of the grammar school. One after another the humane societies took up the matter. They sent Viva elaborate medals and still more elaborate resolutions. They deluged her with honorary memberships and vice presidencies. Animal lovers from Miami to Red Bluff kept the Kane mail box stuffed with letters to the heroine. Most of these laudatory missives contained snapshot photos of the writers' own pets, ranging from tame raccoons to Hereford steers, with requests that she return these pictures, as the owners had no extra copies of them.

Two movie firms wrote asking leave to film Viva, together with the rescued horses, as a feature for their next set of Here-and-There views. One such magnate went so far as to offer her a part in a new stunt serial he was putting out.

She Vowed to Emulate the Heroine of a Story She Had Been Reading and Make a Conquest of Dick Venning

But it was in her home town that the waves of adulation washed deepest and longest over the heroine. Men took to calling on her in shoals, and banking six deep in the clamor for her dances at the country club. Paigntonites drove three miles out of their way to show her home to visiting outsiders. Women as well as men craved her friendship and the honor of being seen with her. She was the arbitress, the prize, the central figure, the admired and imitated of her whole world. She could do no wrong. Her likes and dislikes molded the younger set's opinions. Her mildest witticisms were quoted almost in awe. The local S. P. C. A. insisted on carving her name on the new granite horse trough it was presenting to the borough. Great was Viva Kane!

Now a web of gossamer, a strand of moonshine, the next whim of a Persian kitten, the pledges of a Bolshevik soviet—all these be steadfast and permanent and iron-strong things by comparison with the popularity of a public idol. Witness the eclipse of innumerable heroes in every land. A false step, an error in tact, a gnawing of monotony, a newer exploit—and pouf!—the demigod is once more a mere insignificant, plodding, obscure mortal.

But Viva Kane's gleaming laurels did not wilt, and for this she had herself to thank. Stirred to the very soul by her rise to glory, she yet wore her crown with a rare meekness and self-depreciation that disarmed her dearest enemies. Her utter modesty and sweetness were a revelation to her own family, and added the last touch to her popularity. She soared through the Paignton firmament, a goddess at the very least. But never did she make the slightest capital of her achievement. Rather did she seek to belittle it or to avoid its mention. All of which is miles ahead of our story.

On the morning after the fire Viva had breakfast in bed—this by orders of her mother and of the doctor. With her breakfast tray came a dozen notes, left by hand, praising her heroism. A great sheaf of American Beauty roses came too, "With the compliments and congratulations and homage of the Paignton Volunteer Fire Department." And half hidden beneath the other offerings was a big square lavender florist's box.

Moved by some feminine instinct, Viva opened this box before she gave so much as a second glance at the rest of the array. She drew forth a gorgeous bunch of violets—five hundred of them. Pinned to the corsage ribbon was Dick Venning's card.

There was no written word accompanying the fragrant gift, nor was Viva's eager rifling of the stack of notes rewarded by a glimpse of Venning's handwriting. An odd twinge of disappointment made the tired girl's nerves pringle. She wondered why. Angrily she took herself to task for the feeling. Then she buried her face in the sweet softness of the violets and tried to make herself thrill at the vampirish knowledge that she had at last roused Venning's tardy interest.

In vain she told herself that the violets were a tribute as impersonal as the sheaf of roses. The captain of the fire department had merely added his quota to the gift of his men. It was an act of official courtesy. Viva explained all this to herself very carefully several times. Then brusquely she declared aloud that it was not true.

That afternoon on his way home from the office Dick telephoned to ask how Viva had stood the day and if her burns were at all serious. By some rare good fortune the girl was still in her room, and her mother talked to the inquirer.

The next evening Venning called. It was his first visit to the Kane house, and in spite of her self-told denials Viva somehow had known he would come. Heaping on herself all manner of names for taking such futile trouble, she had spent a half hour that afternoon in beautifying the veranda nook where she received her most favored guests, and a whole hour in dressing for the evening. The stage management was perfect. The call began as a mere ceremonial of inquiry and of stilted praise. It drifted into a long and inconsequential and pleasant evening chat under the May-time stars and lapped by the perfume of wistaria.

Twice during the next ten days Venning came again to the vine-hidden veranda nook, and Viva led the farm cotillion with him at the golf-tournament dance.

Perhaps—though there are no authentic cases to prove it, and though it has been denied most vigorously—a man may call once or twice a week on a girl in a city of six million people, and may take her to a few dances, without their names being coupled at once by everybody from the family next door to the corner policeman. Perhaps so—perhaps not—more probably not. But in a suburb of Paignton's size such attentions have the same chance of escaping instant notice as has the presence of a yellow-jackets' nest to the man who has just sat down on it.

In less than a fortnight the country club and the Friday Night Dancing Class and the Community House and the Oldsters' Bridge Club had but one theme of conversation. There was something glowingly romantic about the affair; something worthy of a novel or one of the best-class movies.

Here was a heroine—the heroine of the stables fire. Here was a man who had been the subhero of that same fire; the man who had made a gallant if futile attempt at the rescue which Viva had achieved. And the two nowadays were seen oftener and oftener in each other's company. It could mean only one thing, and what could be more deliciously—more poetically—fitting? Paignton rejoiced and strained its eyes and ears in order to miss nothing of the heroine's and subhero's romance.

The men who had begun to infest the Kane veranda and to nag for dances at the country club took the hint and backed tactfully away. The coast was left clear. Venning had a free field. No one presumed to mar the poetic completeness of the affair. Daily Paignton waited, expectant, for the announcement it had foreseen. But the announcement was not made, and bit by bit Paignton began to fidget.

A shadow had been creeping over the growing intimacy of Viva and her new swain. At first the girl had rejoiced almost fiercely to note the gradual change in Dick from mere scrutinizing friendliness to deeper interest, and when she saw a certain worry and reluctance creep into his devotion she told herself that the time was at hand when she could put on the sea-foam crêpe de Paris dress and make that long-rehearsed speech about the dead one not aspiring to become a four-time-winner.

To her chagrin the prospect no longer cheered her. Indeed it dampened her spirits so unaccountably that she abandoned it altogether, and she rehearsed a kinder and more womanly form of refusal. Then with a sinking of heart she realized that she could not use even this modified form—that she could not refuse him at all. And the knowledge sent a whirlwind of bewildered astonishment through her. When this subsided it left her profoundly miserable.

(Continued on Page 81)

GRIFFITH

"Get out of this house!"—and into the snow, storm and cold went the girl.

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH

has completed a magnificent elaboration of

"WAY DOWN EAST"

Done with an ***urge*** or dramatic splendor and a vaulting ***excellence*** that yield to comparison only with "The Birth of a Nation", "Intolerance" and "Hearts of the World".

Not depending on spectacle, however,—but a ***seizing study of the human heart.***

In twelve reels—it represents eight months' work by Mr. Griffith—and cost by auditor's estimate $783,000.

The fortunate scope of the film permits Mr. Griffith to include much material from the novel not portrayed in Wm. A. Brady's stage production by Lottie Blair Parker and Joseph Grismer.

The ***Boston society scenes*** are of ***curious reality***—the gowns by Lucille—the furs from Otto Kahn.

The remarkable cast includes Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess, Lowell Sherman, Burr McIntosh, Mary Hay, Creighton Hale, Vivia Ogden, George Neville, Porter Strong and Edgar Nelson.

It will be first presented by Mr. Griffith under regular theatrical conditions in the larger cities about Sept. 1.

A. L. GREY, Gen. Mgr.
Longacre Building, New York

PICTURES

(Continued from Page 79)

On the evening before Dick had been at the very brink of proposing. Viva had known it. She had known it by his stuttered preamble, and there had been a look of real grief in his eyes—a look that somehow did not go with a proposal. Then Mr. Kane had wandered in from the club, and had blundered upon the two as they sat there behind the screen of wistaria. The old gentleman had been in a loquacious mood and had babbled happily away until Dick perforce took his leave.

Viva had imagined an expression of relief in Venning's face as he said good night. It was almost as though he were glad the inevitable moment had been postponed. But he was going to call again this evening, and Viva in grim unhappiness made ready for his arrival.

Venning found her in the dusky veranda nook, and quite alone. Before he had fairly finished greeting her, and while he was still reaching for a chair, she opened fire on him.

"Please don't say anything till I get through!" she exhorted the puzzled youth. "It's going to be hard enough to say it anyhow, and I'd rather have seven perfectly good teeth pulled."

"Then why say it—whatever it is?" he asked, in perplexity at her scarlet, averted face and scared diction. "If ——"

"Why say it?" she echoed in sorry mimicry. "Because it's got to be said, that's all. But if you keep interrupting me I'll never have the ——"

"Go ahead then," he advised. "There's nothing so good for any delicate subject as to bring it out into the open and air it. If you're all set to ——"

"Please stop giving professional advice, and listen!" she begged. "I had it all mapped out, and now I can't remember how I planned to start it, and I'll have to begin somewhere in the middle, I suppose, and work toward both ends. It's all your fault. If you'd just sat back and listened the way people do in books instead of trying to be encouraging ——"

"I'm sorry!" he said. "Start in anywhere at all on the speech, won't you? Don't bother to say things the way you arranged to, and ——"

"It's a secret," she began, plunging blindfold into her harangue. "It's a secret I've got to tell you. I don't want to. I loathe to. But I have to—and then I'm going to let you decide whether I ought to tell it to everything and everybody in Paignton. If you say so I'll do it. It'll be no worse than to have to tell it to you—not a trillionth as bad probably."

"Then why tell it to me?" he urged, touched by her stark discomfort. "If ——"

"Because you're the person it concerns most, of course. I wish you weren't, but you are. You've been coming here to see me ever since that wretched fire, and ——"

The man's brows contracted in quick surprise. Here was a lead he had not expected.

He could not understand what was coming, and he braced himself a little.

"And before that," she floundered on, "you never bothered to give me a second look. You discovered I was alive, because you heard I'd done something flashy and brave. It was the flashily brave girl you've been coming to see, not Viva Kane. I've lived here ever since I was born, and you never called once till that time. So it isn't I—the real I—that you've been coming to see. That's why I've got to tell you the secret. Oh, of course, you don't understand! You wouldn't. But you will in a few minutes. Now I've explained why I have to tell this thing to you. I explained, because you kept asking why. So please don't ask any more silly questions to delay me. I want to get through with this as quickly as I can."

She drew a long quivering breath and looked at him for the first time. She seemed to be defying him—or begging him—to turn her again from her story. But he sat wordless there in the dusk, and with his thin face set in a poker mask.

"That night," she went on presently—"that night of the fire I woke up all startled and confused when I heard the men yelling that the stables were ablaze. I put on a dressing gown and ran straight to the stables to make sure the horses had got out safely. They hadn't. So I ran round to the back door of the stables to get them. That door was nearer to the stalls—ever so much nearer—and the fire seemed to be more at the front. So I opened the back door and started in."

She paused to breathe, for her whole recital thus far had been spoken on the strength of a single breath. Venning was watching her in visible excitement. For try as he would he had never been able to lure her into speaking of that night's wild happenings. Always, with him as with others, she had avoided the theme with marked decisiveness.

"I started into the stables," she continued, steadying her voice, "and the smoke and the heat made me stop. I could hear the poor beasts plunging round in their stalls and whinnying with fear. But I was more afraid than they were. I longed so to run in and save them, and I knew just how awfully they must be suffering. But I couldn't! I just couldn't!"

She shuddered and her firm mouth corners twitched. Then steeling herself to the ordeal she added: "The sparks were stinging me even there in the doorway, and the smoke was all down my throat, and the heat was like raw carbolic. I tried to go in—honestly, I did. Twice I tried to, and I couldn't. It hurt so! And—and it was all so horrible inside there! Oh, don't you suppose I know what a coward I was? Don't you suppose I knew it even then? I hated myself for it. I detested myself. I wished I was dead. I wished I had the nerve to run right in there and die with those splendid horses of mine. I'd have given anything in the world to be able to do just that, but I couldn't. Every time I'd try to, something stronger would make me come shrinking back."

Her voice broke. She paused to gain fresh grip on herself. The man was still watching her. He was leaning far forward. But his face, seen through the dim light, was as blank of expression as an owl's. His hands, however, were clenched, and the short nails were cutting deep and deeper into his palms.

"All at once," resumed the girl—"all at once I knew I'd never in this world be able to do it. I knew God wasn't going to give me the courage, and I knew I'd just go on cringing and shaking outside there while the beautiful horses burned to death. It was too big for me. I didn't dare face anybody. I didn't even dare face myself. I just crumpled up in a cowardly heap under the bushes by that open door, and I hid my face in my hands and prayed and tried not to hear the screams and the stamping of the horses. I think I must have stayed that way for a year, but it seemed longer than that."

Again she ventured to look at Dick Venning. But his steady eyes told her nothing, and she took up the thread of her confession.

"All at once," she said, "the stamping and kicking stopped. I wondered why, and I took my hands away from my face. There was light enough from the burning roof for me to see the back door I had left open, and there toward that doorway all three of the horses came crowding. They had got loose somehow, and they were making for the door. As they came in sight of the fire glare they got all panicky again. But by that time I was with them. I'm horribly afraid of fire. But—well, I've never seen the horse I was afraid of. I've been brought up with horses. So I knew pretty well what to do. As they came through the doorway I pulled their blankets forward one by one up over their heads, and I caught their halter ropes and I managed to keep them in some sort of control by talking to them till I got them far enough away from the blaze. You see, they knew me. And so they—and," she finished lamely, "that's all."

She fell silent, her slender shoulders quivering, her eyes downcast. Still Dick said nothing. A moment later she spoke again.

"I wanted to faint," she said. "I had been through more than I could carry, and the let-down of the horses' getting out alive through no effort of mine was too much for me. I was all dizzy and sick, and the burns on my face and hands were hurting so! I kept on remembering I must buck up till someone could take over the care of the horses so they couldn't run back into the fire. A lot of people came swarming toward me out of nowhere, all shouting and crying. I was afraid they'd stampede the horses, and I waved them back. After that I don't remember much of anything for an hour or so, except that I saw you sitting on the ground somewhere looking up at me.

"By the time I was back in my right mind and got to understanding what had happened everybody was saying lovely things about me and praising me and all

Drilling out stud-bolt on clutch housing.

Where other Drills won't work

Difficult jobs turn up when they're least expected—a broken stud in a hard-to-get-at place—a hole to be drilled where you can't make a full turn of the crank.

Set the "Yankee" Breast Drill at "Double Ratchet" and go ahead. The slightest to and fro motion of your hand sends the drill into the work, cutting with the speed of an ordinary breast drill making a full turn of the handle.

Five ratchet adjustments give a wide working range: Plain Drill; Left-hand Ratchet; Right-hand Ratchet; Double Ratchet; Gears Locked.

"YANKEE"
Ratchet Breast Drill

No. 1555 (Illustrated). Length 17 in. Three-jaw chuck for round drills up to ½ in.
No. 555. Length 17½ in. Two-jaw chuck for holding both rounds and squares.

Your Dealer Has It

Write for your copy of the "Yankee" Tool Book. Shows all the ingenious "Yankee" metal-drilling, wood-boring and screw-driving tools.

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO. Philadelphia

"YANKEE" TOOLS
Make Better Mechanics

How long will this floor be beautiful?

Not long if unprotected. Thousands of hammering footsteps, the moving of furniture, the wear and tear of indoor life will ruin it. *Save its surface and you save all.*

There's nothing like Acme Quality Varnotile for fine floors. It is made for fine floors. It is made to protect and beautify them. It does this and more. It forms a wear-resisting, durable surface that is easily kept clean.

When you think of *saving a surface*, or of making the home more beautiful, think of ACME QUALITY. There's not a surface to be protected but there's an Acme Quality Paint, Varnish, Stain, Enamel or Finish for its protection.

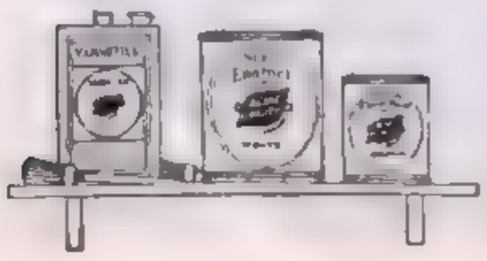
For your intimate knowledge of just what should be used for each surface, get our two booklets, "Acme Quality Painting Guide Book" and "Home Decorating." Ask your dealer or write us.

ACME QUALITY

PAINTS & FINISHES

Acme White Lead and Color Works
Dept. A Detroit, Michigan

Boston Chicago Minneapolis St. Louis Fort Worth Salt Lake City
Cincinnati Toledo Nashville Birmingham Portland Los Angeles
Dallas Topeka Lincoln Pittsburgh



Have an "Acme Quality Shelf"

For the many "touching-up" jobs about the house, keep always on hand at least a can each of Acme Quality Varnotile, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture; Acme Quality White Enamel for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork, and similar surfaces, and a quart of Acme Quality Floor Paint of the right color.

that. I was going to tell the truth about it. Honestly, I was. But I hadn't the courage. I don't mean I didn't have the courage to confess I wasn't a heroine, but I hadn't the courage to confess what a coward I had been; and I'd have had to confess that if I had told the rest of the story. I'd have had to say I had been hiding there, doing nothing and listening to the horses screaming to be set free. I couldn't do that. I couldn't tell it. I couldn't!"

Dick broke his long silence.

"If you couldn't tell it then," he asked, "how could you tell it to me just now?"

"Because it isn't fair for you to go on coming here thinking you're calling on a girl who has done something magnificently worth while, when really I'm just the same girl you didn't bother to know was on the same planet with you six months ago. I explained that to you beforehand, and now shall I tell the rest of Paignton about it? Shall I? I'll do it if you say so. Perhaps you think it has been all marrons and biscuit tortoni for me to listen to people praising me when I knew it was a lie; to know I was popular because people thought I was something I wasn't. Well, I hated it! I only hated one thing worse, and that was the idea of confessing what a cringing poltroon I really was that night. Shall I tell, or shan't I?"

He did not answer. He was still leaning forward, eying her faintly seen face with that same unreadably blank look. She made as though to repeat her question, but he forestalled her.

"Did it ever occur to you," he asked dryly—"did it ever occur to you as being at all queer that those three horses should have managed to untie their ropes from the stall rings—not break the ropes, mind you, but untie them—and then have backed out of the stalls one after another and moved in single file down the passageway toward that open back door? They must be pretty talented horses, mustn't they?"

He checked his tone of banter at sight of her sudden consternation.

"Oh!" she panted, aghast. "Oh!"

Then as the man's words sank deeper she gasped: "Someone here in Paignton must have known all along what a hypocrite I am! Someone who is fine enough to have kept quiet about it and let me get the praise that belongs to him. The man who made his way into the stalls and untied the horses and led them out into the passage and started them for the door and—but"—in crass bewilderment—"why didn't he follow them out, I wonder? That was the nearest way to safety. Why didn't he fol ——"

"Because," explained Venning somewhat sheepishly, "his air supply lasted barely long enough for him to unhitch the crazy brutes and start the last of them down the aisle toward a patch of outside light. Then he was baby enough to keel over. Whitcombe and Howie Blayne found him there and lugged him back the way he came."

"You didn't—you knew all the time—you saved them and—and nearly suffocated and—and then you ——"

"By the time I was in any sort of shape to talk," said Dick, "all Paignton was wild over you. I figured out—in a very general way, of course—what must have happened. Not about your losing your nerve, but that you'd somehow been near the back door of the stables when they came blundering out, and caught them. So I ——"

"And you let people keep on thinking ——"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Why not?" he demanded.

Long she stared, wide eyed, at him in the gloom until he waxed uncomfortable under her stare. Then she asked very quietly: "Why did you begin calling here?"

He winced at the bald directness of the question, but setting his jaw he made answer:

"Because I was a cross between a fool and a smart Aleck. It looked to me like one of the most interesting cases in psychology that was likely to come my way in a lifetime. I wanted to study your heroine halo at close quarters, and I hoped I might be able after a while to get you to bragging about what you'd done. Then I was going to do a bit of wily cross-examining and watch the effect of my question about the untying of the horses. It was going to be delightful sport," he continued bitterly. "It was going to be quite worthy of the yellow dog who planned it. It got me nowhere. I'm thankful it didn't. And now that I've told you the truth, I suppose there's no use in telling you how ashamed I am, and how sorry and ——"

"If you were so ashamed and sorry," she demanded shakily, "why did you keep on doing it?"

"I didn't!" he defended himself lamely. "Never once, after the first week or so."

"Yet you kept on coming here," she insisted, unhappiness robbing her of mercy. "Were you trying to make the honor and delight of your presence atone to me for having called at first to spy on me? Were you?"

"No," he said very simply and ignoring her fierce sarcasm. "No, I kept on coming here after that because I couldn't help myself. You see, I had got to loving you."

He peered appealingly at her through the dusk of the vine-wreathed veranda. But she was not looking at him, and her still profile told him nothing.

"I didn't want to love you," he continued. "I hated to. I thought of you as a fake heroine in stolen laurels. At least I tried to think of you that way. But I couldn't think of you as anything but the girl I had been longing for, without knowing her, ever since the day I was born. There weren't any questions of ethics left. I just loved you—that's all—as I've got to keep on loving you as long as there's any of me left to love with. When you told me this thing to-night I saw how wonderful and—and how square you are, and I stopped being unhappy about loving you, and I was proud to—prouder than of anything else in my life, and I ——"

He checked himself, the immobility of the girl's profile giving him somehow the impression that he was speaking to deaf ears.

Then without turning toward him Viva said in a muffled little voice: "Will you please go now?"

"What?" he blithered in amaze.

"Now that we've both made our rotten confessions," went on Viva in that same stifled voice and without moving, "there doesn't seem any real need to keep up the farce of acquaintanceship, does there? I think we've both gained all we're likely to gain from knowing each other. Not that it's apt to do either of us any special good."

"But, Viva!"

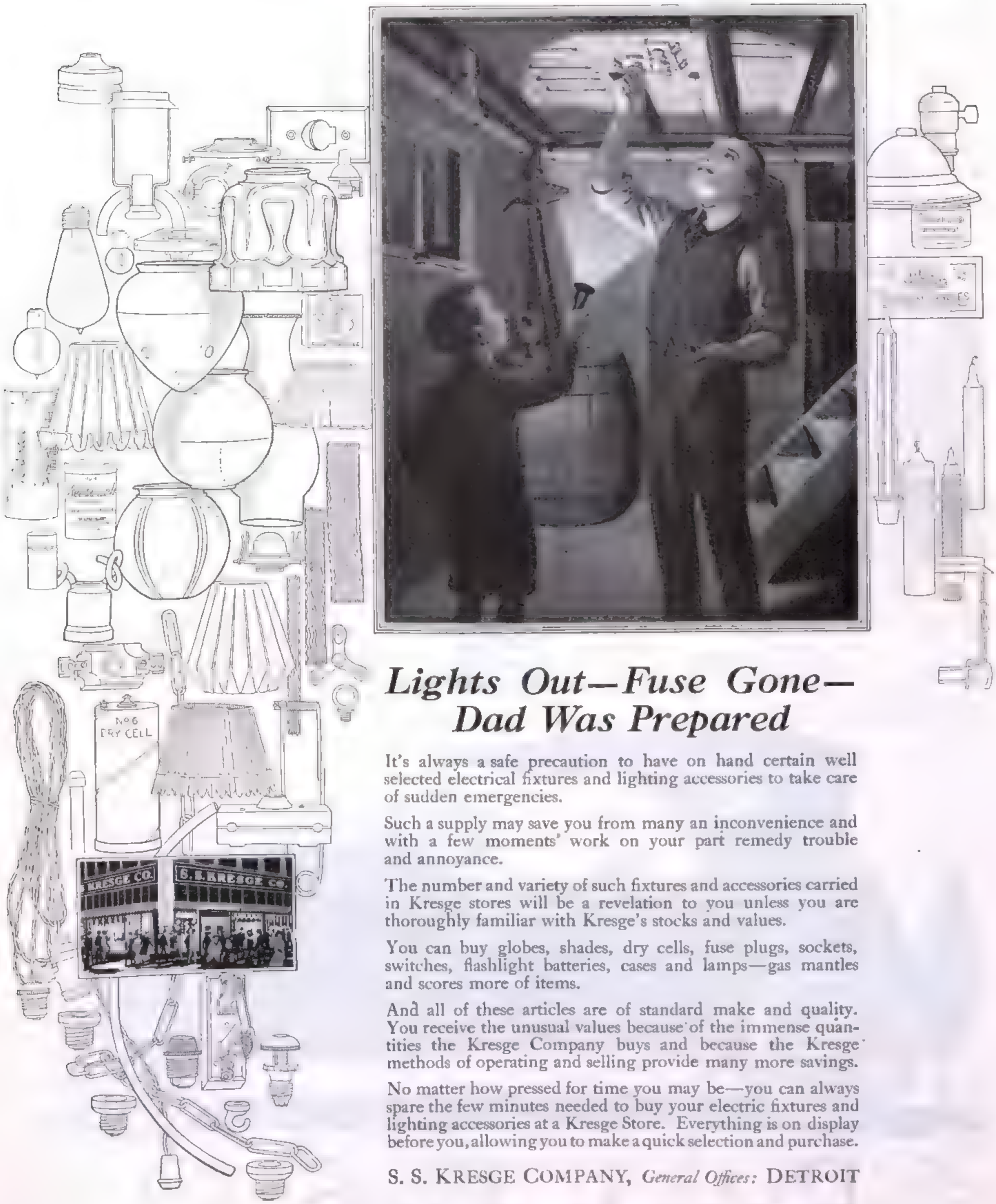
"Good night," she said softly—"and good-by, Dick. Please go now. It's much better this way; much better and—and happier—for us both. It was nice of you to say that about—about caring for me. But I don't want to be cared for by a man who has been ashamed of himself for caring. Good-by."

Dazedly he got up to go. The finality of her tone robbed him of courage to plead his lost cause. Dazedly he turned toward her for the dreary formula of leave taking.

If the peskily ubiquitous fringe of her silken shoulder scarf had not slipped down her arm and tangled itself round the bezel of the scarab ring he wore Dick Venning might have achieved a creditably dignified handshake and a sadly graceful exit. But the unsnarling of that heaven-sent hank of floss there in the half light took nearly ten seconds. And it did more. It brought their two heads so close together in the process that Venning discovered the rain of tears on the girl's cheek. After that it was nobody's fault.

"I'll—I'll tell people, if you like, dear!" offered Viva nearly an hour later. "About the fire, I mean. I'll tell everybody. I'll do it for penance if ——"

"You'll do nothing of the kind!" ordained Venning with cave-man masterfulness. "I'm going to have the full credit of marrying a heroine—or I'll know the reason why!"



Lights Out—Fuse Gone—Dad Was Prepared

It's always a safe precaution to have on hand certain well selected electrical fixtures and lighting accessories to take care of sudden emergencies.

Such a supply may save you from many an inconvenience and with a few moments' work on your part remedy trouble and annoyance.

The number and variety of such fixtures and accessories carried in Kresge stores will be a revelation to you unless you are thoroughly familiar with Kresge's stocks and values.

You can buy globes, shades, dry cells, fuse plugs, sockets, switches, flashlight batteries, cases and lamps—gas mantles and scores more of items.

And all of these articles are of standard make and quality. You receive the unusual values because of the immense quantities the Kresge Company buys and because the Kresge methods of operating and selling provide many more savings.

No matter how pressed for time you may be—you can always spare the few minutes needed to buy your electric fixtures and lighting accessories at a Kresge Store. Everything is on display before you, allowing you to make a quick selection and purchase.

S. S. KRESGE COMPANY, *General Offices:* DETROIT

S. S. KRESGE *Stores*

5¢-10¢-15¢ *Red Front*

25¢-50¢-$1.00 *Green Front*

"TIGHT" in its gas expenditure as a good "four." Generous in its eight-cylinder flexibility. These two motor virtues are combined in the Apperson.

This is the "Eight with eighty less parts."

It's the eight with the mechanism boiled down. In reality two small, simple fours merged into one at the base.

It operates with a single cam shaft and a pair of cam gears meshed direct. There is no chain.

Each small cylinder of this motor takes only an eighth or less of the gas needed by a four-cylinder motor of equal power.

Besides that, this motor gives you the flexibility which comes only from multi-cylinders.

It fell naturally to Apperson Brothers to give the eight this simplicity and economy.

For over a quarter century we have built automobiles of character.

Many of the most vital car-improvements came out first in Appersons.

Drive an Apperson first—then decide

APPERSON BROS. AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, KOKOMO, IND.
Export Department: One hundred West Fifty-Seventh Street, New York City

The Apperson is one of the few fine cars built complete in one plant. The Apperson ideal is thus carried out to the smallest detail.

APPERSON

Apperson bounds in high from 1 mile an hour to 40 in 20 seconds. From a 40-mile speed comes to a dead stop in 4 seconds. Turns in 38¼ feet.

APPERSON

THE EIGHT WITH EIGHTY LESS PARTS

AS I REMEMBER

(Continued from Page 23)

likewise affected by the influence of his cousin, William Warren, who was seventeen years his senior and whom he tremendously admired.

Burke belongs to a period of the American stage many years before my time and long ago incrusted with golden legends of superlative excellence. He must by all accounts have been an actor of genius and a most lovable man. Frank Chanfrau, who knew him well and saw him often, said of him: "He could do many things in acting and was wonderful in all that he did."

He died in Jefferson's arms with the words on his lips: "I am going to our mother."

He was only thirty-three years old.

Jefferson often said of all the comedians of his prime: "We get as near as we can to Burke, and the one that gets the nearest does the best."

Owens I saw on the stage when he was near to the end of his life, and when I was too near to the beginning of mine to receive impressions about acting of any interest except to myself. But I vividly remember him as a man, and I recall that, though worn with illness and fatigue, his kindly eyes were humorous and bright, and that his personality, his whole being, seemed redolent of merriment and cheer.

"I used to think," Jefferson often declared to me, "that if I ever could get to be an actor like Owens I should be more than satisfied."

And though I was only a child when I saw Owens I could see in the acting of my godfather little traits which showed the touch of his influence, though Jefferson unquestionably was an actor of far higher order and immensely more delicate and beautiful method. All the testimony about Owens concurs as to his drollery and blithe playfulness, and there is a story of him—which more than once I heard told by his widow, who survived him until recent years—that aptly illustrates it and denotes one of the qualities which made him so amusing:

Owens and his wife were guests at an old mansion in Maryland, and on a bitterly cold night their only bed covering was a richly ornamented quilt, once the property of Napoleon's empress, Josephine. It was thin and it was scant. The chilled lodgers beneath it, half awake, involuntarily seeking warmth, tugged at that inadequate coverlet, so that it was repeatedly pulled to and fro, comforting neither of them. At last the drowsy actor spoke.

"Corrie," he said, "I understand now why Napoleon divorced her."

The representative comedian of England, in the period when Jefferson was regnant in America, was John Lawrence Toole, who was born in London about three years after the birth of Jefferson in Philadelphia, and who died at Brighton after protracted illness and much misery about a year subsequent to the demise of his American confrère.

Toole's Cathedral

Like most, if not all, true comedians, he often was sick at heart with sadness, for he possessed not only humor but profound sensibility, a generous mind, a gentle spirit, instinctive, invariable sympathy with goodness and suffering, and he was a close observer and student of actual life.

"It is not strange, after all," said Toole whimsically, discussing this subject in my presence, "that a comedian is generally less happy than a tragedian. The tragedian gets so used to grief and sorrow on the stage that he doesn't mind a touch of the real thing in life. But the comedian often uses up all his animal spirits and cheeriness amusing the public, so that he has none left for himself. And, besides, we often have to watch the tragedians act—not that I would say they never are funny, bless 'em, but sometimes it is distressing!"

Toole came to this country once, before my time, in 1874–75, but his American engagement was a failure, and he presently returned to England, where he had his career, where he was a favorite, where I knew him well and often saw him act. In fact, if I had taken Toole's advice and availed myself of his amiable willingness to assist me, my stage début would have been made in England—perhaps to my advantage. But I did not, and now can never know whether for me the issue would have been fortunate or not.

Toole, notwithstanding private griefs and sadness that frequently dejected him, loved to frolic off the stage as well as on it. He could say and do preposterously absurd things with a portentous gravity and a seeming sincerity that imposed on most even of those who knew him best, and completely deceived strangers. Thus visiting Salisbury Cathedral, and finding it closed to the public during repairs, he asserted with such passionate vigor and such minute detail of statement that he had purchased the historic pile, that it was closed to sight-seers by his orders, and that he had come to inspect the repairs, making by his instructions, that the at-first-incredulous foreman in charge was induced to admit him to the sacred edifice and to escort him about it.

On another occasion, when traveling in England in company with my father, the train upon which they were passengers paused for a few moments at the old town of Bury Saint Edmunds. Toole, coming to the window of his compartment, gravely summoned a porter and sent a message requesting the presence of the station master.

Upon the arrival of that surprised personage the comedian, with a perfect assumption of grief-oppressed solemnity, inquired, "At what hour will the funeral occur?"

"The funeral!" answered the puzzled official. "Whose funeral?"

"Why, my good sir," rejoined Toole, "have we not come to Bury Saint Edmunds?"

A Gentle Revenge

His propensity for practical joking was at most times irresistible. But, unlike some theatrical jokers—E. A. Sothern, for example—his jokes always were innocent and kindly, harming nobody and often causing much amusement. And he never failed to take fooling at his own expense in a spirit of fun.

I recollect that, having listened to his droll account of some mischievous proceedings in which he had been engaged, I was—rather impudently—inspired to go and do likewise, and that I affixed to his broad and dignified back a large sheet of paper bearing this legend:

I AM THE ONLY TOOLE!
COME AND SEE ME
AT THE COURT THEATER IN
OFF THE LINE!

This he wore about the Adelphia Hotel, Liverpool, for more than an hour before he became aware of it. Everybody knew him and his genial, sportive ways, and all observers were amused to see him, the known author of so much playful mischief, made the victim of a prank. When, finally, he was apprised of the placard which he bore he at once divined me as the culprit who had placed it on him, pulled my ear, took me out of the hotel and bought me a fine new hat.

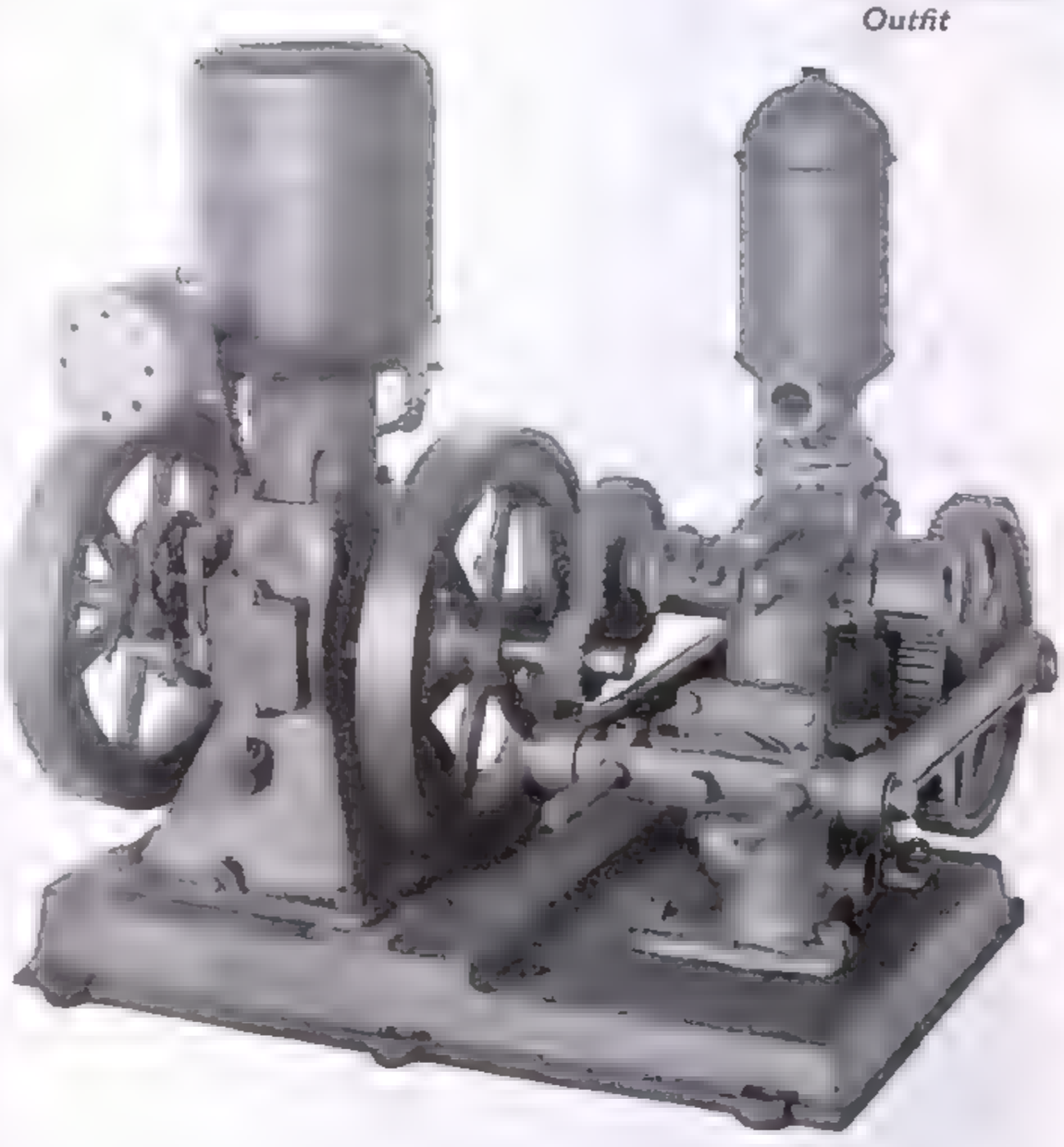
In every way, great or small, he loved to make others happy. I remember that he used to carry with him many little trinkets, which he delighted to give as presents to those who came about him; and it was from his lips that I first heard the wise and gentle words of Robert G. Ingersoll—words which every human being might well heed:

"The time to be happy is now. The place to be happy is here. The way to be happy is to make others so."

That assuredly was Toole's way, and he adhered to it even when grief was heaviest on his heart and when anguish racked his mind.

He was, excepting only Irving, his dearly loved and closest friend, the most popular actor of his time in England. He went upon the stage in 1852 and he had an exceptionally varied and valuable experience, playing, first and last, an immense number of farcical and low-comedy parts. But his acting, at its best, was of the order that combines pathos and humor and wins a response in which tears of tenderness and sympathy are mingled with kindly laughter. Perhaps the best of his serio-comic impersonations were those of Dick Holland, in Uncle Dick's Darling; Bob Cratchit, in A Christmas Carol; and Caleb Plummer, in The Cricket on the Hearth, in which he

Novo
Pyramid
Force Pumping
Outfit



What's Your Idea of a Customer?

A man who has bought something of you?

We think of a customer as a man who's going to buy again.

NOVO ENGINE CO.
Clarence E. Bement, Vice-Pres. & Gen. Mgr.
416 Porter Street Lansing, Mich.
New York Office: 1617 Woolworth Building
Chicago Office: 800 Old Colony Building
London Concrete Machinery Co., London, Ontario, Canadian Distributors

Novo Engines, 1½ to 15 H. P. Outfits for Pumping, Hoisting, Air Compressing, Sawing. Furnished to operate on gasoline, kerosene, natural or artificial gas.

NOVO
RELIABLE
POWER

President Suspenders

for comfort

Presidents never let you know you have them on. The "give and take" feature permits free play of the shoulders without binding.

Every pair guaranteed

Be sure the name *President* or Shirley President is on the buckle.

Made at Shirley Massachusetts

many times acted with Henry Irving as Peerybingle.

He was a close student of the writings of Charles Dickens, whom he knew well and who greatly admired him. Toole, by the way, played The Artful Dodger in the stage arrangement of Oliver Twist presented by special license at the St. James Theater, London, in April, 1868, with Irving as Bill Sikes and Nelly Moore as Nancy, and it is interesting to recall that when the novelist wrote Great Expectations he did so with a view to making a dramatic version of it, and drew Joe Gargery with Toole in mind as the actor to play that character.

Toole's stage appearance was usually eccentric—at times almost grotesque. His body was large, his legs disproportionately short, making him low of stature. His head was well formed; his countenance was of a droll but benign and winning aspect; his eyes were dark and fine and equally expressive of mirth or tender feeling. His voice was rich and sympathetic and his laughter loud and infectious. He was not the equal of Jefferson as an actor—though such equality has been claimed for him—because he possessed far less of imagination and poetic insight, and because his method was neither so delicate, so clear cut nor so firm and sure. In fact, in some farcical parts he descended to what the old actors used to call mugging—the making of ludicrous grimaces—which Jefferson never did.

But, like Jefferson, in his serious and important acting he aimed not at the heads but at the hearts of his audiences—and he hit them. There was great beauty of spirit, originality, strength and sweetness of mind in his truly representative performances, and he did not stop in them at adumbration of characters, but made them vividly visible and real, informing them with a vitality which rendered them potently influential and gave them permanence in memory.

When first I saw Toole his world was conquered, friends were all about him, mirth seemed attendant, and certainly love followed after.

When last I saw him he was seated in an invalid's chair in the pale sunlight of an autumnal day on the Promenade at Brighton, alone, except for a nurse, gazing up forlorn and helpless as my father and I bade him our last farewell. But, though the body was so sadly broken, the spirit of the man was there unchanged.

When that afternoon we returned to our lodging, a huge basket of flowers was waiting for my father, and another of fruit for me, with a card on which he had written in characters hardly legible: "For Old Willy and Young Willy—with Johnnie Toole's love. Don't Forget!"

I never have, and, remembering him, I remember the lines of the singular but delightful Peacock, which might well be Toole's epitaph:

He kept at true good humor's mark,
The social flow of Pleasure's tide;
He never made a brow look dark,
Or caused a tear, but when he died!

Editor's Note—This is the third and last of a series of articles by Jefferson Winter.

THE STORY THAT ENDS TWICE

(Continued from Page 10)

quarrelsome old flatfoot—a typical product of the old-time school of cops. He isn't fit to hold the job he's got and we've proved it time and again here in this paper—proved it a dozen different ways.

"But I'm getting a little bit tired of printing lists of unpunished crimes and uncaught criminals. I guess maybe the public is getting tired of seeing them printed so often; so I'm going further than this. I'm going to try an experiment. If it succeeds we'll just naturally blow the whole police department out of water, and on top of that we'll put across the biggest stunt that any paper in this town ever did put across. If it fails—well, if it fails there's no particular harm done. I figure, though, it's better than a fifty-fifty proposition that it won't fail.

"Now here's where you come into my scheme of things. I got the notion last night when I sat watching you shift from one character to another up at the Royalton. This is what I want you to do and if you're willing to do it I'll make it worth your while in more ways than one: I want you to make yourself up as this missing murderer, Magrune. I want your disguise to be absolutely complete, absolutely perfect in every possible detail. This'll be after you've spent as much time as you please with the man I'm going to hire to drill you in the part; this Horowitz that I spoke of a bit ago. He knew Magrune intimately and I've already called him up over the telephone and fixed him and he's highly agreeable to the idea. What's still better, he knows enough to keep his mouth shut; and, by the way, that's a thing you must do, too—keep the whole affair a dead secret until the job is done. Do you follow me?"

Plainly he had communicated some of his own enthusiasm to his hearer. The actor's vapid face was alight with interest as he nodded an affirmative.

"All right then," continued Crisp; "at eight o'clock some day soon—and of course for our purposes the sooner the better because it would spoil everything if in the meantime some copper should accidentally nab Magrune—at eight o'clock some morning you, made up as Magrune, will start from a given point downtown here and you'll walk round New York all day. You'll walk up to policemen—men who are supposed to be watching for Magrune every minute—and you'll ask them questions. For example, you'll ask one cop, let us say, how to get to a certain address; and you'll ask another how to get to a certain ferry slip; so on and so forth. You'll keep this up for a couple of hours or so. If you get away with it, if nobody identifies you as Magrune, you'll go still further. You'll walk past some of the resorts where Magrune used to loaf; places which would be closely watched if the police were on their job, only I'm betting they aren't. Along here you'll try to duplicate as closely as possible his former ways and habits. In fact, you'll play a slice right out of his daily life as he lived it before he committed this murder, and became a fugitive.

"Last of all, provided you succeed in this chapter of the plot—and I'm nursing a hunch that you will succeed—it'll be up to you to pull off the most daring trick of the whole performance. You'll hop on a trolley car and you'll ride uptown to police headquarters and you'll drop off there and walk boldly in at the front door, and you'll go upstairs, right past the doors of old Prendergast's office in the detective bureau, and you'll hang about the building for, say, twenty minutes—long enough to make the test complete and thorough. Of course you must have some seemingly legitimate business which brought you there. We'll dope that out later. In fact, we'll dope out a lot of the fine points later. I'm just sketching in the broad general outlines for you now.

"All along, though, remember this: From start to finish you're to keep a note of each incident, setting down the time when you spoke to this person or to that one, or when you did this, that or the other thing. Particularly, you want to be careful to remember the number of every policeman you encounter. If you think it's possible to do so without rousing suspicion and without increasing the risk of recognition as Magrune, it would be well to get his name as well as his number. I'll have two reliable persons, one a reporter for this paper and one an outsider, who'll shadow you from the time you start out. They'll be trailing you for two purposes: one purpose being to check their reports against yours in order to insure absolute accuracy, but the main reason is to make it possible for them, under oath as eyewitnesses, to substantiate your own account of your own movements.

"Assuming that you don't get nabbed, you'll leave police headquarters and you'll come back here to this office and you'll sit down here and dictate a complete statement of everything that happened—the whens, the hows, the wheres and the wherefores. I'll have a stenographer waiting to take your dictation, and another man—an expert rewriter—on hand to lick the story into proper shape for publication. Still, to all intents and purposes it will be your own story, and after you've compared it with the original draft from the stenographer's notes so as to make sure that no mistake however small has crept into it you'll sign your name to it; and on the following day I'll smear it all over every edition of this paper.

"It'll give New York the hardest jolt it's had in years when it reads how easy it is for a notorious murderer to ramble round town and chat with purblind cops in uniform. It'll give the detective bureau all the sensations that Charleston, South Carolina, had when that earthquake hit it a few years ago. It'll give Inspector Malachi Prendergast a lifelong vacation, without salary, or I miss my guess. And finally, young man, it'll give you the finest piece of free advertising, the biggest, juiciest chunk of publicity that any actor, big or little, ever had in his life. That's the main thing for you to keep before your mind.

"But that isn't all you'll get out of it. If you undertake the job I'll hand you a retaining fee of a hundred dollars before you start. If you fail through no fault of your own, we'll add another hundred to it. If you succeed, you get an additional cash bonus from The Beam of five hundred dollars, and on top of that you get all this press stuff handed to you—stuff which no amount of money could buy. You'll be a made man. I wouldn't be surprised but what some Broadway manager starred you just on the strength of what The Beam will have to say about you. The least you can hope for is forty weeks, booked solid, on vaudeville big time. Well, how does it sound to you?"

"Great!" exclaimed Dean. "It sounds simply great to me! I'd be a fool not to jump at the chance, especially as I'm probably the one man alive with the ability to make a go of it. But, Mr. Crisp"—and here for the first time a note of doubt crept into his voice—"but suppose I do get caught—then what?"

"That's easy, too," explained Crisp. "Suppose you do get caught. You'll submit to let the cop who's nailed you put the bracelets on you and give you a ride to some station house or to headquarters as the case may be. When you get there you pull off your disguise and give the cops the laugh. The Beam needn't figure in the thing at all; in fact, it mustn't figure in it in case of a fall-down. You can say that you made a bet with somebody that you could make up as Magrune and get away with it. They'll have to take your word for it. You can have the other party to the supposed bet planted and all ready to back up your statement. The worst that can happen to you is that you'll be locked up for a few hours, but sooner or later they'll have to let you go because they can't charge you with any offense. You won't have done anything criminal. In any event you'll get a good chunk of money for yourself and a good slice of publicity, because when the reporters get hold of it they're sure to play up the story as a press agent's stunt, and your present employer uptown probably will be almost as well satisfied as though the trick had succeeded. He's sure to hand you more salary and give you the better parts to play. Oh, you can't lose, no matter which way the cards fall. It's me—or rather it's The Beam—that's taking all the risk."

With a movement which in his eagerness he for once in his life failed to make stagy and dramatic, Dean shoved out his hand.

"Mr. Crisp," he said, "it's a bargain. I'll be ready to start studying the part this afternoon. I'm a very quick study—I'm noted for that. Oh, by the way," he added, "how about the wardrobe I'm to wear? You said something about furnishing me with some clothes which belonged to this man, and of course if we can get hold of a suit of his own clothes it would be better than stuff bought from a costumer or out of a shop."

"By Jove!" said Crisp. "I've been so carried away by the scheme itself that I forgot about that feature. And I should have remembered it, too, no matter what else I might forget. As it so happens, I've got the complete outfit that Magrune wore on the very night he killed that woman. The murder was committed on the night of the twenty-first of last month. The following night—which would be the twenty-second—when Magrune was interrupted before he had finished the task of doing away with the body he beat it out the back way, dressed just as he was, while the woman who'd caught him at his ghastly job

(Continued on Page 89)

VIRGINIES WILL DELIGHT YOU

says The Cook in the Can

DELICIOUS, ECONOMICAL, CONVENIENT, WHOLESOME AND READY TO SERVE

IN the first place they constitute a new discovery in food goodness—the palate-joy of old-fashioned country-style sausage—only made in a new way. The choicest sausage meat, with a bit of cereal added, is richly seasoned with well blended spices and faultlessly fried to a tempting brown.

All meat, with fat, bone and gristle removed. Fuel-saving, too, for the dainty patties are ready-cooked and come steaming from the can after it is heated a few minutes in boiling water.

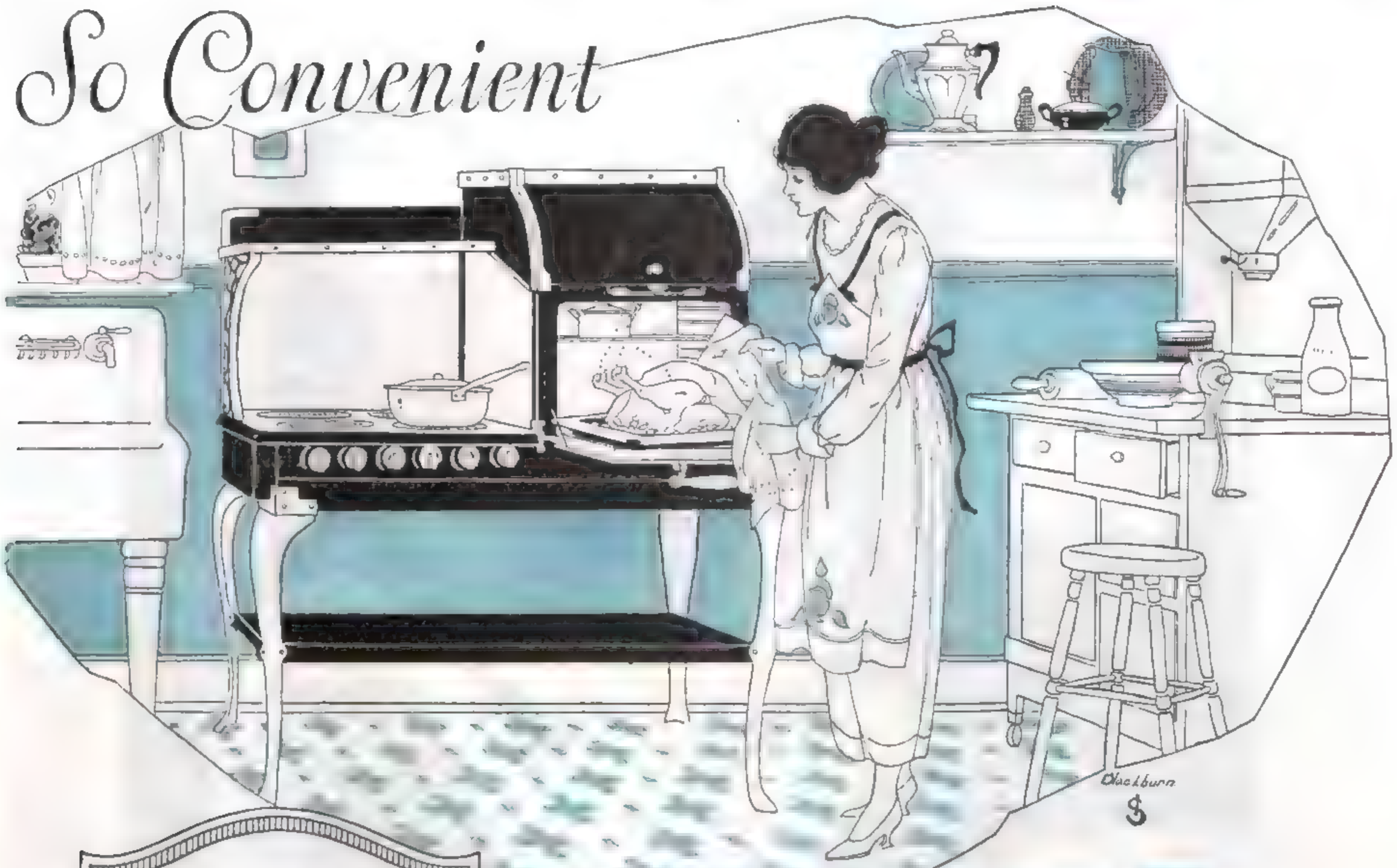
For the housewife who does her own work; for unexpected guests; for the motorist's food kit and the camper's outdoor kitchen they provide an ideal meat dish which saves time and chance in selection and labor in preparation.

The big kitchen, in which Virginies are prepared, cooked and packed, is airy and sanitary and every helper is white-clad from top to toe.

For any meal at any hour, and always welcomed by those who like good things to eat. The newest and one of the most delicious of the *Red Crown Instant-Service Canned Meats*. Ask your grocer. Packed and backed by

ACME PACKING COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Copyright, 1920, Acme Packing Company



HUGHES ELECTRIC

Convenience is the one word that best describes the advantages of the Hughes Electric Range—for it is so convenient that it enables you to save time, to save your health and your strength.

It raises cooking to a science and eliminates the disagreeable features. These advantages are crystallized in the following statement:

"I am thoroughly enjoying the Hughes Electric Range"
—Janet McKenzie Hill, Editor, American Cookery.

It is convenient because at the moment you want heat you turn a button; to increase or decrease the heat or to stop it—you simply turn the button.

Convenient because it is cool. Practically all the heat goes directly into the cooking; the temperature of the room is scarcely affected. No flame, therefore no fumes.

Convenient because it is clean. No fuel or ashes; no soot—nothing to soil the cooking vessels or the walls, no fumes to vitiate the air.

No range so modern—no range so efficient, because you do the cooking for a large family with the minimum of fuss and bother.

Your lighting Company will be glad to give further details, or write us for a copy of "*How to Modernize*," which gives much electrical information.

EDISON
News Notes

How many telegraph poles would you pass in a continuous train trip from New York to San Francisco? Now imagine 17 electric appliances of our manufacture grouped at the foot of each of those telegraph poles and you will have visualized our 1920 output.

In each group of 17 appliances there would be 8 Hotpoint Irons, 3 Toasters, 2 Percolators, etc. And at every sixth pole there would be a Hughes Electric Range. All made by us during 1920.

The modern neighborhood bakery with electric ovens in plain view is an attractive, white, kitchen-like store. We have already equipped hundreds of them.

In order to give maximum service, all electrical cooking and heating appliances must be equipped with heating units of chromel heat-resistant metal. Nothing else is used in our output.

For the convenience of our customers we maintain the following

SERVICE STATIONS

Ontario, California — Boston, 138 Purchase St.
St. Louis, 1003 Pine St. — Portland, 412½ Stark St.
Seattle, Maritime Bldg. — Chicago, 157 W. Lake St.
Atlanta, 24 Peachtree Arcade
Los Angeles, 505 Equitable Bldg.
New York, 140–142 Sixth Ave.
Salt Lake City, 147 Regent St.
San Francisco, 155 New Montgomery St

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., INC.
CHICAGO

New York — **Ontario, Calif.** — **Atlanta**

In Canada, Canadian Edison Appliance Co., Ltd., Stratford, Ontario

(Continued from Page 86)

was falling down the front steps of the house yelling for the police at every jump. Now the weather on that night was thick and muggy and foggy. Probably the fog was of aid to Magrune in making his getaway. Having cleared out of the neighborhood, it's my own private theory—and in a minute you'll see why I have that private theory—that he got a rigging of new clothes somewhere and took them to a hiding place he had chosen, wherever it was, and there changed from the skin out. Then he made a bundle of his discarded outfit and he carried this bundle under his arm, out part way across Brooklyn Bridge, and he dropped it over the parapet, figuring that it would sink in the East River and stay there, especially as he had weighted it with a couple of paving stones.

"But the fog, which had helped him out before, now fooled him. Certainly he couldn't see and doubtlessly didn't suspect that at the very moment when he was pitching the bundle over the railing a seagoing tug belonging to the Tipton Wrecking Company was passing under the bridge on its way to a salvaging job off the Jersey shore down below Atlantic City. The bundle dropped straight as a plumb-bob and fell upon the deck of the tug and stayed there; at least, that's the only plausible explanation to account for its being found there next morning.

"The deckhand who found it turned it over to the captain. The captain, whose name is Grady, stuck it into a locker and forgot all about it. The wrecking job down the coast kept him and his tug busy off and on for four weeks, about. Day before yesterday, when he got back to his home in Brooklyn, he read in a paper a description of the clothing worn by Magrune at the time of his flight, and then for the first time it dawned on him that probably he was in position to furnish a clew to the mystery of the man's disappearance. The average man would have gone straight to the police, but this Grady is a pretty smart chap. In his experience as a wrecking master he'd often had dealings with reporters and he knew that almost any newspaper in New York will pay a good price for an exclusive tip on a good news story. As luck would have it, one of my copy readers lives next door to him and the two men are friends. So Grady put on his hat and his coat and went next door and told our man what he had and wanted to know whether it was likely The Beam would slip him a piece of money in exchange for the bundle of clothes and the deckhand's story. That was night before last.

"The copy reader raised me on the telephone and I authorized him to offer Grady fifty dollars to turn the stuff over to us. Yesterday I had the clothes brought to this office and photographed. Then I framed up a picture layout and a story, intending to spring it to-day to show that The Beam, unaided and working independently of any official coöperation, could dig up important facts in connection with a big murder right under the nose of the police force. The story was in type all ready to go into the make-up for to-day's first edition when I saw you last night at the theater; and right away I cooked up this new proposition. Before I went to bed I telephoned down here to the shop and had that story killed. It will make our sensation all the stronger when it comes out that in your wanderings round town disguised as Magrune you were wearing the same clothes, even down to the collar and the cravat, that he wore when he fled on the night after he butchered the girl."

Crisp reared back in his chair, in his satisfaction massaging the palm of one hand against the palm of the other.

"Taking one thing with another," he said, "it looks to me as though the outlook for pulling off our little stunt according to program and schedule could hardly be any brighter than it already is."

Now right there was the only place wherein Crisp's judgment went the least bit agley.

As a matter of fact the outlook was to grow brighter still. It reached a peak of positive brilliancy on the afternoon of the following day but one, when the individual, Horowitz, already mentioned in this account, called him up to report that so far as he, Horowitz, was concerned the rehearsals were over, the stage was set and the production ready for performance.

"Does he look like him?" broke in Crisp, overtopping Horowitz's triumphant announcement with his own snapped words. "That's the principal point—does he look like him?"

"Does he look like him?" echoed the elated voice of Horowitz. "Boss, he don't only look like him—he's him! That's all there is to it—he's just naturally him from the skin out. Why, it's the greatest thing I ever seen done in my life, and the quickest too! You remember my tellin' you about that little trick Magrune had of sort of pullin' his left leg along behind him when he walked, like as if he had a weight hitched to it? Well, this here Dean's got that down perfect. And you remember, don't you, my speakin' to you about the way Magrune sort of glared when he was lookin' at anything hard so his eyes seemed like they was fixin' to pop out of his head? Well, he's got that too. Hell's bells, boss, he's got everything Magrune ever had—walk, talk, looks, everything! It seems like he can just naturally turn himself into Magrune. I knowed Magrune from the time we was kids together, and yet when I look at this feller I can't believe my own eyes. If I didn't know better I'd swear it was the Doc, on a stack of Bibles a mile high!"

"Good!" commented Crisp. "How did the photographs turn out?"

"Best ever! Your man just finished developin' and printin' from the negatives. Lay a picture of this here actor in his make-up alongside a genuwine picture of Magrune—full face, side face, any old way you please—and I'll dare anybody on earth—yes, I'd dare Magrune if we had him here—to tell t'other from which. That's how good it is."

"Bully!" said Crisp. "We won't forget to play up the resemblance in the pictures when we cut loose with the story. All set, are you? . . . All right then, we'll ring up the curtain to-morrow morning, bright and early. You have our man at the appointed starting point at least half an hour ahead of time—eight o'clock's the hour, you know. You take him over there from your flat in a closed carriage. . . . No, never mind, I'll attend to the carriage. It'll be at your place at seven o'clock and my two men that are going to tag him—Seville and Sloane—they'll be along at the same time. . . . No, hold on a minute, I've a smoother plan than that. I'll come myself in one of Mr. Wendover's carriages, and I'll bring both of the men along with me. I want to be on hand to see this thing launched."

According to schedule, sharp on the dot, it was launched auspiciously, easily, without slip-up or mishap. Audaciously it was carried out, tremendously it succeeded, grandly next day was it exploited. The top headlines shrieked from margin to margin of The Daily Beam. The picture layouts filled columns. The main story filled the better part of two pages. It led off with an introduction done in old Ben Alibi's best newspaperese—hard staccato sentences, brief yelpy paragraphs and plenty of exclamation points. Next came Dean's own article with his signature above it, one double-leaded column of it succeeding another; next the confirmatory evidence of the two trailers, done chronologically and descriptively, but embodied in the form of affidavits sworn to by Messrs. Seville and Sloane before a notary public and publicly attested by that functionary under his official seal; next, a somewhat guarded account purporting to relate how, through its own enterprise, The Beam came to be in possession of the garments worn by the fugitive murderer when the murder was committed; next a recital of recent police shortcomings in short and in general; finally a flattering sketch of the life, the histrionic triumphs and the rare gifts of Mr. Wilfred Dean, Thespian. A spirited cartoon by The Beam's star artist derived its inspiration from the front page; a denunciatory editorial by The Beam's chief leader writer emphasized the charges so adequately presented and so amply substantiated elsewhere in the current issue.

Rival papers along the Row could not afford to ignore the story, for after all it was news even though it might be called, after a fashion, manufactured news. The press associations spread it broadcast. The syndicates borrowed liberally from it. The resident New York correspondents of papers all over this country and in European countries as well lifted chunks of it to be incorporated into special dispatches. Leased wires sang under the burden of it and cables rode it across three thousand miles of sea bed.

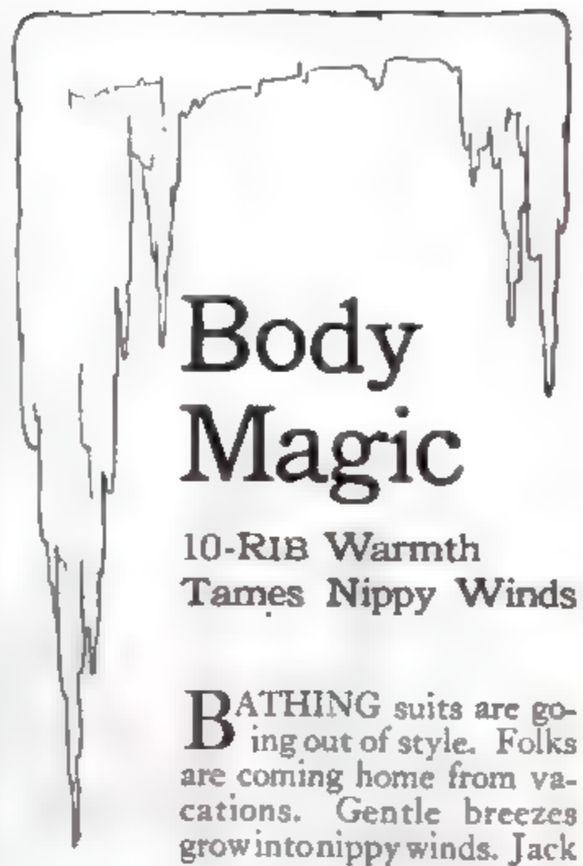
So wherever people read the English language the tale of this gorgeous coup was told and was talked about and was marveled at and was admired. Dean, undetected and, more than that, unsuspected, had wandered at will all day in the midst of millions. A patrolman in uniform had piloted him through the weaving traffic of West Street to the very pier doors of a transatlantic steamship line. Another patrolman, also in uniform—badge, number, full name, and an accurate if unflattering pen picture of the unfortunate officer being supplied—actually had discussed with Dean the Gradleigh murder, and with expressions of thanks had accepted the gift of a cigar from the spectacled, scantily whiskered stranger in the rumpled gray suit. For hours on end the masquerader had loitered in the neighborhood where the crime was committed, even venturing near the former familiar haunts of his double. And last of all, as a crowning stroke, he had invaded police headquarters, strolling deliberately through the wing where the detective bureau was housed, to inquire in the lost-property office for a fictitious missing hand bag.

Supplementary installments, stressing and elaborating the original exposé, ensued print-wise. For so long as popular interest in it endured, the story was amplified into a sort of serial, continued and continuing from day to day. Much space was given to the summary ousting of Honest Mal Prendergast from authority and, less than a week later, to his dismissal from the force, a shorn and shamed figure of proved incompetency.

Under pressure of popular demand the staff over which he had ruled underwent a drastic housecleaning. Indeed, the whole force was shaken up, shaken down, overhauled, reorganized and, as a final outcome, purged of sundry scapegoats who, whether entirely blameful or not, were sacrificed as burnt offerings upon the altar of a righteous and an aroused civic indignation. Innocent heads, perhaps, fell with guilty ones, as so often is the way of it when a disciplinary upheaval such as this one occurs in city or state. This was deplorable but inevitable.

The mayor shrank from prideful and distended bulk to a diminished and apologetic shape, promising reforms to deputations of irate taxpayers, and in private uttering sincere swear words. Both in displacement and total gross tonnage, His Honor lost heavily. Contemporaneous chapters dealt with the suddenly glorified and exalted Mr. Wilfred Dean, who overnight, so to speak, found himself lifted out of the ruck of unconsidered and unfashionable mummers and elevated to a pinnacle of dizzying prominence, with the Fifth Avenue photographers craving permission to reproduce his favorite poses in their display cases; with clamoring vaudeville managers thrusting fat contracts at him; with Sunday editors sending their brightest young women to him to interpret the views he might graciously deign to utter upon the congenial interrelated subjects of himself and his art; with expensive tailors in braided morning coats calling in person respectfully to solicit the favor of his patronage; with discreet Jap valets answering his advertisements for a gentleman's capable manservant. I may state in passing that Mr. Dean's head became, as the saying goes, completely turned—an all the more easily accomplished phenomenon seeing that it was the sort of head which easily might be turned, being but lightly ballasted anyhow.

Old Ben Alibi's brain, now, was of solider stuff. He, the creator, the designer, the real guiding and governing force of the invention, was content to bide on, more or less anonymously and altogether unsung, in the background of the glory he had builded; on the temperamental side satisfied by the reflection that he had poured essences of green envy into the prevalent yellowish composition of every saffron-souled competitor sheet in town; and on the material side enlarged by a raise in salary which promptly and voluntarily had been conferred by a gratified and grateful employer—a raise so magnificently opulent as practically to double his already handsome income. Naturally enough, The Beam, occupying to the story the relation which proud parent holds to child, exploited its achievement and incidentally itself, until the story had been squeezed as dry and juiceless as a barkeeper's lemon. While a single news element remained of it The Beam stayed with it, nursing it along to its ultimate conclusions. Crisp personally saw it through to the end—at least he thought he did; only, as a matter of fact, he didn't.



Body Magic

10-RIB Warmth Tames Nippy Winds

BATHING suits are going out of style. Folks are coming home from vacations. Gentle breezes grow into nippy winds. Jack Frost is getting ready to play his frisky tricks on unwary folks.

Now is the time to renew your supply of underwear with some 10-rib Mayo warmth. 10-rib knitting puts 10 ribs into every inch of Mayo Underwear instead of the usual 8.

Further, 10-rib knitting enables Mayo Underwear to stop any adventuresome wash-tub that tries to rob it of its softness and elasticity.

Ask your dealer to show you Mayo 10-rib Underwear. Feel how soft it is. See how it stretches. Slip your hand into a Mayo sleeve and notice how cozily it fits. We are confident that once you examine it you will take some Mayo 10-rib Underwear home with you.

Our diamond-shaped trademark is sewn in the neckband of every genuine Mayo 10-rib garment. Look for it to make sure that you get real 10-rib warmth.

THE MAYO MILLS
MAYODAN, N. C. MT. AIRY, N. C.

Sales Office:
346 Broadway, New York City

Mayo
Made from Mayo Yarn

MADE FROM MAYO YARN — Mayo

Winter Underwear for Men and Boys — Union Suits Shirts Drawers

—clothes and the game

A GOOD sportsman selects his clothes for the game as carefully as he does his clubs or other accessories. Skill depends partly upon comfort; and much of the pleasure of the game comes from being dressed right for it.

"R & W" sport clothes combine with beauty many practical features that men appreciate. You'll enjoy them whether playing, walking or merely lounging.

Try them on at any good dealer's. The "R & W" mark will identify them.

Makers of good Overcoats, Raincoats, Trousers, Day and Evening Waistcoats, Smoking Jackets, Bath Robes, Summer Clothing, Golf and Automobile Apparel

Rosenwald & Weil

Clothing Specialties

PRODUCT OF THE DAYLIGHT SHOPS

Chicago New York

For to this story, as I stated at the outset and as I now repeat, were two distinct and widely dissimilar endings. But neither of these endings did The Beam or any other paper print then or thereafter, for the very good reason that none of them knew them. One of these destined terminations transpired coincidentally with the development of a certain phase of the main issue. The other, ensuing as a sort of long-belated after effect, a buried offshoot, really, of the main tap root of the occurrence, was foreordained not to come to pass until some years had elapsed. Upon me, as chronicler, it therefore devolves as a duty and obligation to set forth, firstly, the first, and secondly, the second of these two endings. Upon the reader, as judge, rests the burden of deciding for himself which one of the two of them, from the standpoints of suitable sequences and correct dramatic values, is really the proper ending.

Just as the police and reporters had deduced almost from the moment of raising the hue and cry, Magrune stayed in New York all through the month of the hunt for him. He dared not try to quit it. He was not sure he would have tried to quit it, even though circumstance and opportunity had favored such a course, because he believed, and probably rightly so, that his chances for eluding the pursuing pack were brighter in the brick-and-mortar jungles of Manhattan than they possibly could be were he set adrift in the unaccustomed havens of lesser towns, where the sight of a stranger breeds curiosity and begets a closer scrutiny than the merely casual. The truth of this were doubly true, given that the fugitive had a trustworthy confidant, standing handily by to furnish him with close coverts and to warn him did the chase grow warm and to confederate with him in divers helpful and protecting fashions. And he had such an aid. Butcher that he was, with never a single honest bone in his body or one honest impulse in his crooked soul, he none the less had a friend to his need.

In the middle of an afternoon in the latter part of September, five weeks to the day, from the day he killed her, he crept, a furtive form, all eyes and ears and rasping nerves, down a flight of narrow wooden stairs from a loft room above a disused stable in a by-street just off Washington Street, in the lower West Side. The spot was not a quarter of a mile distant, on an air line, from the tenement where he did the killing. In this particular back eddy of this particular district there were apt to be only foreigners about—Armenians and Syrians and Turks, perhaps a Greek or two. The peril of recognition by one of these aliens, few of whom could speak English and probably none of whom could read English and all of them living a life apart in their own dingy quarter, was a faint one. It was faint almost to the point of being negligible; and yet, for all that, none the less a peril.

But a motive more compelling than the danger of detection had impelled him to venture out of his warren even while prudence tugged at the reins of his will power to make him bide behind barred doors in the better security of the supposedly deserted attic. The solitude of that room abovestairs had grown to be to him a horror unendurable. Alone up there, he saw things in remote corners to which the daylight, filtering through a screen of dust and spiderwebs across the dormer windows, did not reach. To him the dark places under the withers of the sloping roof were peopled with dreadful presentiments. The sight of human beings, the sound of their voices, the immediate presence of them and the contact with them—all these, with a taste of clean sunshine, he felt he must have or go out of his head.

Call him any kind of a misbegotten dog of a rogue you pleased, still and with all that, this man Magrune was not the woof and weave of a man out of which your calloused man-killer is fashioned. It had been a fit of gusty and uncontrollable passion, with gnawing remorse for its inevitable offspring, rather than premeditation and rather than a deliberate bloodthirstiness which had driven him to brutal means for ridding himself of the poor drab of a street woman, who had become to him an abomination. Having killed in haste he now was repenting at leisure.

Then, too, there was an abundance of contributory factors, seemingly all devised to weighten the burden of his torment. He was a creature hunted; ringed about by active and potential enemies, with every man's hand except one man's hand raised against him. On his head was a price. On his wrists, in tortured fancy, he could feel the grip of the gyves; on his limbs, often and again, he could feel the leather housings of the chair, binding him fast for the lethal shock.

The chair, with its furbishings of straps for the limbs and its surcingle for the chest and its capped electrode for the skull, was one of the things he saw; only one, though. Upstairs in the abiding gloom he saw the condemning faces of twelve men in a jury box. He saw the judge in his black robe that was like a shroud. He saw the inside of the death house, with its cell doors double barred, and behind each wattled slit a dim outline of a captive pacing back and forth like a cage beast in the zoo. He saw the woman lying dead on her kitchen floor in a dabbling of red clots and splashes.

And now, in this moment, as with wary quiet steps he came to the foot of the stair well and peeped cautiously forth this way and that along the length of a cobbled short alley ending blind against a brick wall, he saw something more starkly terrifying to him than any or all of these things. He saw himself.

To his left the alley, as I just now said, ran blank against tall brickwork. To his right, at a distance of perhaps thirty feet from his sheltering doorway, it debouched upon the sidewalk of the street meeting it at cross angles. At the mouth of the alley, clearly revealed in the breadth of the opening, stood the profiled image of himself, a solid shape, casting a shadow upon the rutted pavement.

He tried to make his stunned intelligence tell him that it was a lie; that his startled gaze was focused upon a figment of a fretted imagination, but his two popped eyes told him it was no lie. All his senses told him it was no lie. His brain proclaimed the inconceivable verity of it in a voice that rolled against his eardrums like the beating of breakers in the sea. It couldn't be true, and yet by all truth it was true. There, a rod away, stood he, himself, while he, himself, crouched in a doorway and looked upon himself.

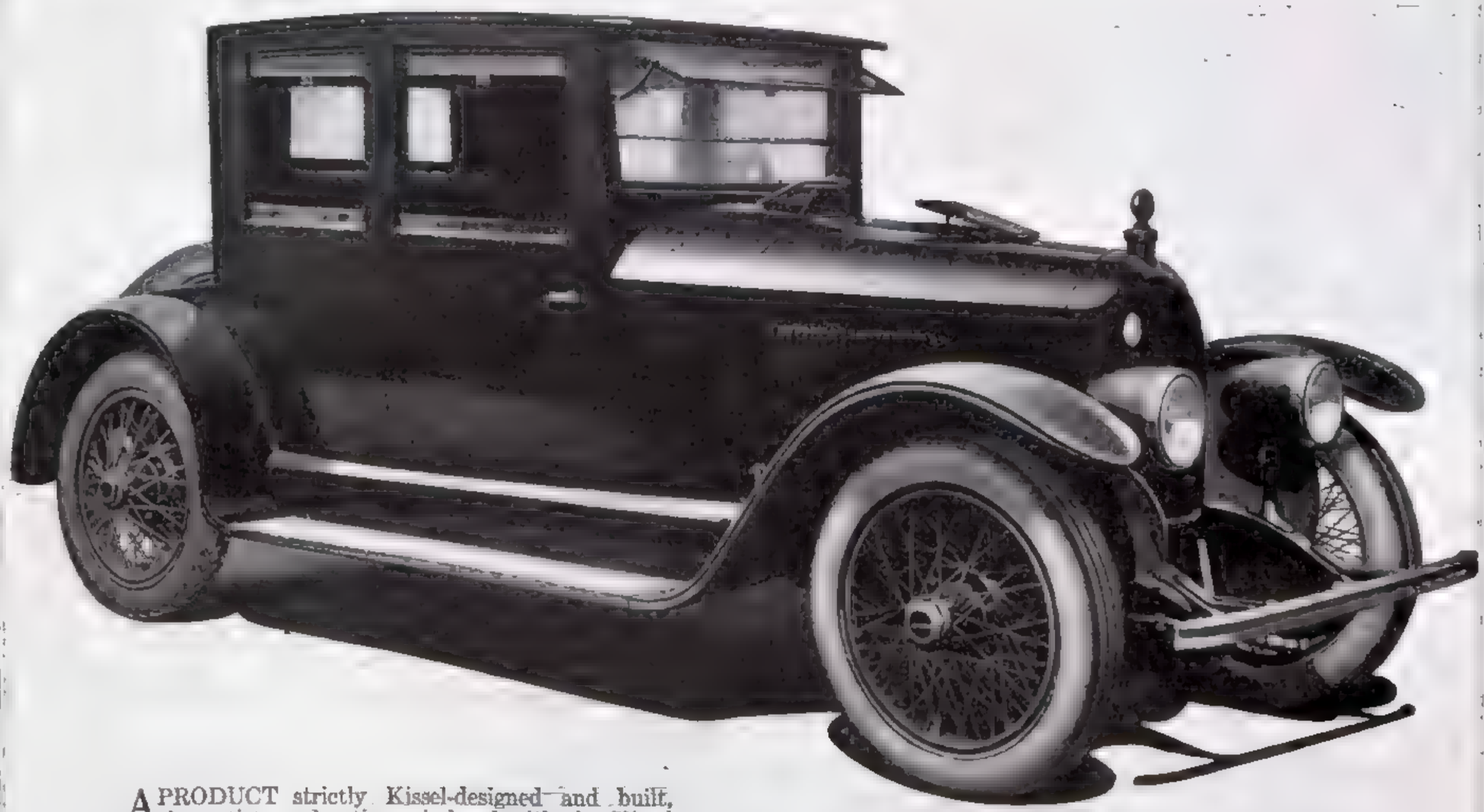
Following his flight he had altered in all possible outward regards his mien and his appearance. He no longer wore the thick-lensed glasses which had distinguished him. At once he had thrown these away. Also on the night of flight he had clipped and shorn his beard. Daily since then he had shaven his face, lip, chin and cheeks, to the quick. His hair had been conspicuously long, as befitting his charlatan rôle of seer and prophet; now it was clipped close to his poll so that the skin of the scalp showed through the black bristles. A month and more spent away and apart from sunshine and wind had yellowed his naturally dark skin to a tallowy pallor. He had lost flesh—perhaps twenty pounds. Upon his body were the jean overalls and the flannel shirt of a stable hand; and on his feet, coarse brogans. Through his time of hiding he had schooled his mind and drilled his members in an effort to cast off some of his more marked bodily idiosyncrasies. The trick of widening his lids back from over his hypermetropic eyes; the trick of dragging his left foot slightly as he walked, which was a heritage of a two-years sentence he had served in a Georgia chain gang with a heavy fetter riveted on his ankle; the mechanical trick of twitching at the lobe of one ear with the fingers of one hand, which was the hardest of all to cure since it had been a part of his nature through all his conscious life—these things he had striven manfully to master, and except when he forgot his lessons and automatically reverted to form, had fairly well succeeded in mastering.

In effect, then, this was the transformed Sidney Magrune who quivered between the door lintels glaring down that little alley.

But this, his other self, his duplicate—his whatever it was—looked as he had looked before the metamorphosis, not as now he was; not thin and cropped, not bleached and bare jowled, not garbed to pass current for a day laborer, not in any wise the Sidney Magrune of these latter weeks, but the Sidney Magrune of the longish mane and the spindly beard and the spectacles—that very same Sidney Magrune for whom the arm of the law had spread the net of the law, here revealed before his gaze as an authentic, full-dimensioned embodiment.

Thus far he had beaten the police, but was he to beat himself? What mortal,

(Concluded on Page 92)



A PRODUCT strictly Kissel-designed and built, by artists and artisans imbued with the Kissel quality ideal to make it the best car in the 124 inch wheel-base class, regardless of price.

In every detail of equipment, the most painstaking care is taken, not only to make each car complete, but of the quality and exclusiveness that would be incorporated by the experienced and critical owner were he designing and equipping the car himself.

Six different custom-built models—three open and three closed.

KISSEL *Custom-Built Six*

KISSEL MOTOR CAR CO., Hartford, Wis., U.S.A.
Originators of the ALL-YEAR Car.

(Concluded from Page 90)

armed only with natural devices, could cope with the supernatural? What man could beat unreality made real? What man could best a hallucination made flesh? What was the use of further struggle, since here, behold, his own self had played him traitor, materializing in a guise which with his own hands he had abolished, coming to this place, of all places, most surely to betray him?

Against every flinching impulse, against every protesting instinct of self-preservation, he forced his unwilling body out of the doorway and he flattened himself against the stable's front and he slid sidewise one noseless pace toward the alley mouth, then two, then three, then halted. Those other phantoms which had haunted him—the chair, the jurors' faces, six faces to a row and twelve faces in all, that murdered dead body crumpled down on that patterned kitchen oilcloth—they, time after time, had faded into nothingness after he mustered the will to advance upon them across the attic floor. To this twin apparition he must apply the same test. If when he neared it it dissolved into air he would know then that no man's eyes other than his could see the thing he now saw. If only it would dissolve! And yet even in the moment of launching the test he felt as a profound conviction that the test must fail.

It did fail. The vision did not melt away. Instead its contours took on firmer form as he crept down upon it. It stirred and vouchsafed him added, most indisputable proofs of actuality.

Slowly and idly, as though having no particular mission, it moved southward, traveling in the direction in which it had faced. In the same split second of its getting under way the watcher, pasted to the wall, saw how one hand came up automatically to tug at the lobe of one ear; saw, too, how the left foot dragged after its mate; and heard the small scuffing sound the foot made in its dragging. And then, just before it vanished beyond the corner of the building abutting on the alley at its south side, the watcher, with a shock which dwarfed what agonized sensations had preceded it through all that pregnant half minute, realized that this, his copied self, this twin shape, wore the garments which had been worn by him on the night of the murder.

In a flash he recognized the items—gray suit, tan shoes, shirt, collar, tie; garments, all, which should be, which must be, which had to be buried forever in the ooze at a river's bottom or else all plausibility was in default.

The man saw upon the lower sleeves of the coat and upon the front of the waistcoat the brownish dull stains which he vainly had sought to scrape away. By reason of his affliction of farsightedness, which was enhanced since he no longer wore lenses to correct it, he could make out small blotches of that same dried-out brown color on the soiled cuffs of the shirt.

The vision passed beyond his range of sight. He heard its footsteps die away and within the space of time it took for them to die away he already had decided upon a course. He was doomed, undone—doomed and undone by this Judas of a double of his, which could not live, and yet which did live. In reason, there could be no explanation for a thing that was utterly without reason. Yet that which could not exist, existed. That which could not be, indubitably was. And so to keep himself from one death he must die another death, a speedier one, and one less dreadful to contemplate. Saving this, there was no alternative.

Resolution manifested itself in his look and his gait as he dived for the shelter of the stair well.

Back in his loft he stayed until the darkness fell, horror all the while feeding on him. When the darkness had fallen he came forth again and, looking neither to the right nor to the left, made for the North River. No one took note of him as, half walking, half running, he traversed the cross street to the water. No one saw him slip off the stringpiece of the dock.

A twisting subcurrent, worrying his drowned carcass as a big snake might worry a dead rabbit, carried it under the dock head and left it there, caught fast in a nest of broken-off pilings. The body was never found.

On a cold night in the winter of 1902, down on the Bowery, in a flop joint—or, as persons who never patronize such places might say, a cheap lodging house—two paying guests of the establishment disturbed its peace and quiet by engaging in a bout of fisticuffs.

In accordance with the rules and regulations of the management, each of these persons had paid, on entering, the sum of fifteen cents, this payment entitling him to pick out the softest spot, not already tenanted by some earlier arrival, which he could find upon the floor of a long room, and to lie down on it and sleep there till morning. Chance would have it that an old man and a younger one, coming in practically together, should choose adjacent floor spaces. They were related, in a way of speaking, by being members both of the great brotherhood of the city's homeless miserables, but otherwise were strangers. Stretched out there in their rags upon the bare boards of the noisome hot dormitory they fell into talk. Persons who have no futures usually talk of their pasts. It would seem that this couple did.

Of a sudden they were up on their feet and at each other's throats. Unevenly matched, as they were, in the matter of the disparity of ages, the weakness and the waste which their habits had wrought upon them paired them fairly as to relative strength and energy. Neither was able by his fists and his feeble kicks to inflict any visible damage upon the body of his antagonist, but wrestling about, clouting the air with vain and flabby blows, they trampled with their feet their nearer neighbors and they broke the slumbers of all present.

Sounds of tumult reached the ear of the proprietor's assistant, called by courtesy the night clerk. He came swiftly from his post below and pried the brace apart, and of them demanded explanations for behavior so unseemly. Failing to get coherent statements from the excited and already breathless belligerents, he single-handed reduced them by forcible measures to comparative silence, and accepted the proffered testimony of divers volunteer witnesses touching on the seeming cause of the quarrel. Then having insured better order through the night by exercise of a customary procedure—summary ejectment of the offenders—the night clerk went back again downstairs and made a report to his chief regarding the whys and wherefores of the incident.

"From wot I hears it's like dis," he said: "It seems dese two bums flops down side by each, and right away dey gits social and starts in spielin' to one another about their past lifes. Dey drools along fur a little while, till dey gits to where they're talkin' about wot it was dat made bums of de two of 'em. I gits dis—see?—from a coupla other bums dat's layin' awake next to 'em and overhears 'em.

"De old bum he claims he used to be on de cops. Yep, by his tellin' of it he was no less dan a way-up guy among de bulls. He says they comes a shake-up in de department and he's made de fall-guy for the lot o' other bulls wot's got better protection dan wot he's got. So he's chucked out wit' a bad name, and he spends all de money he's got laid by on mouthpieces, tryin' to git de courts to put him back on de force. But de lawsuit goes agin 'im and all his old pals quit cold on 'im and he goes from worse to worser until finally de booze gets 'im, and here he is, down and out for de count. Wit' dat, de younger bum speaks up and says it ain't so much hard luck as it's too much good luck dat's put him where he is.

"He goes on and says dat he used to be a actor wit' a swell job and everything, and money in all his pockets. He says he's a good fellow whilst he's got it but it seems like he can't stand prosperity. And after a while, he says, he gits to hittin' up de pace too hard and he loses his job and his frien's give 'im de go-bye-bye, and next he falls for de pipe and takes to hittin' it regular, and here he is.

"Den de old bum speaks up again and says it was a damn fresh play by a damn fresh actor dat started him on de down grade and he asks de young bum if he ever knowed another actor named somethin'-or-other, and de young bum speaks up and says, w'y, dat's his own moniker; and at dat de old bum lets out a string o' cusses and hauls off and pastes de other bum in de jaw, and dat's how it starts."

"Kind of a funny quincidence, if it's true," mused the proprietor, who in his sophisticated sphere was by way of being something of a philosopher. "I mean, it's kind o' funny dese two stiffs should meet up this-a-way in a flop joint years and years, maybe, from de time their trails first crossed. Wot do you make out of it, Blinky?"

"Wot t'ell should I make out of it?" stated the assistant. "One of 'em's a rum hound and de other's a hop head. Chances is one of 'em is a liar and de other can't tell de trut' neither. Or maybe dey both dreamed it—nearly every one of dese here bums is got his own little pet fairy tale. Anyway, wot t'ell's de diff anyway? So I just t'rows de both of 'em outdoors in de street and I tells 'em to settle their quarrels on de sidewalk, and I lets it go at dat!"

Let the reader decide.

COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

The Tetons Across Jackson Lake, Greater Yellowstone

Examining the tire layers after 15,000 miles

Extra Tire Miles

Cost us $150 per mile—the Miller research cost

The Miller experts, in the past five years, have doubled their average tire mileage.

Yet the Miller Tire of 1914 was a many-year development, based on 19 years of specializing in fine rubber.

Since 1914, the cost of perfecting the Cord type only, has been $1,136,419. Just the laboratory and testing expense last year averaged $10,000 per month.

We figure that these added tire miles have cost us $150 per mile. But we also figure that they will save Miller Tire users this year some $50,000,000.

Not an easy task

Perfecting a tire like the Miller is a long, hard, costly task. One must have high ideals to do it.

We keep 250 tires constantly running under observation. We employ eight machines which give tires the extremest tests. They are geared-up machines which run tires 650 miles a day under extra-hard conditions.

We separate tires after long, hard use, to watch all effects on the layers.

We destroy 1,000 tires yearly to learn what Miller Tires can stand.

Just to watch and test tires and materials costs us $1,000 daily.

Every tire is signed by maker and inspector. Thus every used tire we get, with record good or bad, teaches us some lesson.

We spend $300 daily just to test cotton materials—cords and fabrics.

Every lot of tread stock is first vulcanized and tested in our laboratory.

It has taken ten years of such efforts to bring you these uniform Miller Tires, so famous for their mileage.

Those tales you hear

In every section Miller users tell of remarkable mileage. You hear them, perhaps—tales that seem unbelievable.

You read that thousands of large users have adopted Millers—some after million-mile tests.

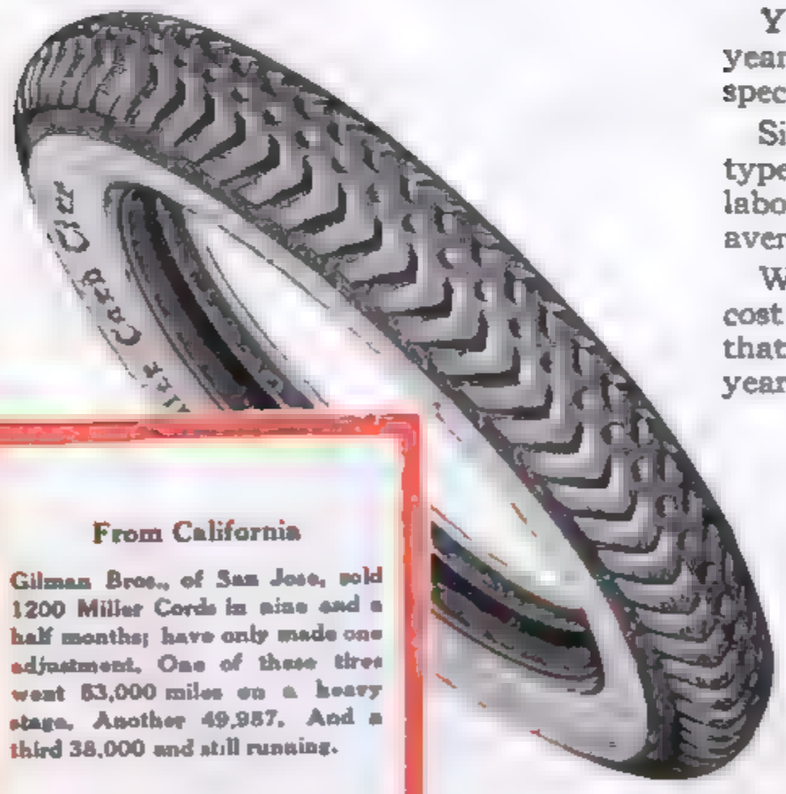
The demand for Millers in the past five years has multiplied 20-fold.

This is not accidental—there are hundreds of tire makers. The tire so talked-about, so uniquely successful, is a superlative tire. Years of costly research work lie back of its perfection.

Learn what Miller Tires mean on your car. Compare them with any tire you favor. One test may change your whole conception of a high-grade tire.

Tires perfected in this way deserve a test. And you owe it to yourself.

Test one or more. Or, if you buy a new car, call for Miller equipment. Twenty car makers now supply it without extra cost.



Tread Patented

Center tread smooth with suction cups, to firmly grasp wet asphalt. *Geared-to-the-Road* side treads mesh like cogs in dirt.

From California

Gilman Bros., of San Jose, sold 1200 Miller Cords in nine and a half months; have only made one adjustment. One of these tires went 53,000 miles on a heavy stage. Another 49,957. And a third 38,000 and still running.

From Colorado

The La Junta Motors Corporation, La Junta, report that Millers average 15,000. They have not had one adjustment in two years.

From Florida

W. R. Link, tire dealer of Orlando, reports four tires going over 28,000 miles on a car owned by the Hutchins Realty Company.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, O.

Also makers of Miller Inner Tubes, built layer-on-layer. Based on 24 years of fine-rubber experience. Red or Gray

Miller Tires

CORDS Geared-to-the-Road *Registered U. S. Patent Office* **FABRICS**

The Supreme Attainments

From the Painting by Samuel N. Ivan Abbott

Don't just "spend money for clothes"
Get your profit out of it; long service,
style that's right, good fit

Our clothes are guaranteed to satisfy you in every detail; money back if they don't

Send for the fall Style Book

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Chicago New York

Copyright, 1912, Hart Schaffner & Marx

$4.00 a Day – and Lunch – and Car Fare?

Many, many women are finding the Maytag a happy and permanent solution of the laundress problem. Thousands of women who have never before seriously considered washing by machine have been converted by the scientific Maytag *Millrace Principle* of cleansing.

Such thorough cleansing of heavy pieces is convincing. Such careful handling of dainty, fluffy things banishes doubt. Such speed and economy are a joy to behold.

With a Maytag Cabinet Electric Washer, wash-day ceases to be a perplexing problem. And washing by machine—due to the scientific *Millrace Principle*—becomes a modern day reality.

Go see the Maytag demonstrated. Note the action of the scientific *Millrace Principle*. Understand why this principle brings a new realization of mechanical washing. In the meantime, write for a free copy of our famous "Household Manual"—printed in beautiful colors. It's *free*. Write.

THE MAYTAG COMPANY, DEPT. 100, NEWTON, IOWA

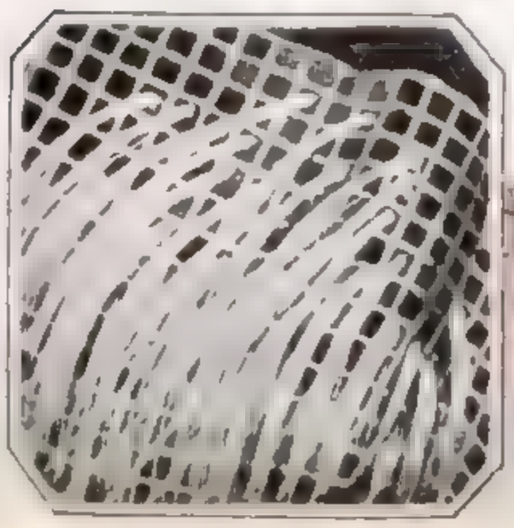
Branches at Philadelphia, Pa.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Minneapolis, Minn.; Kansas City, Mo.; Atlanta, Ga.; Portland, Ore.; Winnipeg, Man., Can., and The Maytag Company of England, 323 Caledonian Road, King's Cross, London.

Makers of Maytag Multi Motor, Electric, Belt and Hand Power Washers

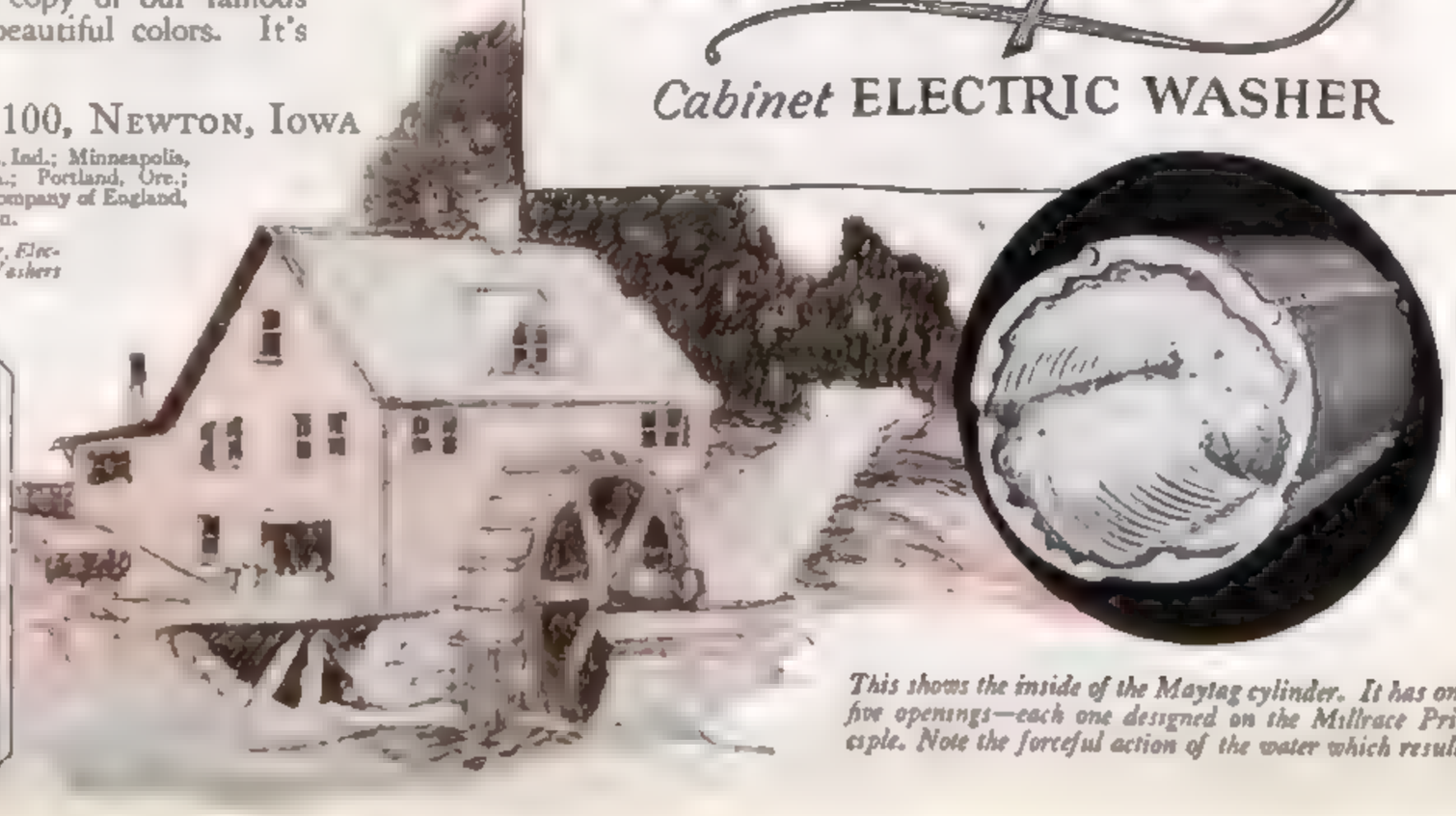
"The Gray Machine With the Red Stripe"

Maytag

Cabinet ELECTRIC WASHER



Fabric looks like a screen when magnified. Most dirt clogs the meshes. Force is required to flush the dirt out of these meshes.



This shows the inside of the Maytag cylinder. It has only five openings—each one designed on the Millrace Principle. Note the forceful action of the water which results.

MAN'S SIZE

(Continued from Page 13)

house for lunch. It was hospitably prepared to receive him after his absence, for he was a man who was always well served. He went through a beautiful clear hall to the dining room, where a small round table was laid before him. Here, when the butler had served him and asked with interest about his cruise, he issued orders.

"I am giving a dinner party—about twenty—in five days' time. Tell the housekeeper to let me see a menu. And, Meynell, the wines ——" Even a white-haired aristocrat of a butler who had served some of the greatest connoisseurs in Europe listened with appreciation and respect when Saul Kelly discoursed on wines.

These fields of smaller victories to which he had won pleased Saul more poignantly, more exquisitely, than the greater ones. With a big scoop he had bought this house and furnished it; with a big scoop he had bought the yacht; and another bought him his cars and their attendant pleasures; but the keenest sense of conquest was that given, as it were, by the accumulating, the amalgamating, of the whole, which resulted in those gracious notes from titled women on his desk, in the suave laugh of the bishop over the telephone, in the admiration with which his knowledgeable servant received his dictates. To sit here and be served; to see his beautiful napery, his old glass; to smell the roses in the center; the very feel of his perfect comfort, the very sense of the mere cleanliness of his body—these things were yet rapture. And sometimes he knew that never, never, never could he satisfy his hunger for them all his life, for the hunger had been so great, and the rapture sauced it.

After lunch he went out into the garden to smoke his cigar, for he had that treasure, a London house with a garden. Before he went back to the office he drove the car round the park. Sometimes he did this just for the exultation of remembering.

He saw his draggled mother upon a bench pointing out to him profanely the idle rich, and he heard himself cry, "Muvver, I'm going to be so's the coppers dursn't speak to me wivout touchin' their 'ats."

And to-day in the park he saw a woman. There were of course many, but for him just one. She was a tall, fragile girl with black hair and eyes, in a white lace frock. Her white feet were fragile. Her hat shadowed her eyes, making them look even bigger and deeper. She passed in a small car driven by a man, and Saul knew him.

He turned in pursuit, as he turned in pursuit of everything he wanted, and stopped them. The two cars drew up under the trees. The girl was introduced. Her name was Marjorie. She had of course a surname, but Saul Kelly listened only to the first one. The man was her cousin, harmless and married.

Saul said, "Franklyn, I am just going to drive down to Richmond, and I want you to persuade your cousin to trust herself to me and come too."

The man Franklyn had no need to do this. The girl looked at Saul under her very long and thick eyelashes, and she saw the kind of man that women love—a lean, hard, blue-eyed man, tanned very brown, and with gray hair. The gray hair decided her, as it would have decided most women with a penchant for men. She answered for herself.

"I must get back at six."

"You will do exactly what you like," said Saul.

She got out of her own car, as secure in the strength of her beautiful and alluring fragility as Saul in the strength to which he had won hardly. Indeed as she moved toward him he knew that beside her strength his was weak as water. The man Franklyn was watching with tolerant laughter.

"What shall I tell your mother, Marjorie?" he asked.

"Something she will like to hear, please," the girl replied.

Saul drove her out of town through Richmond Park, dim under the haze of heat, where the deer flitted among the ferns. The massed trees on the high knolls were silent with the peace of countryside coverts. There was hardly a soul stirring on the many winding roads at this hour of a business day.

"Do you want the river?" Saul asked.

"No," she said. "Pull up under those trees."

So he pulled up and they talked easily, because she knew what was in his heart, and he at least knew in which direction he was going, and began to make his way thither with no hesitation. She lived in Kensington with her parents; he lived—oh; Mr. Kelly? The Mr. Kelly? She'd heard someone speak of him. "You do wonderful things with money," she said sighingly.

"Money is not so very wonderful after all," he reflected.

She laughed.

"Why do you laugh?" he asked.

"Why? Because money is immensely wonderful to expensive creatures like me."

"Are you so very expensive?"

"You ought to be able to see it."

"As a matter of fact, I can," he said.

"Do you affect to dislike expensive women?"

"I never affect anything at all."

He looked at her, and she sat very still.

"Marjorie," he said, "the science of short cuts is the first a man should learn."

"You—you seem to think so. We—we were formally introduced, you know."

"Yes, but your second name makes an extra mile in the road."

"The road?"

"To you."

"Are You One of Those Girls, Marjorie, Who Think They Don't Want to Get Married? Because—Listen! You Have to Marry Me"

The girl fenced, a thing she could do with exquisite precision. Still fencing, they drove on slowly teaward. The intimacy of a secluded corner in a quiet tea room overlooking the river was very sweet. But presently they must drive back.

On the way he asked, "This evening you are going out?"

"I am dancing—yes."

"With whom?"

"How dare you?"

"Well, I dare. I suppose like most girls you take one or two favorite partners for the season. So with whom do you dance to-night?"

"As a matter of fact, it happens only to be Benny Franklyn. His wife's in Paris for a week, so I——"

"Deputize?"

"Sometimes. Why not?"

"Why not indeed? I do it myself—sometimes."

He drew up at the house she indicated, and alighting, she was about to thank him prettily and disappear when he sprang after. "May I come in for a moment, and telephone?"

"Why, please do!"

She led the way. She looked extraordinarily cool, shadowy and elusive as she drifted over the polished floor of a darkish hall to indicate the whereabouts of the telephone. While he was talking she sat on an oak chest, her fragile feet crossed.

"That Franklyn?" he said when he had got his number. "Glad to find you in. You were in because you are dressing to go out early? Save yourself the trouble, my lad. I deputize for you to-night. So long. G'by."

He hung up the receiver and met the distended eyes of the girl. They remained looking at each other.

"How dare you?" she said again pettishly.

"Well," he answered, "I dare." He came and sat beside her on the oak chest. "Marjorie, let me take you to-night. Let me. Where were you going?"

She named an exclusive dance club.

"Let me take you."

After an interval of time she relented. He was to fetch her at nine. She would not dine with him first—no, she would not!

Halfway upstairs she saw that her mother was leaning over the baluster.

"What a nice-looking man!" said the mother dreamily, clutching a tea gown about her.

"I like men with gray hair. Don't you, mother?"

"I used to," said the mother. "Now—I don't know." Then remembering her duties she cried petulantly, "But who is the man, my dear? I am everlastingly seeing strange men about the house, and I do think I ought to say something."

"It was Saul Kelly."

"My dear!"

"Um—great friend of Benny's; Benny introduced us. Benny can't come to-night, and has asked Mr. Kelly to take me instead. I like men with gray hair. Good-by-ee, dear. Must rest."

The girl went and cuddled down on her bed. She loved her life, full of delicious intrigues—not that she thought of Saul as an intrigue. She knew he meant to be something more devastating than that. A husband? Well ——

"One has to some day," she thought sighingly.

Saul met Marjorie's mother when he called sharp at nine with the little coupé he used for nighttime. She smiled and gushed over him in a Bakst drawing-room for ten minutes before Marjorie came in, and he knew that money mattered, and was thankful.

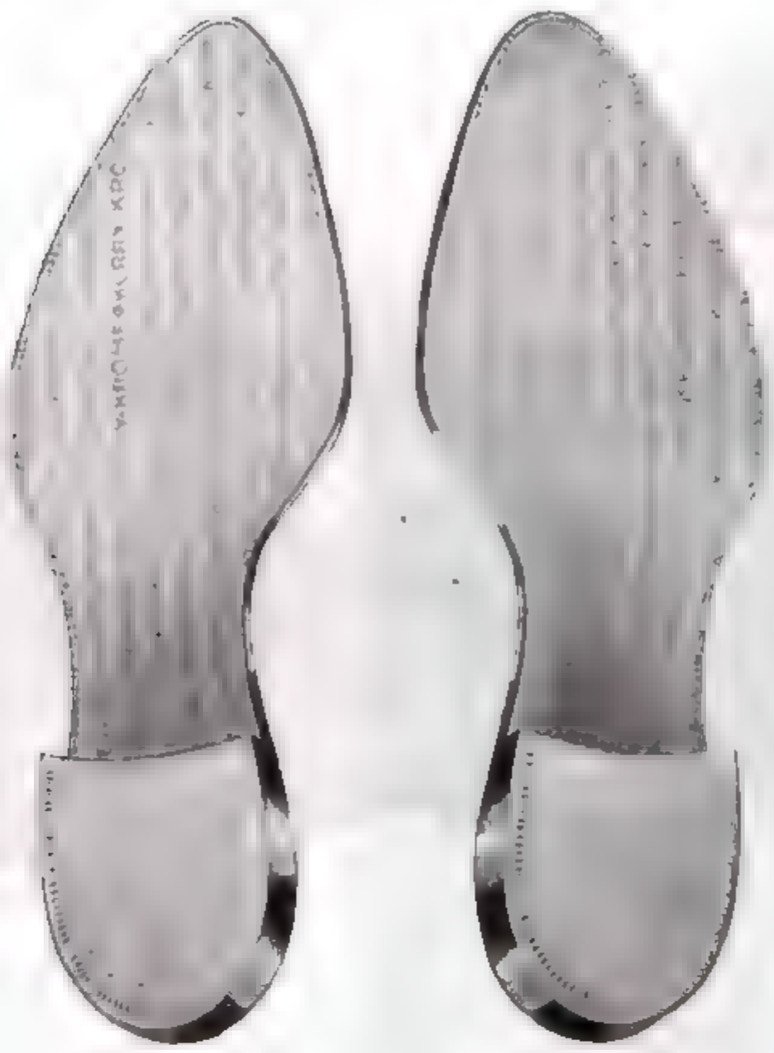
He could dance. He had always been agile; and he had learned how for the same reason that he had learned about the correct use of knives and forks, how to choose wines, how to buy clothes, and so on. He was not one of those rugged self-made men who cling fondly to their early illiterateness. He wanted all. He wanted the earth, and as soon as he had the girl in his arms he felt he had it. She of course danced perfectly. They had supper at the club.

In the glare of night light and life she was the most brilliant thing—still white, but brilliant.

At midnight he took her home. She said good night on the doorstep; and as they parted he thought, "No, I can never do without her."

He rang her up next morning. The sleepiness of her voice told him that she telephoned as she lay in bed. Later that day he called and she gave him tea. Her mother, a perfect woman, was out.

Add Life to Your Shoes



Korry-Krome
GENUINE LEATHER SOLES

There is twice the wear in Korry Soles that there is in any ordinary kind. One re-soling will usually last as long as the uppers.

Real leather, tanned by a secret process, Korry Soles are flexible, permanently waterproof, and won't slip on wet pavements.

Next time you buy shoes see if you can get them with Korry Soles. When you have your shoes re-soled tell the repair man to put on Korry Soles. He has them or can readily get them. They are as good for dress shoes as they are for work shoes. Specify which of the two brands of Korry Soles you want. The name is stamped on the bottom.

Korry-Krome

Korry-Krome is made from selected portions of the hide, and takes a somewhat higher finish. This is the most durable sole in the world.

Korry Special

As this sole is cut from the shoulder, it has a coarser grain; but Korry Special will outwear any other kind of leather except Korry-Krome, and costs less.

If your repair man does not have Korry Soles for you, send us $1.00 and we will send you a pair of Korry-Krome half-soles (or two pairs children's sizes up to size 13), which any repair man can attach. Full soles, $1.75. Give size of your shoes.

J. W. & A. P. HOWARD COMPANY *Established 1867* **Corry, Penn.**

And on the third day he wrote to her, and on the fourth evening she consented to dine and dance; and again they returned soon after midnight; and this time, as they stood together on the doorstep, she said, "I suppose there will be sandwiches—come in and eat one."

They were together in the exotic drawing-room, in the quiet house. Her mother, a most perfect woman, had gone to bed.

"I am sleepy," said Marjorie with a tiny yawn.

"Wake up then!" he said almost in a whisper.

She turned and looked at him.

"Marjorie," he said, "I love you."

"Yes?" she murmured.

"Are you one of those girls, Marjorie, who think they don't want to get married? Because—listen! You have to marry me."

He heard her quick gasp.

A few days ago it would have seemed to him not possible that anything so soft, so white, so perfumed, should come within his arms. But here she was.

So the next night, at dinner among his twenty guests, and Marjorie and Marjorie's mother, he announced their engagement. And now he was so happy that all former conquests, all previous raptures, looked simply foolish. He had beat life.

"Life," he thought as twenty-one guests drank his health and Marjorie's, "I've beat you to it."

The billiard room was cleared and they danced; and he heard with exultation, with Marjorie in his arms, droning through the song of violins, the ripple of piano, the throb of drum, the harsh music of a barrel organ to which he had contorted his small body when an outcast child on the pavement of an evil-smelling court. He saw that child; he smelled the grime of him; he felt his hunger and thirst; he heard his ribald and defiant baby laughter. No wonder that wise and brutal child could laugh!

Saul Kelly sat on a very hot day in his London office, with his marriage day three weeks ahead of him, the portrait of Marjorie looking at him from his desk top, and he heard that the oil fields were dry. The People's Oil Trust, Ltd., was a burst bubble. He sat some while decoding the telegram.

In four hours the special editions were being cried in the streets; the bishop had telephoned; so had Lord Dover, just starting for Paris and undeterred by the bad luck. The rest of the syndicate met with Saul Kelly at five that afternoon.

Marjorie rang up. She wailed, "Will it make much difference to our income? I'm such an expensive creature. No-o? No-o? Oh, darling! That's all right then!"

But even as the soft, white, perfumed girl smiled again the cry of the half million investors ascended and was heard. Little people, sickly of heart, who could not face ruin with courage; who could not suffer bravely the loss of so hard-won savings; lone women dependent on small fixed incomes now partly vanished; the poor fathers of families raved at by despairing wives for jeopardising what mattered so greatly—all these were beating at the gates of despair. In person they, many of them, were besieging the offices of the company. The People's Oil Trust, Ltd., the greatest of the Kelly enterprises, had exploded among mostly helpless victims.

Saul Kelly looked round the faces at the table in the board room at five that afternoon. They were rich men all, but men with families, with estates, with dependents, with traditions, with many and proper calls upon their large purses. Among them he sat alone as one who was his own man. He was his own man. He was not yet Marjorie's. Behind him he had nothing. He had come from nothing to sit in this handsome room among these men. Therefore he knew himself freer than they.

Procedure was decided upon. The liability was upon the shareholders. They were one-pound shares, half to be paid down, the rest to be called up if necessary. The crisis had arrived. When the rapid and apprehensive talk was over the men went out one by one, leaving Saul last. He remained alone at the long table. It was a beautiful table bought by him out of his love for beautiful things, and its polished top was like a dark mirror in which he saw ——

He saw all those little people sickly of heart, wan of courage; he saw in the dark mirror of the table top as he brooded over it, head in hands, the terror and puny rage of that half million. He knew so well. He knew how it felt to be beaten twice when you have been beaten once. The second beating is so much sorer. He knew the meaning of struggle. He had seen the sickly child in the gutter; the elderly clerk livid with fear of life; everywhere he had seen and known derelicts among whom he walked with the surety in his heart: "I am going to be a very big man."

And sitting there, as these visions pictured themselves in that rippleless pond of shining mahogany, he thought, "I am a very big man. But—how big a man am I?"

He wondered. The sun went in and the room was somber. The dark mirror clouded, and as it darkened and dulled he saw within it a face—a wan, square face with eyes of light, of sorrow and frantic warning.

"Ah, mother!" he said aloud—the first time he had been so near her since she left him—"ah, mother, here am I. Am I big enough for you?"

And she tried to touch him. She reached up and pushed him from her as she, down in that pit into which others were hurtling, saw falling toward her, a small man, and ugly, her little son.

He rose and walked away from her. He looked from the window into the street, and for people he saw there he knew pity. He saw many poor people, strugglers, and he looked down upon them to see if the dizzy height between him and them would make his head swim, but it did not. He knew he was a climber who had reached the top and whose brain was clear to make the descent again. The ultimate knowledge of kings informed him, and he saw that the sweetness of all success is to save; the glory of all wealth is to give; the courage of a heart is to fight and the strong brother shall lift the weak. So he rang his bell, and his secretary who had been waiting about, yawning, came in.

"Listen," said Saul Kelly. "Get busy! Get me the best firm of furniture brokers on the phone. My furniture is in the market. It is good. A lot of it's real old. I've had fun collecting it. Get me then a house agent. I will have Williams & Poole. My house is in the market. And then the touring-car specialists—that firm—you know? They'd better sell the cars for me."

The secretary ceased to feel bored. Saul Kelly went on:

"The yacht—she will fetch seventy thousand. I sell out my interest in the White Tree Rubber concern; I realize every stick and stone on my little country place; and with my banking account—I keep a lot by me, as you know—it's my way—with my bank account, I say, I can touch—why, I can touch, in cash ——"

He began doing a tremendous sum, and after the secretary had stammered and argued this way and that, he fell to saying over and over, "But, Mr. Kelly, you can get out like the rest. A bishop—a bishop's in with you. Isn't that good enough for you? All these people—it isn't your fault they're let in. You can't leave yourself without a penny—a big man like you."

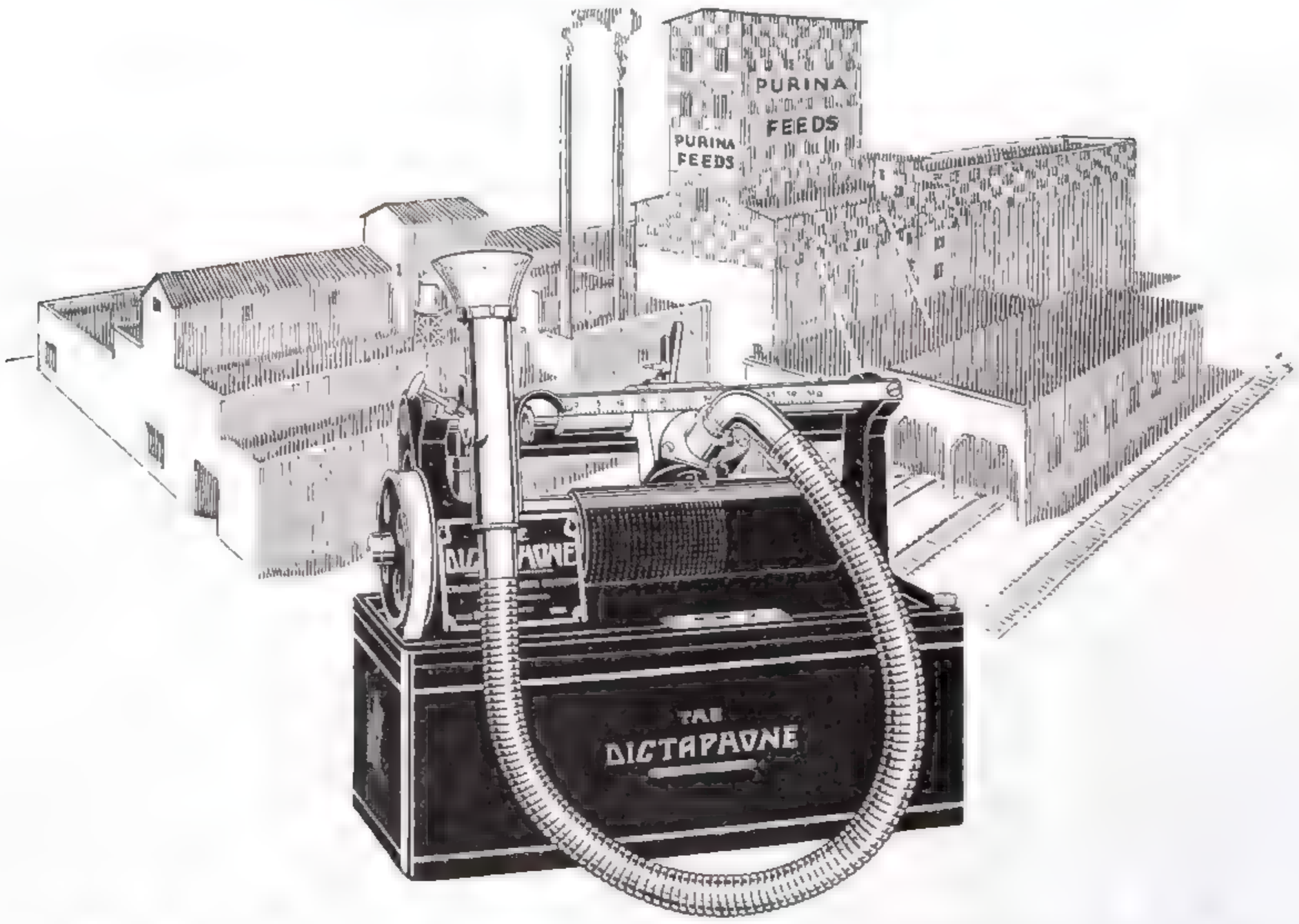
"Get me the firms I asked for," said Saul Kelly. "Ask my lawyer to step round, and The Daily Leader can send a man to see me at home. That might—save some lives." He said this very softly. As a small child he had seen a man cut his throat; and though he had seen throats cut since, that was the one in his mind.

The secretary, gasping, made a last throw. He caught up Marjorie's photograph—loaded dice—and he cast them:

"You're being married in three weeks' time!"

Saul Kelly heard a man respond in a soft, slow voice, "Ah—have that photograph packed up—addressed—yes, have it sent." He turned to the telephone, lifted the receiver and spoke:

"Give me City 200,960. That Hendriks, Brown & Pollen? Mr. Kelly wishes to speak to Mr. Hendriks. Mr. Hendriks, this is Saul Kelly, hoping you are in the best of health; and have you got a place for me?"



Will YOU Profit by the Experience of the Ralston Purina Company?

The Ralston Purina Company, of St. Louis, Mo., is using 75 Dictaphones in its various departments. Mr. R. A. Black, Treasurer, says: "The Ralston Purina Company considers The Dictaphone indispensable. In fact, it is our firm conviction that we could not, nor would we undertake to, get along without it; especially now that we know what The Dictaphone is accomplishing for us today."

Whether your office is large or small, we are ready to install The Dictaphone, to give you a working demonstration of how its use speeds up letter production and saves the time of both operator and executive. Give The Dictaphone a trial in *your* office on a definite basis of speed, accuracy, and economy.

THE DICTAPHONE

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries

"The Shortest Route to the Mail-Chute"

Goodrich Rubber Company, Kansas City, Mo., say: "With us speed is the thing. To secure it, we installed 23 Dictaphones and centralized our typing department. The result has been a decided increase in speed and a material increase in volume of correspondence handled daily."

The Creamery Package Mfg. Company, Chicago, Ill. P. R. Durdy, Comptroller, says: "The 22 Dictaphones, used in all our departments, have proved to be time-and-money savers in this office. They certainly save the time of both operator and dictator."

Phone or write our Branch nearest you for convincing demonstration in your office, on your work, and for Booklet, "The Man at the Desk"

THE DICTAPHONE, Woolworth Building, New York City

Branches

Akron, Ohio
Atlanta, Ga.
Baltimore, Md.
Birmingham, Ala.
Boston, Mass.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Chicago, Ill.
Cincinnati, Ohio
Cleveland, Ohio
Dallas, Texas
Denver, Colo.
Des Moines, Iowa
Detroit, Mich.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Hartford, Conn.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Kansas City, Mo.
Los Angeles, Cal.
Minneapolis, Minn.
New Haven, Conn.
New Orleans, La.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Portland, Ore.
Providence, R. I.
Rochester, N. Y.
Salt Lake City, Utah
San Francisco, Cal.
Springfield, Mass.
St Louis, Mo.
St. Paul, Minn.
Seattle, Wash.
Spokane, Wash.
Syracuse, N. Y.
Toledo, Ohio
Washington, D. C.
Worcester, Mass.
Montreal, Can.
Toronto, Ont.

There is but one Dictaphone, trade-marked "The Dictaphone," made and merchandised by the Columbia Graphophone Company

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 40)

When an emergency rose and a new head was needed for the accounting department this minor employee was appointed temporary chief. Immediately things commenced to happen, and the obscure worker became an aggressive force in the organization. The company had not encouraged suggestions from its workers, and the fellow had his full line of ideas respecting what should be done to better efficiency.

One of his first suggestions pointed out the advantage of adopting a system of machine bookkeeping. Eight bookkeepers and five machines now do the work faster and better than twelve people did it before, when the ledgers were posted by hand. In the old system four days each month were usually required to procure a trial balance; now a trial balance is prepared in three hours. This work is done quickly because of the group totals thrown out by the bookkeeping machines.

Though he spent only a few months as head of the accounting department, the new chief established rules and practices that have proved their worth during the two years that have intervened since his promotion to the position of general manager. The company's old system was not satisfactory when it came to providing a method for figuring such essential facts as costs and profits. Among the new rules laid down were the following: Never figure your percentage of profit on the cost. Profit comes out of the selling price, not out of the cost. To find out the cost percentage on sales you must carefully total up all of the year's expenses and then divide this figure by the total of sales. Freight was made a production cost, and cash discounts were included in administrative costs and not charged to sales.

The accounting department was changed from an uninteresting bureau of statistics to an essential part of the company's operating organization. One investigation developed figures showing in detail what the cost is to the company when an employee writes a business letter. In this estimate was included the cost of folding a letter, putting a stamp on it, shaving phonograph records, filing, and so on. Another plan produced a record that exposed inefficient work on the part of any employee. This record also provided information as to how authority is used and responsibility discharged.

The new chief accountant was a shark on charts and perfected a system whereby every phase of the business was clearly visualized by some kind of diagram. The charts gave a more graphic picture of costs and profits than did tabular presentations, and saved valuable time for the company's officers. They also automatically sift the important details from the mass of unimportant matter and provide guideposts for the management to follow.

Another innovation was individual payroll sheets for each worker. This scheme saved time and provided valuable information for the company's officers that could not have been easily obtained from any other record. These individual pay sheets show the year's total wages at a single glance, and they may be made to serve as a pedigree of each workman, giving all needed information about him in condensed form.

Since the present income-tax law requires each employer to notify the Government of all employees receiving wages in excess of $1000, this job entails much work if the report must be compiled from the ordinary pay-roll sheets. When it is desired to make an analysis of the pay roll by departments this new scheme makes the task easy, for the individual sheets may be grouped under department heads.

During previous years the company's system of accounting provided no way to keep a careful record of certain costs, such as those incurred in the operation of motor trucks. To overcome this a cost method was inaugurated that shows the average cost of haulage for any kind of a unit mile. The system also indicates the mileage cost of tires, per-mile cost of fuel and repairs, time worked and time lost and the causes for the losses. In calculating the depreciation of trucks the new method was far more scientific, and was based on the life of the truck in miles rather than the life of the machine in years.

These and other changes made by the new chief in the company's accounting department paved the way for his advancement to the more important position of general manager. During the two years of operation under his direction the concern has made an enviable record in the matter of production and earnings. The new general manager has proved to have an enormous capacity for the accumulation of knowledge with reference to the most modern of business practices. The best way to recite what he has done is to describe some of the business methods lately applied in the management of the company's affairs.

The credit department of the organization has been given to understand that credit granting is one of the most important factors in creating a bond of good will between the house and the customer. Credit is a service to be sold just the same as are other features offered by a concern. More accounts can be lost by improper credit methods than can ever be restored by any sales campaign.

One interesting policy is that of interchanging the credit manager and the sales manager for several weeks each year. This plan provides the credit man with a better outlook on the problems of the sales department, while the manager of sales learns of some of the difficulties encountered by the company's credit service.

One result of this kind of cooperation is the assistance the sales department is asked to give the credit forces in the writing of collection letters. Letters designed to bring in money from slow-pay customers must contain something in the nature of a smile and be human in the extreme.

Though the majority of credit managers possess ability to read a dealer's character from his letters, and can often picture not only the man's personal appearance but his store from such correspondence, they should accept every opportunity to make personal visits and get in closer touch with their trade.

Though the company has profited largely from its new plan of requiring each customer to submit a signed financial statement the first of every year, no attempt is made to pursue an arbitrary course that would likely offend or alienate prospective buyers. No slow-pay customer is dropped until every effort has been made by the credit manager to educate the man to understand that goods are sold on definite terms and that payments are expected when due.

Much success has attended the program of education designed to force home the real meaning of two per cent, ten days. Customers have been told that this two per cent discount is really a bonus given the buyer for paying his bill twenty days sooner than his purchase contract makes necessary under the thirty-days-net clause.

The big point of the company's argument is taken up with showing that this two per cent for twenty days amounts to three per cent a month, or thirty-six per cent a year.

No wise business man to-day can afford to ignore this saving of thirty-six per cent a year on the total amount of his average monthly purchases. Aside from the dollars gained, the buyer benefits materially from his improved credit standing.

A few of the company's rules in the matter of credits and collections may be stated as follows:

Find out who is responsible for the payment of bills and concentrate all attention on that individual, carefully studying his methods and peculiarities and his company's policy in the matter of making payments.

Do not repose too much confidence in financial statements; circumstances and conditions may modify their value as an index of the customer's financial condition.

Credit must be based on character and business ability as well as on capital. One customer may have less money than another and yet may possess experience and energy that will make him a far safer proposition during a time of unforeseen business difficulties. Some merchants have plenty of assets, but are negligent in such matters as providing sufficient insurance and forcing a frequent turnover of their stock to prevent excessive depreciation.

Credit men must act as a check upon both customer and salesman who are inclined to encourage extravagant buying. It is bad business at any time to overload a customer, and such a practice just now, in view of the uncertainty of future prices, is particularly unwise. Credit departments should never destroy the envelope that contains the statement sent in by a customer. Should an unknown buyer attempt to practice fraud, the envelope showing the date of the post-office cancellation stamp will come in handy in court proceedings. The credit department should always work in advance, compiling information about prospective customers. It is a good rule to remember that the debt limit has been reached when liabilities amount to fifty per cent of the buyer's quick assets.

The real heart of every big manufacturing corporation is its sales department. The operating efficiency of this particular branch of the business here referred to was the chief pride of the new general manager. His selling philosophy contained numerous points worth noting. The salesman should never mistake noise for persuasion; never oversell a buyer; never force an issue in controversy—it is the function of the corporation's chief executive to practice diplomacy; never promise more than the company can fulfill; never accept the idea that a prospect can't be sold; never waste time writing letters to the home office about the slowness of business. A salesman should devote at least ninety per cent of his selling talk to detailing methods that will be useful to the jobber in pushing sales, and never fail to exercise the same courtesy after selling as he did before.

It is the company's policy to bind the salesman to the concern through just treatment and liberal compensation. However, a plan is in force to prevent the salesman from appropriating his trade which has been built up largely at the expense of the corporation. It is common for a salesman to carry the accounts in his territory to a competitive firm with whom he has become affiliated. To overcome this possibility an executive in the home office is responsible for a given number of accounts. When the salesman lines up a new customer it is the duty of this office man to take an active part in selling the service of the house to the new buyer. In doing this he acknowledges the order and writes the notice of the shipment.

The office man also makes frequent trips through the territory in which he is interested, sometimes with and often without the salesman who covers that section. In furthering this scheme the company has also found it advisable to change a salesman from one territory to another. The whole plan provides a good insurance against the losses that would otherwise result should an aggressive competitor enter on a campaign to procure the services of the company's experienced salesmen.

One bit of knowledge that has proved valuable to the company is the fact that Saturday is often the best day of the week on which to get the buyer's undivided attention. Under previous managements Saturday was regarded largely as a holiday. The records for last year showed that the new plan of regarding Saturday as a day of work has added from ten to fifteen per cent to each salesman's working year. It follows, of course, that their earnings have increased in like proportion.

The success of the scheme is based on the idea that many business men work at high pressure throughout the week, and begin to relax on Saturday in anticipation of the rest they are to enjoy on Sunday. Above all else, it is true that the average merchant is less bothered by calls of salesmen on Saturday than on any other day. It has frequently occurred that the prospective buyer has been favorably impressed with the energy displayed by the seller who has sufficient hustle in him to keep at it after the crowd has quit.

On a par with selling are the advertising operations of a large concern. Here again I found that the new manager had taken time to become a profound student of the subject and develop new ideas that were up to the minute in their scope and effectiveness. Results so far have shown that the best kind of advertising booklet is one made up in accordance with the question-and-answer plan. This type of folder, or book, nets more sales than one written in story form.

The questions, of course, must be arranged from the buyer's point of view, and the answers must be brief and right to the point. Mailing lists should be revised at least twice a year and this can be done through the courteous wording and use of return postal cards. In order to guard against the loss resulting from catalogues and circulars being thrown into wastebaskets the policy is to print a statement under the address which reads: "This is sent in reply to a request from your purchasing agent."

The advertising for the concern is prepared in accordance with several proved ideas: First, the artist must not be favored at the expense of the copy. The story must be set in type, and then the illustrations and borders built in and round it. When the reverse plan is followed too little space is allowed in which to tell the story. Second, interesting and easily understood copy must not be sacrificed for the doubtful benefits that are supposed to come when the ad is cut and hacked so as to make it brief and peppy. A long, interesting message contains more selling force than a short, interesting one. Third, photographs pull better in ads than do drawings. The photograph makes the message appear real and sincere, for it tends to convey the thought that actual humans are using the product. Fourth, the language should not contain superfluous words or be flowery. It should always be absolutely true, and never knock. Under no circumstances should the copy contain anything that would be likely to start a controversy. No ads should be designed to scare the prospect into buying. Fear copy is poison copy that will never produce results that are permanently beneficial.

I will have to carry some of the points intended for inclusion in this story into a later article, but before ending let me mention just one more act of the new manager that will give a still better idea of how he is applying the knowledge of human nature he accumulated during his years of service as a minor employee to advantage in his present important work.

Many workers brood over problems that they would like to take up with the man higher up, but hesitate to address a letter to some important executive in the office for fear the communication might be opened and read by others. In order to overcome this trouble the manager sent a little card to employees giving his home address and inviting them to send any communications they desired him to see to his house.

He has not been annoyed, as many might fear, with idle and unimportant letters of silly complaint, but on the other hand has received many communications that have brought valuable practical suggestions; and above all, he has cultivated a close and beneficial relationship with some of his men that could never have come about in any other way.

Extra— Two-Trouser Suits at Regular Monroe Prices

$40 $50 $60

THERE are *two* ways of cutting into the high cost of clothes, and Monroe Clothes cut *both* ways. Monroe Clothes give more for your money and charge less.

In addition to our sustained policy of always presenting 100% value, we will, this Fall, offer nationally the MONROE TWO PANTS SUIT.

• • •

THE extra pair increases a suit *one-third* in *actual quantity* and *doubles the wear.*

Think back how often you have looked at a fine coat with months of wear left in it, and had to discard it *because the pants were worn out.*

And don't overlook the convenience of an extra pair of pants. When one pair needs pressing, there's *always a pressed pair* hanging in the closet.

• • •

REMEMBER these Two Pants Monroe Suits are the same *silk-sewn, all-wool Monroe quality*—the same *smart, up-to-date Monroe style* that New York men wear—approved by the 500,000 men who have bought and worn Monroe Clothes.

Monroe Clothes are the *New York idea in style* and the *national idea in price and economy.*

Go to the Monroe Clothier in your city, and get the benefit of our great national economy—THE MONROE TWO PANTS SUIT.

The Monroe label guarantees you satisfaction, and the price ticket attached by us to each garment is the nation-wide guaranty of standard Monroe Clothes prices. Monroe Clothes are sold by leading clothiers everywhere.

Extra Pair—Double Wear

Monroe Clothes

New York *Styles* America

Monroe *Clothes* New York

55 Fifth Avenue, New York City

An un-retouched photograph showing two of twenty motor units of the Chicago Fire Department, which are equipped completely with Goodyear Cord Tires

Copyright, 1920, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

The Efficient Answer for the Sudden Call—Pneumatics

"Twenty units of the Chicago Fire Department now are equipped with Goodyear Cord Tires. These pneumatics have enabled greater speed, have proved reliable in our most severe service, reduce vibration in the 'pumpers' which deliver 750 gallons a minute and counteract rough going in the freight and outlying districts. Mileages have run to past 30,000. Repairs average sixty per cent less. We expect to place 30 more units on pneumatics this year and, eventually, to operate entirely on air."—John F. Cullerton, Business Manager, The Chicago Fire Department

INTO the eventful history of American motor transportation has been written a volume of evidence like this, marking the intense fitness of Goodyear Cord Tires for emergency duty.

All the advantages of their spryness, traction and cushioning are found particularly valuable when trucks must be dispatched to answer sudden calls for service and deliveries.

Despite long distances, rough routes and inclement weather, the big, hardy Goodyear Cord Tires enable prompt, reliable transit with least strain on drivers, trucks and loads.

Their unusual stamina is the all-important result of their pioneering development at the hands of Goodyear engineers guided by Goodyear experience in the operation of pneumatic-shod fleets.

This development work has provided in the strength of Goodyear Cord construction the basis of every advantage of the pneumatic truck tire by which it broadens motor truck utility.

Users' reports, showing how pneumatics benefit many kinds of hauling, can be obtained from The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, Cal.

Haul on Pneumatics

CORD TIRES

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING

(Continued from Page 25)

at least most of 'em can—but they can't tell you why; or that they're for Hoover or Wood or antiprohibition. But they don't know the A B C about taxation or financial questions or government ownership."

"For the same reason," replied Saltonstall, as he turned a log, "that we get such mediocre officeholders in America. James Bryce wrote a chapter in his American Commonwealth explaining why our Presidents were so rarely first-class men. I don't remember what he said, but I'll tell you why I think it is. We're too busy with our own affairs to take the time either to govern the country ourselves or to keep proper supervision over those to whom we delegate the task. We're the greatest business nation in the world, but the one piece of business we systematically neglect—except about once in four years when we parade round behind a band with kerosene torches—is running the United States of America.

"We haven't any group of people qualified and trained to govern, as they have over here, who give their lives to it. With us anybody is fit to be a congressman, a senator, or a cabinet officer, and anybody's business is nobody's business."

Lawrence took several thoughtful puffs before he answered.

"I think you've hit it," he agreed. "The public business is not our business. We don't regard ourselves as partners in a going concern. We're too busy making money over there to give the necessary time to politics—or anything else."

"What, for instance?" inquired the other.

"Oh, lots of things," returned Lawrence drowsily. "Art, seeing the world, living, and—everything."

"You're improving," yawned Saltonstall. "Let's go to bed."

VI

THE up train Tuesday morning bore with it to London a Lawrence Berwick only remotely resembling the Berwick of Broadway. He had golfed and tramped, rowed on the river, fished, gossiped with the farmers, loafed about the lawn and explored the Abbey ruins until his face was tanned dark brown and every vestige of nervousness had vanished from his system. An astonishing serenity possessed his spirit, and things which at home would have irritated and annoyed him—such as the blowout that almost caused them to miss the train—bothered him not at all.

Once back in the city, however, he became, for the moment, at least, the energetic American man of business eager to put through the matter in hand. Even though he had a definite appointment with his solicitor, he had seen enough of the way things worked in England to realize that he would have to exert pressure if he expected to sail by Saturday. He returned to his hotel, sent off a cable or two, lunched and once more sought the city.

This time when Lawrence rapped upon the door of Fortesque, Saddlecloth & Co. the parchment-faced clerk greeted him with affection, and informed him that Mr. Saddlecloth was duly expecting him. Then producing a bundle of huge keys he stepped out upon the landing, inserted the largest into the door opposite, opened it, disappeared inside and presently popped out again.

"This way, sir."

The clerk ushered Lawrence across the threshold into a sort of padded cell, where apparently, as a matter of form, he allowed the visitor to kick his heels for a few moments, and then led him out again and into an inner sanctuary in which he could see nothing but a dim yellow aura surrounding a highly polished bald head. He was in the presence of Mr. Saddlecloth.

"Ah!" said that gentleman in an aerated voice, whose attempted note of cheerfulness was strangely out of place in an office the gloom of which resembled that of a mortuary chapel. "An, Mr. Lawrence Berwick?"

"Yes, I'm Berwick," returned Lawrence as the retreating Higgins locked them solidly in together. "Tried to get hold of you last week, but ——"

"Yes, yes!" hastily interjected Mr. Saddlecloth, whose pallid visage seemed to give off a glow like that of the ghost in Hamlet, but with the slightly roseate hue of an underdone ham. "Easter holidays. Quite impossible, you understand."

He had shaken hands and then quickly retreated behind an ambuscade of grimy piles of papers tied with green tape. There was dust—thick gray mats of it—on everything.

"I came over on that Northwyn matter."

"Came over?"

Mr. Saddlecloth appeared dazed.

"Yes. We want to clean it up—get rid of it."

"You don't mean to say you crossed the ocean—just for that!"

"Just for that!"

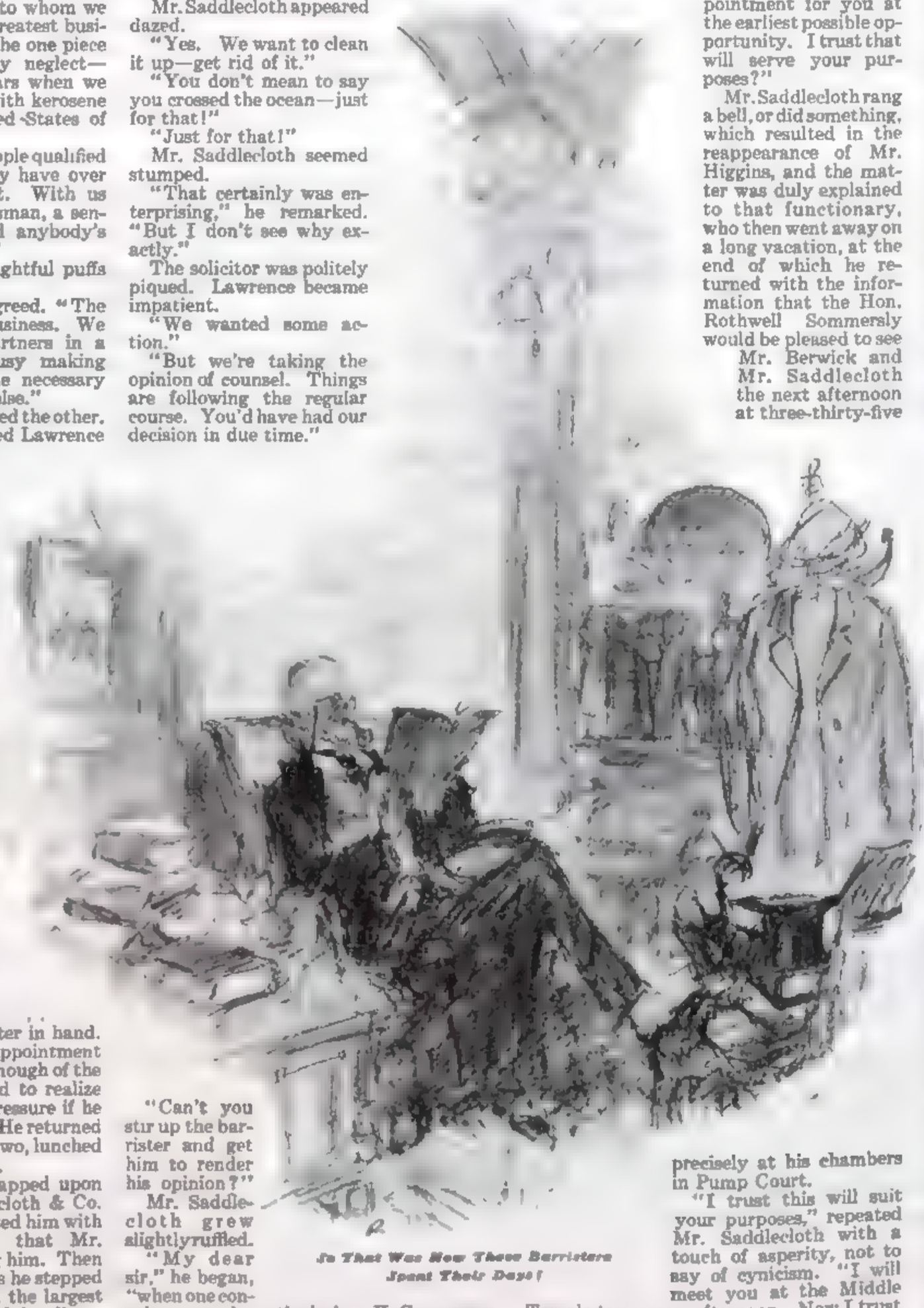
Mr. Saddlecloth seemed stumped.

"That certainly was enterprising," he remarked. "But I don't see why exactly."

The solicitor was politely piqued. Lawrence became impatient.

"We wanted some action."

"But we're taking the opinion of counsel. Things are following the regular course. You'd have had our decision in due time."



In That Was How These Barristers Spent Their Days!

"Can't you stir up the barrister and get him to render his opinion?"

Mr. Saddlecloth grew slightly ruffled.

"My dear sir," he began, "when one consults counsel, particularly a K. C., one usually doesn't try to stir him up, as you call it. In fact, we like him to take his time in order that the matter may receive proper attention."

"I'm sailing on Saturday for America," quietly commented the New Yorker.

"Sailing—on—Saturday!"

In Mr. Saddlecloth's watery gray eyes was mirrored the conviction that Lawrence was courting incarceration in a madhouse.

"Yes—and I want this thing settled before I go back."

Some of the irritation that was beginning to boil inside him must have shown itself in his tone.

"Um! Well, I will write to our counsel, but I can hardly hope to get his opinion ——"

"What's his name?" suddenly snapped Berwick.

"The Hon. Rothwell Sommersly, K. C., M. P.," answered Mr. Saddlecloth. "He is a very busy man."

"So am I," explained the American tartly. "Can't you call him up on the telephone, or can't I drop in and see him this afternoon?"

Mr. Saddlecloth looked pained, almost agonized.

"My dear sir," he moaned, "one doesn't drop in, as you call it, on distinguished counsel without an appointment. Neither do they give opinions *viva voce* over the telephone. I will have my clerk call up his clerk and ask for an appointment for you at the earliest possible opportunity. I trust that will serve your purposes?"

Mr. Saddlecloth rang a bell, or did something, which resulted in the reappearance of Mr. Higgins, and the matter was duly explained to that functionary, who then went away on a long vacation, at the end of which he returned with the information that the Hon. Rothwell Sommersly would be pleased to see Mr. Berwick and Mr. Saddlecloth the next afternoon at three-thirty-five precisely at his chambers in Pump Court.

"I trust this will suit your purposes," repeated Mr. Saddlecloth with a touch of asperity, not to say of cynicism. "I will meet you at the Middle Temple to-morrow afternoon. Now I trust you will excuse me, as I have an appointment with another client, who has, in fact, been waiting for several minutes already. Good afternoon, sir."

Lawrence mastered his impatience as well as he could. After all it was only Tuesday afternoon. He would see Sommersly, K. C., next day and the ship didn't sail until Saturday—plenty of time. Having nothing better to do, he decided to take a look at the Temple and the Inns of Court, of which he had so often heard and whose names had always exercised for him a remarkable fascination. He managed to reach Chancery Lane without much difficulty, but thereabouts he became confused, and though within sight of The Griffin of Temple Bar, sought assistance from a bobby on a crowded corner. In order to save the officer's time he abbreviated his inquiry to a single word. He never took such a verbal short cut again.

"The Temple?" he asked during a momentary hiatus in the stream of vehicles.

The bobby gazed down from his superior altitude with an expression of incomprehension.

"Well, wot ab-out it?" he demanded haughtily.

Yet when with humbleness of spirit Lawrence explained that he desired to know the Temple's whereabouts the same official directed him thereto with meticulous courtesy—down a dark and narrow alley, which turned unexpectedly off Fleet Street in the midst of its most noisy and crowded stretch. In a dozen strides Lawrence suddenly found himself in another world, a world of ancient square brick buildings with dingy windows, of quiet courts in whose fountains sparrows chirped and bathed, of green gardens sloping to the Thames Embankment, where nursemaids sat knitting, and watched their charges playing upon the grass. Overhead a sign read, "Middle Temple Lane." Under an arch his eye caught sunlit court opening upon sunlit court. Behind some of the windows he could see heads vaguely outlined. Here and there hurried a wigged barrister, his gown clutched in one hand and held high above his knees. From behind him rose the seemingly distant roar of Fleet Street's traffic. Here all was peaceful—mellow.

The door of one of the buildings was ajar, and through it Lawrence caught a glimpse of a grand old dining hall with an open-work ceiling of ancient oak, stained-glass windows and a long table upon a raised dais, with other tables—all set for dinner—along walls lined with carved choir stalls.

"Middle Temple 'all, sir—built in 1572, sir," wheezed a whisky-soaked derelict in a battered tall hat at his elbow. "'Ere, sir, the great Shakspere performed 'is famous comedy of Twelfth Night before Queen Hel-lizzybuth. And yonder is the Temple Church, built in 1185, with recumbent—hic—black marble figures of Knights Templars in full harmor, and in the churchyard the Tomb of Holiver Goldsmith. May I show 'em to you, sir? No, sir? Thank you kindly, sir."

Lawrence evaded him with sixpence, and pretending to be in search of—what was it?—Oh, yes, Pump Court—ducked along a cloister to discover himself miraculously in it and directly confronted by a tin sign reading "Rothwell Sommersly, K. C." The window was open, and near it was sitting a cadaverous person with a high-arched nose, in an alpaca jacket, smoking a large meerschaum pipe and reading—was it possible?—a copy of Punch! Lawrence sidled nearer, unobserved by the man inside. Yes, it was Punch! So that was how these barristers spent their days! From time to time the man in the alpaca jacket pursed his lips, took a long pull on the pipe and smiled contentedly.

VII

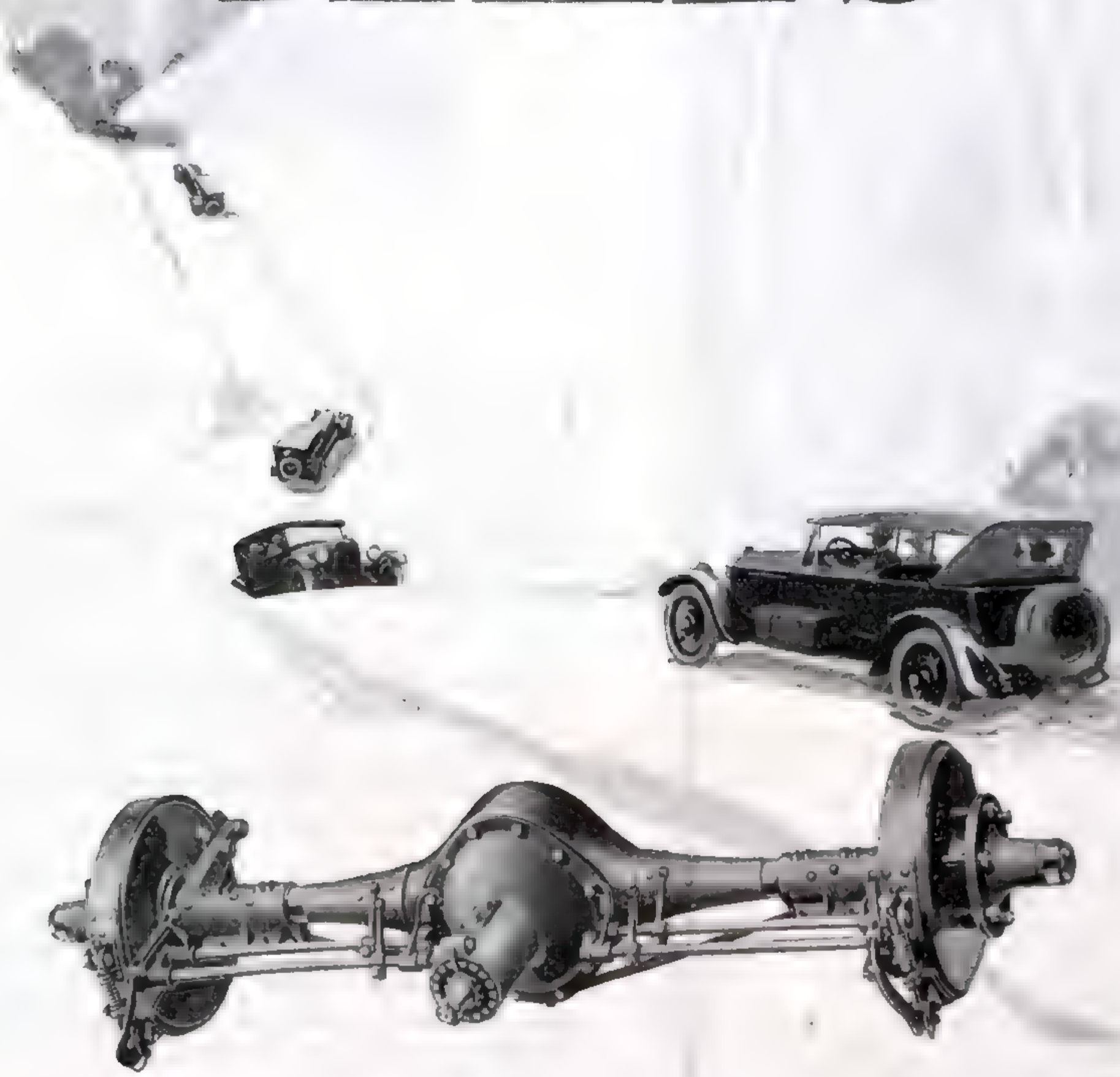
THE following—Wednesday—afternoon, Lawrence having met Mr. Saddlecloth by appointment, returned to the chambers of the Hon. Rothwell Sommersly, K. C., M. P., in Pump Court at three-thirty-five precisely. Lawrence could not understand why the hour had been set at three-thirty-five rather than three-thirty, or if three-thirty-five it was not three-thirty-three—and though he did not venture to ask, he discovered this in due time.

No copy of Punch was visible upon their entrance. Neither was any odor of tobacco noticeable. But Lawrence definitely established the identity of the man in the alpaca jacket—it was the Honorable Rothwell.

Mr. Saddlecloth, who in the light of day appeared pinker and less bald than on the previous afternoon, approached the barrister with an air of deprecating timidity. Though he had treated Lawrence with brusqueness, almost hostility, he clearly regarded the person of the Honorable Rothwell as little less than sacred, as one whose legal shoes he was hardly worthy to unloose; and for his part, the Honorable Rothwell treated him like the dirt under those shoes. With Lawrence, however, the latter was urbane.

(Continued on Page 107)

SALISBURY AXLES



Honest performance in thousands of motor cars over a long period of years has convincingly proved the real character of Salisbury Axles. The high regard in which they are held by the motoring public is but the inevitable result of their intrinsic qualities, as demonstrated in actual service.

To have produced an axle which has contributed in so large a measure to the perfection of the motor car is, indeed, an achievement of which we are justly proud. So long as Salisbury Axles are built they will continue to represent our sense of obligation and a very practical form of idealism.

SALISBURY AXLE COMPANY, JAMESTOWN, N. Y., U. S. A.

The Resiliency is Built in the Wheel

IT does not require a technical demonstration to prove the soundness of the Sewell idea in Motor Truck Wheels.

Any intelligent man can immediately recognize the advantage of a permanent cushion of rubber—built within the wheel—and absorbing at all times the shocks and jars of the road.

The Sewell Cushion Wheel is, first and last, an appeal to common sense. It applies resiliency at the points where resiliency is most essential —and, in so doing, decreases operating expense and increases the life of the truck.

These statements are not a mere matter of theory. They are definite facts established by twelve years of experience and indorsed by the most prominent truck users of the nation. The evidence is most convincing and we shall be glad to submit it for your consideration.

The Sewell Cushion Wheel Company
Detroit, U. S. A.

Branches and Distributors

New York
Chicago
Philadelphia
Detroit, Mich.
Boston, Mass.
Cleveland, Ohio
St. Louis, Missouri
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Baltimore, Maryland
San Francisco, California
New Orleans, Louisiana
Kansas City, Missouri
Indianapolis, Indiana
Buffalo, New York
Cincinnati, Ohio
Atlanta, Georgia
Denver, Colorado
Los Angeles, California
Minneapolis, Minnesota
Washington, D. C.
Rochester, New York
Portland, Oregon
Seattle, Washington
Springfield, Massachusetts
Birmingham, Alabama
Memphis, Tennessee
Columbus, Ohio
Newark, New Jersey
Louisville, Kentucky
Salt Lake City, Utah
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Wichita, Kansas
Dayton, Ohio
Columbia, South Carolina
Casper, Wyoming
Miami, Florida

Sewell Cushion Wheels

(Continued from Page 104)

The Northwyn matter? Oh, yes! He rang a bell and directed his clerk to look up the papers. He had intended to write to Fortesque, Saddlecloth & Co. about it, but it had slipped his mind. So Mr. Berwick had come from America to look into it, had he? Well, well! Extrawd'n'ry! He hoped Mr. Saddlecloth had enjoyed the holidays? Yes, the barrister thanked him, the fishing at Scourie had been rather excepsh'n'ly good. Ah, there you were! And he slowly undid the green tape that surrounded the Northwyn problem.

The fact was, he remarked, that though he was clear in his own mind that Skellings versus Mainwaring was not in point, Sir William Tremayne—of whom Fortesque, Saddlecloth & Co. had at his, the Honorable Rothwell's, suggestion asked an additional opinion—had not got round to it. He would probably meet Sir William on the golf course at Sunningdale the following Saturday, and if he thought of it he would speak to him. But Sir William was not a man to be hurried. The question was—did Skellings versus Mainwaring apply? He thought not, but Sir William, who was a specialist in such matters, might think differently. Next Saturday he would try to jog Sir William's memory.

Lawrence was aghast. He explained gently to the Honorable Rothwell that upon that same day he expected to be under full steam, headed for America. The barrister shook his head. You couldn't do things that way. Since Sir William Tremayne had "gone special" he was a hard man to get, and you had to take your turn. Moreover, there was this to consider: If Sir William thought Skellings versus Mainwaring did not apply, the Treasury might accept his view of the matter and no litigation would be necessary.

"Don't you agree, Saddlecloth?"

Mr. Saddlecloth rubbed his hands and agreed with celerity as well as affability.

Lawrence saw red. So far as he could make out, it simply boiled down to the Hon. Rothwell Sommersly's not being willing to disturb the serenity of Sir William Thingemyjig because the latter was an important old man. Well, that was all right for the Honorable Rothwell and Sir William Thingemyjig, but where did it let him, L. Berwick, off?

He didn't put it that way exactly, but that was the substance of it, and he did not try to disguise the fact that he was very much annoyed. The Honorable Rothwell was polite and most apologetic, but nothing would budge him. Then he suddenly looked at his watch and declared that he had a client waiting for a three-fifty-five appointment. He would see them again to-morrow—if they liked—at four-fifteen.

Fuming but baffled, and not knowing what else in the world to do, Lawrence agreed to meet Mr. Saddlecloth at Pump Court at the barrister's chambers the next afternoon. Yet as he did so the vision of the Honorable Rothwell in his alpaca jacket, with his pipe and copy of Punch, was present to his mind. What was the meaning of it? He must do something—or he'd never get away from England! Yet as he sauntered out into the Temple Gardens he confessed that there was something very pleasant and agreeable about it all, so long as you weren't personally up against it.

Why shouldn't they all go away and shoot and fish and play golf? What did they lose by it? If they all did it nobody got ahead of anybody else. The only deleterious result was that everything got pushed along a day or a week or a month. But it got done—ultimately. And when it was done it was done right—once and for all. Buck it? You couldn't! You couldn't jar that pink ham of a Saddlecloth or the Hon. Rothwell Sommersly's set complacency with a charge of dynamite. On the other hand, he simply had to go back to America. There was the Steel and Wire Spring case definitely set for the first week in May, and nobody but himself to try it. And unexpectedly he found himself asking why somebody else couldn't try it! He was still furious when he reached his hotel, but his anger quickly faded at the sight of Lord Congreve and Lady Muriel having tea in the grill with Saltonstall.

"I'm going to call it a day!" he groaned laughingly as he joined them. "The British lion is slowly devouring me. How did you get here?"

"Father had to come up to town unexpectedly, and brought me along," she answered. "Aren't you sailing on Saturday, as you planned?"

Lawrence set his jaw.

"I can't answer that question—yet. But I'm going to have a show-down with the British system—going to the mat with it. Either it or I will have to be carried off in an ambulance."

"Eh?" stammered Lord Congreve with affected surprise. "I don't quite follow you. What's the trouble? It is possible that you have a grievance."

Over his tea Lawrence humorously described his experiences, first with Saddlecloth and then with the Hon. Rothwell Sommersly.

"You can't do anything about it," Congreve assured him. "Nobody can. It has always been done that way and it always will be. Half of it is swank, anyhow."

"How do you mean—swank?" demanded Lawrence.

Lord Congreve held out his cup to Muriel for more tea.

"Why, take this feller Saddlecloth, for instance. The clerk told you he was in Scotland, but the chances are he was in his office at the time."

"What?" ejaculated Lawrence.

"Precisely. You see everybody is supposed to go away for the holidays, so those who can't afford to, or haven't any place to go, have to pretend they've gone too."

"And you really think Saddlecloth made me stay over a week and lose my ship just to make me believe he'd taken a vacation?" shouted Berwick.

"I'd not be surprised."

Slowly there rose before Lawrence's eyes the vision of the Honorable Rothwell and his pipe.

"Another thing," he asked thickly—"what's the meaning of these extraordinary appointments they give you—at three-nineteen day after tomorrow, and all that?"

Lord Congreve's face assumed a quizzical expression.

"Every solicitor and barrister in London is assumed to be so overcrowded with work that he has the greatest difficulty in sandwiching in his clients. Hence you can never get an appointment on the same day—rarely inside of three—and hardly ever for more than twenty minutes at a time. It's just a convention, you know. But I suppose you have 'em in your own country."

Lawrence was forced to admit that this was true.

"However," continued Congreve, "after all it has certain advantages. Nothin', at least in the law, is ever done in a hurry. It's all thought out carefully, and so a lot of litigation is saved. We get just as much done in the end. And those fellers make no end of money. Take my friend, Sir William Tremayne, for example. He must make twenty thousand pounds a year."

"Who—did you say?" asked Lawrence.

"Tremayne—Sir William. He's our leading K. C."

"He's a perfect dear! You ought to know him!" declared Muriel. "And he already lives in a blaze of glory," she added reminiscently.

"But I want to know him! He's retained in my case. In fact, I want to meet him right off—this afternoon—to-night—to-morrow! If I don't I'll never be able to sail on Saturday," asserted Lawrence in excitement.

"Well, you can't!" smiled Lord Congreve. "That is—until Saturday."

"Why not?" inquired Lawrence suspiciously.

"Because he's still in Scotland," answered Congreve. "I mean he really is," he added grimly. "But he's comin' down to Tilton Abbey on Friday afternoon for the week-end. If you want to know him, why not come down too—both of you?"

"Do!" urged Muriel.

Lawrence felt all his ideas of life and business slipping away from him. Cancel his sailing a second time? Deliberately prolong his trip another week? Leave Hodgson to run the firm all by himself? Was it fair?

"Do!" repeated Muriel with a sidelong look at him. "Now you've got out of the cage, why not stay out of it a while?"

VIII

WHEN Lawrence returned to Pump Court next day, he found that Mr. Saddlecloth had preceded him and was engaged in writing out in longhand a memorandum to be used in conferring with counsel upon the other side of the case. There was a distinctly more friendly atmosphere on all sides, and when Lawrence offered his cigarette case the Honorable Rothwell, though remarking that he didn't usually smoke in chambers, helped himself to one and became almost human.

"I've been talking it over with Saddlecloth," he remarked genially. "And though we both—you'll pardon me, I hope—think your comin' over here quite unnecessary, don't you know, still we feel that now you're here we might as well take advantage of it and get your points of view on the matter—in fact, while we're about it get all your ideas. Eh, Saddlecloth?"

"Quite so!" agreed the solicitor. "Exactly!"

"Which being the case," continued the Honorable Rothwell, "I've arranged for a series of appointments with you here every afternoon during this week and the next—except Friday and Saturday of course."

"Of course!" echoed Saddlecloth.

"But I'm sailing on Saturday," retorted Lawrence. "This is the only afternoon I shall have in London."

Mr. Saddlecloth rubbed his hands and looked expectantly at the Honorable Rothwell, who arched his fingers.

"Er—you'll pardon me, I hope?" he began. "But now you're here, really it would be much better in every way if you didn't go back until the case is settled."

"But I have no choice," answered Lawrence with decision.

"Now, my dear feller!" replied the barrister patiently, "you'll pardon me, won't you? You see, your comin' over here so unexpectedly this way rather bowled us over at first, but now you are here there are a lot of ways in which your knowledge can be of vital assistance to us and perhaps even be of some value to our leader, Sir William Tremayne."

"It seems to me," answered Lawrence, "that I ought to be able to tell you all I know at one session—this afternoon."

"Never!" exclaimed both barrister and solicitor in unison.

"Well, you can try. Fire when ready, Gridley!"

"Eh? Gridley? Who's he?" inquired the Honorable Rothwell.

"Just some American slang," explained Lawrence. "Go ahead! Shoot!"

When Sommersly began shooting, however, Lawrence discovered to his intense surprise that the barrister's knowledge of the Northwyn case was minute and thorough, and that he had a grasp of the principles of equity and a knowledge of their application in the decisions in chancery throughout the English-speaking world that made the New Yorker's attainments seem superficial. Lawrence for the first time realized that he had not in fact appreciated the legal difficulty of the case, and perceived the wisdom of getting the best possible advice. On the other hand he found that he possessed certain technical knowledge which the Englishmen lacked. Pleased and stimulated, he would have gone on discussing the case all the afternoon—and evening for that matter—but at a quarter to five the Honorable Rothwell closed the book lying in front of him.

"Well," he remarked amiably, "what do you say to a cup of tea?"

"Oh, let's go on!" urged Lawrence as Saddlecloth assembled his numerous pages of notes, stenographers being clearly unknown animals.

"You'll pardon me?" hesitated the Honorable Rothwell. "You will, won't you? But we never work, you know, after tea, and we always have tea at five o'clock. One has to have rules, doesn't one?"

"Oh, very well!" agreed Lawrence, who was himself conscious of a certain emptiness of the interior. "Let us have tea by all means!"

"Er—Saddlecloth, will you join us?" asked Sommersly in a detached manner.

"Oh, no, thank you very much," replied the solicitor as if honored above all his profession by the invitation. "I must get back to the office. I've had a client waiting ..."

Lawrence choked off a snort of derision. After all Saddlecloth had shown himself both a nimble penman and an expert upon the complexities of the Northwyn tangle.

"Then you'll meet us here Monday next, same hour?" said Sommersly.

"Certainly," agreed the solicitor.

"But," roared Lawrence, "I told you I was sailing Saturday!"

The Honorable Rothwell laid his hand paternally upon Lawrence's shoulder.

"My dear feller!" he said coaxingly. "You'll pardon me, won't you? But really,

(Continued on Page 110)

Stays Solid While Burning

THEROZ is the only solidified-alcohol fuel which does not liquefy when burning.

It is the safest fuel known for it cannot be spilled—if the can is tipped over when alight, the flame will not ignite the surface on which it rests, or flow over inflammable articles.

The staggered can prevents rolling any distance.

And THEROZ is handy as well as safe—100% heat at the scratch of a match, no odor, smoke, dirt, or waste. With THEROZ and THEROZ Stoves and Appliances you can heat or cook anything from shaving water to a complete meal—indoors or outdoors.

4 oz. can 15c (Canada and West of the Rockies 20c), with holder 40c (West of Rockies 45c. Canada 55c).

Buy THEROZ FUEL and cooking appliances at drug, hardware, department stores, grocers' or direct from us if your dealer can't supply you.

Dealers—be prepared for Theroz business. If you can't obtain Theroz Fuel and Appliances from your jobber, write us for information.

The Theroz Company
Woolworth Building, New York

The handy Fuel for
SEPTEMBER
and every other Month

Its Sales Growth Reveals

A Tribute More Convincing Than All Its Performance Records

Nearly 42,000 Essex cars delivered in 19 months shows how motordom has accepted and regards it.

No other record the car has made can be quite so convincing.

Its performances of endurance and speed—its hill climbing and economy—do not carry the weight that those figures represent.

For they reveal the accumulated force of individual owner endorsement.

Of course men are impressed by such demonstrations as Essex made in running 3037 miles in 50 hours of top speed operation.

They admit the weight of every one of the famous tests Essex has made.

But not many men ever put their Essex to the limit of its performance ability. Few have opportunity to personally test or observe the Essex in mountain climbs.

There are few places where the owner can let the car out to the limit of its speed.

So the records we have made answer for its ability in those respects.

But It Is What Any Man's Car Does

It is each owner's endorsement to his neighbor which counts for most of the growing prestige of the Essex.

It is what owners are saying about their experience with their Essex cars that is daily making new Essex owners.

It is an enthusiasm that does not wane. Longer service increases and confirms the confidence men show in their Essex cars.

Note how many owners entered their cars in the national week of contests recently held to prove Essex performance.

Some whose cars had already given up to 25,000 and 30,000 miles' service—one who had driven his car 36,000 miles—entered in tests of speed, hill climbing and economy that only added to their regard for their cars.

True, all Essex owners do not put their cars to such tests. Most men ask merely for smooth, dependable and economical service. And they are the type of owners who do most to influence this ever widening prestige.

Recall How We First Announced the Essex

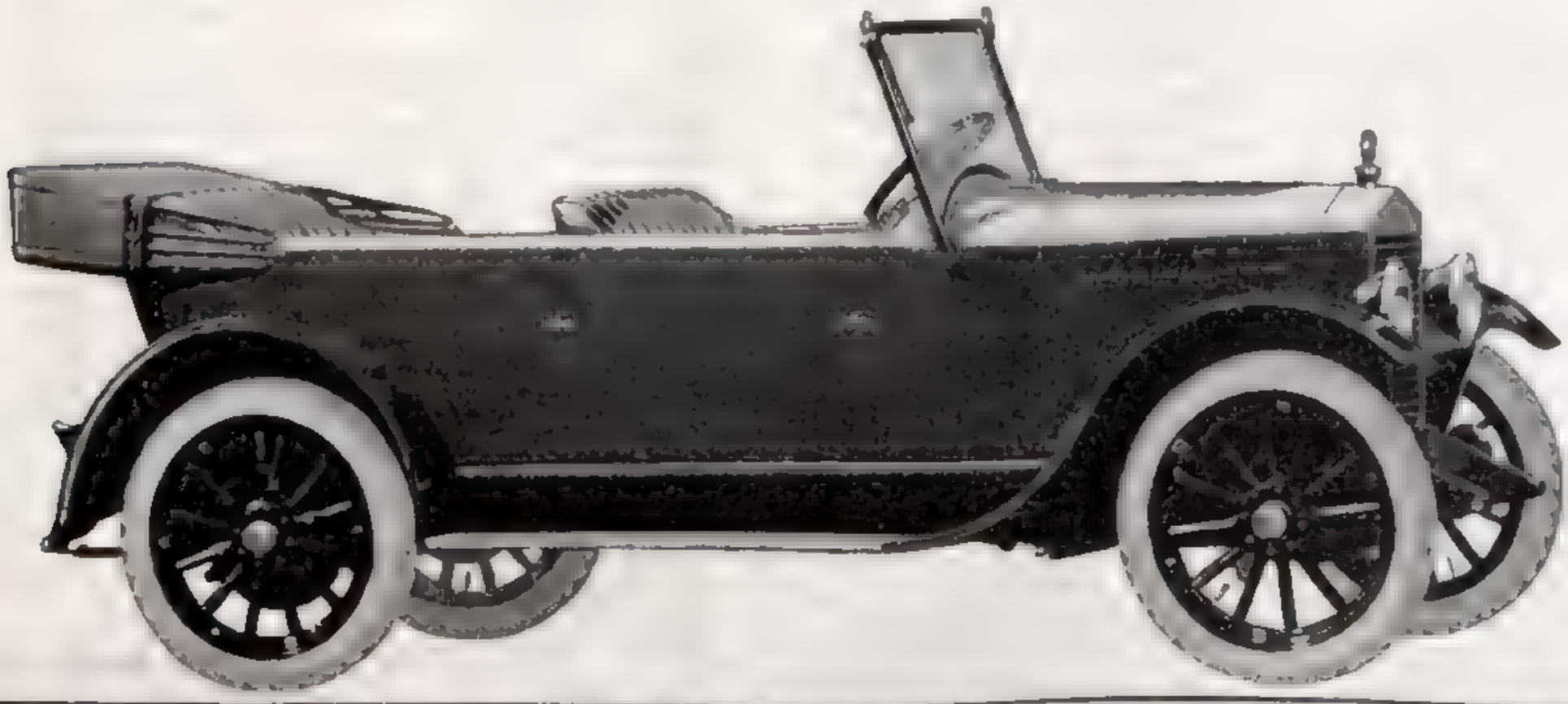
It was without description or claim. We said the public would have to decide Essex worth. Its future was placed in the hands of those it was to serve.

And everywhere it made friends.

Even before any effort was made to establish performance records, the sales had passed one hundred cars a day.

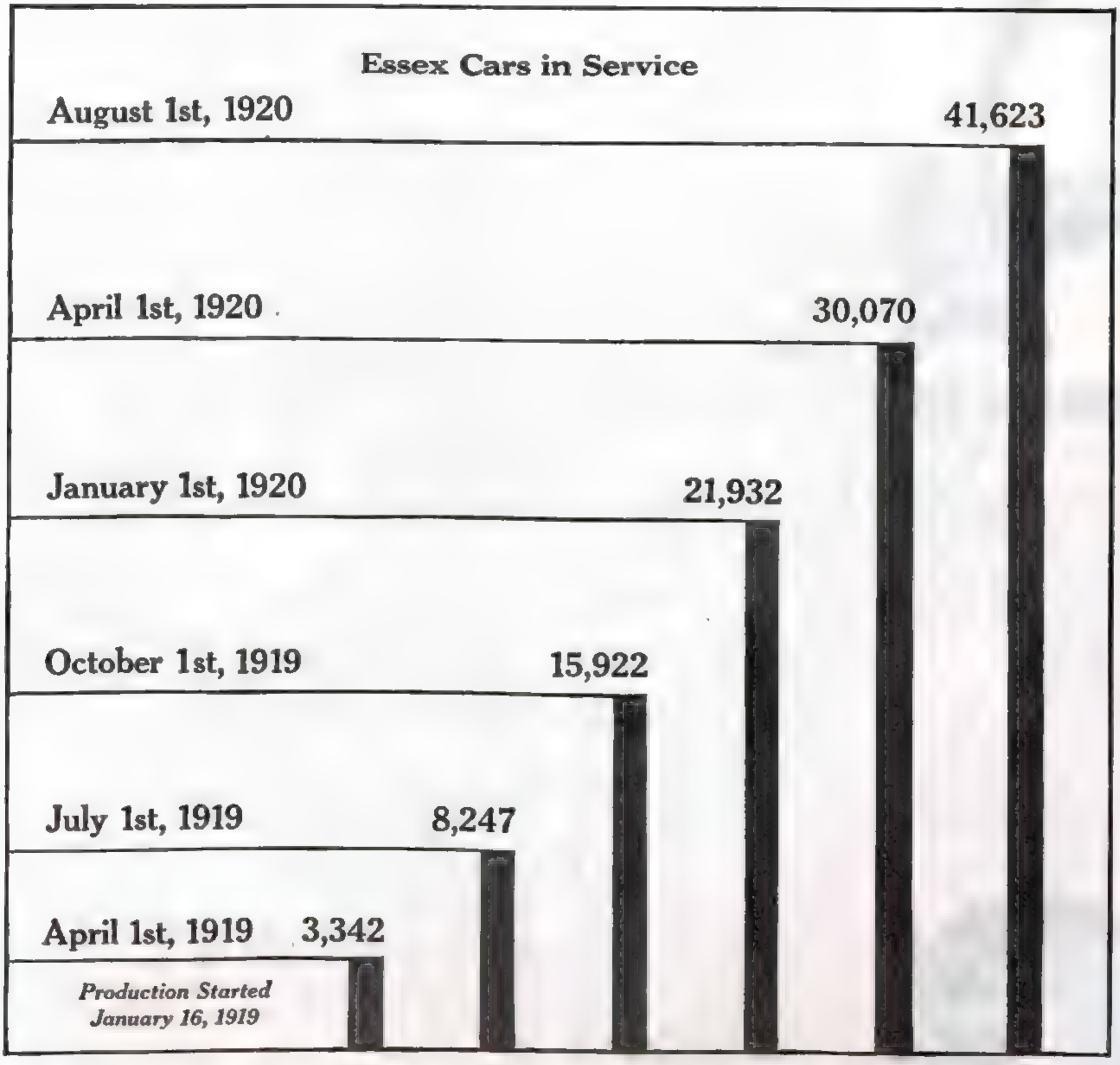
The institutions in any line with a larger volume of business than Essex does are few. It requires years to build the prestige that makes such a volume possible.

But because Essex filled a want—the want for light car economy with a luxury of motion and the reliability of costlier cars—it has gained a recognition and reward such as few ever attain.



How Men Value Essex Quality

The Essex Was Brought Out January 16, 1919 —In 19 Months 41,623 Went Into Service



And Every Day Sees More Than 100 New Owners

WATCH the ESSEX

(216)

"It Clamps Everywhere"

Light where you want it

Adjusto-Lite
A FARBERWARE PRODUCT

Adjusts to any position

A NEW wonderful invention, Adjusto-Lite, a lamp that you can attach anywhere—to bed, shaving mirror, table, desk or chair. Stands perfectly wherever an ordinary lamp is used. Throws the light exactly where you need it most. Prevents eye strain. Cuts lighting cost.

Gripping clamp is felt-faced and cannot scratch. Compact. Durable. Solid brass. Guaranteed for five years—price $5.75.

Ask for Adjusto-Lite at the store where you usually trade. If they don't carry it, order direct.

S. W. FARBER
141–151 So. Fifth St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Prices in U. S. A., complete with 8-foot cord, plug and sockets Brush Brass finished, $5.75; *Statuary Bronze or Nickel finish*, $6.25. *Pacific Coast prices*, 25c *per lamp higher.*

Dealers: Write us for particulars of this fast selling specialty.

TRADE MARK

Adjusto-Lite
A FARBERWARE PRODUCT

(Continued from Page 107)

you know, I can't let you go back this Saturday! Not possibly!"

They left the Temple with the April sun still high, and walked along the Embankment to Westminster and thence to Pall Mall. Sommersly seemed wholly to have forgotten that he was a barrister, his conversation being entirely of horses and plays, in both of which he was equally interested. Presently they entered his club and joined a group of actors and literary men who were gathered about a coal fire in a hall, the walls of which were literally covered with portraits of celebrated Thespians. Lawrence was not too tired to enjoy the talk and to take part in it, and he was surprised to find how short a time it seemed before the group broke up at seven o'clock to dress for dinner. At home, after working until six or half past, he usually was too exhausted for any form of amusement except a Turkish bath. Here he perceived that his day's work had merely made him ready for an evening's entertainment, and he accepted an invitation to dine at the club and go to the play with a genuinely boyish light-heartedness. He even managed to stifle any pangs of regret which he might otherwise have felt when he indited and sent the following preposterous cable to Hodgson, his partner:

"HODBERICK, N. Y.
"Absolutely necessary to delay my return another week. Sorry. L. B."

But the last word of his cable was hardly ingenuous. In point of fact, when he turned into bed at one o'clock, after supper at the Beef Steak Club, he was obliged to confess that he wasn't sorry at all. He'd talked to more good fellows—men of his own sort—in the last six hours than he'd have had time to meet in New York in a year—two years. Not that there weren't just as many at home—there were—but they were all so confoundedly busy. And it was with absolutely no compunction at all that he joined Saltonstall on the four-o'clock train for Brockenhurst out of Waterloo Station on Thursday afternoon. One had to spend the week-end somewhere, didn't one?

IX

WHEN Berwick woke next morning for a moment or two he had some difficulty in orienting his relationship to the arched stone window through which outside he could see the boughs of trees just bursting into leaf and hear the song of many birds. He sprang out of bed with an energy which he had not known for years, and with something very like a song in his own heart. Pushing open the leaded casement, he looked out.

The lawn, softly green in the sunlight, was dotted all the way to the river bank with crocuses, snowdrops and early tulips and hyacinths. Here and there ran small trim robins, which gave an impression of being very well turned out and careful of their figures, with an occasional chaffinch or magpie, and on a near-by twig a bullfinch sat and eyed him, its lovely red throat almost within reach of his hand. A film of cloud made a white background for the dull reds and greens of the village, and under the ivy-clad bridge the stream eddied into a wide blue pool before spreading out in lighter color to the fringe of willows that marked the beginning of the real river. The air was sparkling and warm in spite of the smell of the sea that it bore. He had never seen anything more quietly beautiful.

Think of owning a place like that! Of always having it as a background for one's life, to dream about and to come back to! How it would dignify one's existence!

Congreve of Tilton! At first he had been amused at the "of Tilton." Now he appreciated what it meant. He, personally, wasn't of anywhere. He was just "one Lawrence Berwick." Some faint, atavistic impulse touched him, some reminiscent throb of his English blood.

"I wish I owned a place!" he thought, realizing that none of his family had really belonged anywhere for several generations, having been quite content to live in rented houses in the city and drift with the tide of fashion from Stuyvesant Square to Gramercy Park, and then northward from Thirty-seventh to Fifty-fourth, and then to Seventy-third Street, and in summer to float from the seashore to the mountains and thence to Lenox or Hot Springs, from one hotel to another.

Yes, there was something in this ownership of land—in this belonging to the soil. It put its stamp on a man, giving him responsibilities, character and individuality. Having come to which momentous conclusion, he donned a wrapper, traversed a corridor once paced by monks thumbing their breviaries, and plunged into a tin tub much resembling in size and shape a mammoth sarcophagus, and in which—had he not been careful—he might easily have been drowned.

Berwick's surrender to what he called the inevitable, as is obvious to the reader of analytical mind, had been due to more than one cause. His attitude toward life in general had undergone—and was undergoing—a marked and very rapid change. Sometimes he was conscious of this, and sometimes—more often in fact—he was not. His life had been like a tree, bent by the constant pressure of the wind in one direction, with never a chance to spring back into an upright position. He had been bowed down by the grind of his profession, with no opportunity to take his eyes off the ground. Now he found himself standing up, and with a deep breath of fresh air in his lungs looking life squarely in the face. He found to his chagrin that life didn't look at all the same to him as it had twenty years before. His heroes appeared on the whole rather commonplace men; his ambitions, one of which was making a pile of money, rather feckless. What good—should he continue his present New York mode of existence—would money be to him? Obviously only to pay the bill of some high-priced neurologist or stomach specialist when his disintegration should begin; or to constitute a handsome corpus for the trust fund of some charity when he should be gone. Reason Number One then was simply *sanitas sanitatum*.

But there was another. Ever since he had stumbled upon Muriel Congreve standing in the light of the sunset upon the upper deck of the Proconsul romance had reawakened in him. Not that he had cast his eyes upon her to love her—oh, no! She was a lady of high degree. But as he diagnosed his own case, being constantly in her company, their leisurely walks through the forest, the evenings before the big fire in the Domus, and so on, had roused a good many dormant instincts—the desire for a home of his own, his inherent love for books and poetry, his appreciation of women in general. Thinking it all over, very calmly of course, he had reached the mature conclusion that something was missing out of his life—not Muriel, but something. This elusive something seemed somehow to be associated with the British Isles.

As for the particular maiden who had jingled this logical chain in his legal mind, the thought that he should not see her again had worried him not a little, since he admitted quite frankly that Muriel herself was partly responsible for the general change in him. She was, he told Saltonstall, an illuminating example of what a young woman could be who had never had the dubious advantages of a New York coming out, with the hectic rush of theater parties, dinners, teas and all the rest of the vacuous excitements incident to a débutante season. There was something comprehending about her, an entire absence of affectation. A nice kid! More than a nice kid! A bully girl! One who would make a splendid companion for a man—*mens sana in corpore sano* and all that sort of thing. But, of course, he being an American—a kind of Indian—she would always remain for him simply what she was—an illustration of the desirability of women in general.

Starting with these two premises, it followed that the other and more concrete arguments—for remaining over in London had found him in a receptive condition. It had seemed natural and desirable that he should go on working with Saddlecloth and Sommersly until the Northwyn matter should have been brought to a triumphal conclusion. They needed him. Moreover, he had still to confer with Sir William Tremayne, and that in itself would have taken him down to Tilton Abbey again. He was in London—it was better to clean the matter up now than to have to cross the ocean again perhaps. So he had sent his cable.

Then having sent it and the matter having been definitely determined upon other grounds—then, and not until then, and quite apart from anything else—he was ready to admit, still a trifle reluctantly, that England, the life or something was getting into his blood. The damn place might be a confounded bore, but it landed you in the end somehow. You might detest London, the British Empire, the British point of view, the whole cold-blooded, rather superior, at times arrogant, cheerfully polite British nation—but they were irresistible. The bobby might stop the hurtling rush of traffic on Piccadilly with a single majestic gesture, but what price a helpless New Yorker—what?

He had to agree that they had, as Saltonstall said, solved the problem of existence, their own, anyhow. A thing either was or wasn't done. A pretty simple way of deciding things, and yet after all that was the way in a lesser degree everybody decided things the world over. The Englishman merely went the rest of creation one better. He lived in a world of rules—physical, moral, economic. He never had to guess or reckon or ponder. Was it done or wasn't it? The Britisher wasted no time about deciding things; he acted according to precedent. Did Skellings versus Mainwaring apply? If it did that was the end of it. They had thought everything out ages ago, about property and marriage and patriotism and health and hot water bottles in bed and the right sort of marmalade for breakfast, the best brew of tea and the softest pipe mixture. They got things to last, because they knew they wouldn't change 'em. They didn't want to change 'em. What they wanted was liberty to live in their own way on their own land without being disturbed—security and continuity. Having these, they were pretty well satisfied. A man had his place and knew about how far he could get; and he had the self-respect and self-confidence engendered by knowing exactly where he stood and what his and the other fellow's rights were.

As for royalty and the aristocracy, everybody knew about what they amounted to, and regarded them with a sort of rather patronizing, good-natured tolerance. The right sort of earl was respected for what he was, but a bad un was a bad un and small potatoes; a duke got about the same sort of attention as the head of a big tobacco company in America; the king was a good fellow and the P. of W. was a corker. So there you were!

Anglomania? No, no! Just a square deal for an almighty capable, steady, generous-minded but shrewd commercial nation, with an inherited respect for birth, breeding and culture, an indomitable will to rule, an ineradicable love of fair play and open-air sport, and a traditional taste for alcohol, politics, horse racing and killing things with double-barreled shotguns.

It was probably Sir William who finally did the trick, so far as Berwick was concerned. Could he be blamed for having visualized the most distinguished barrister in the British Isles, this leader of leading K. C.'s, as of the type of some of our Supreme Court justices? As one bent with the weight of learning, bald from thought, or at any rate white-haired with pondering upon the profundities of the law, shriveled, ascetic, or judicially and equitably obese? Sir William was none of these. On the contrary, this pundit of chancery turned out to be a husky, broad-shouldered athlete of something more than six feet three, with a clean-shaven red face and twinkling blue eyes as clear as if he had never opened a volume of the reports.

He looked fifteen less than the sixty years which the rolls said belonged to him, and he moved with an alertness that made Lawrence feel old. Moreover, he seemed to know rather more of America and Americans—lawyers in particular—than did the New Yorker. Nine times had he journeyed across the United States, and he had shot elk in Wyoming, mountain sheep in British Columbia, ducks in Texas and caught tarpon at Fort Myers. Incidentally he was a nonresident member of the Metropolitan Club of Washington, the Century of New York, as well as belonging to the Garrick and Beefsteak of London. He had taken a triple-first at Oxford and had recently privately printed a poetical translation of the plays of Euripides.

He had just had ten days' spring fishing in the Highlands and had brought a couple of hundred weight of salmon along with him—the fish had been running strong, and he had killed an even fifty. Monday he was going into a heavy trial at Manchester, with Sir John Simon and Sir William Carson on the other side, and he wanted a quiet Saturday and Sunday to get ready for it. His secretary was coming down with the papers on a later train that evening. Lawrence learned afterward that the blue-eyed fisherman had been paid a retainer of five thousand guineas, and had received in

(Continued on Page 113)

FLORENCE

OIL HEATERS

TEETH do not chatter together and tender skins do not turn to goose-flesh when a Florence Oil Heater is burning.

Its graceful fire bowl has extra heat-radiating surface, but the shape adds beauty to the heater. It is easy to keep clean.

One gallon of kerosene gives twelve hours of heat, and an indicator tells at a glance when more fuel will be needed.

The fire bowl is finished in aluminum bronze. Three beautiful finishes to choose from; the most popular is turquoise blue enamel.

Dealers in hardware and house furnishings can show Florence Oil Heaters and explain why Heat plus Beauty is the result of design and construction. Write us if your dealer cannot supply.

Heat plus Beauty

CENTRAL OIL & GAS STOVE CO.
343 School Street Gardner, Mass.

Manufacturers of Florence Oil Cook Stoves, Florence Oil Tank Water Heaters, Florence Portable Baking Ovens, Florence Gas Room Heaters

Wash Well Wear Well

It's a delight to lay away the beautifully cleansed pieces at the end of washday. It's an even greater joy to know they've been *thoroughly* washed—without rubbing, without wear and tear.

For the revolving, reversing cylinder process of the Gainaday Electric Washer-Wringer combines perfect cleanliness with scrupulous care. It's a washway safe and speedy.

Dainty or coarse pieces, the regular wash—anything washable—can be cleansed. Then the Gainaday wrings them by power—its sturdy wringer swings to *any* position.

Our Circular, "For an Easier and Shorter Washday," tells the whole story. Write for it.

Authorized Gainaday Dealers Everywhere

PITTSBURGH GAGE & SUPPLY COMPANY
Manufacturers
3012 Liberty Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Do your washing at home for sanitary reasons

(Continued from Page 110)

addition a daily "refresher" of five hundred more throughout the trial, which had lasted two weeks.

All through dinner Lawrence kept comparing Sir William with the leaders of his own home bar to the distinct disadvantage of the latter. Why, this old chap—could he be called old when he was at the very apex of his powers?—talked as knowingly about natural history as he did of law, about playwrighting as of pleading. He was fluent, witty, full of high spirits and what we are wont to describe as "pep"; and he made Lawrence—who had wisdom enough not to mention Skellings versus Mainwaring—feel that he had taken quite a shine to him.

Whether this was true or not, the distinguished K. C. made good on it to the extent of assuring Mr. Berwick that he hoped, after the Manchester case was over, he would run up to Scotland with him for a few days and try the fishing on another river, up Brora way, where he had leased some water. The Lord Chief Justice was coming and—well, the Lord Chief Justice liked Americans. Was it a date?

Lawrence's conscience sank swooning beneath the table. Sir William had raised his glass of port, and with a smile was evidently on the point of wishing themselves luck. Clearly it would never do to offend Sir William—to rebuff their own leading counsel! What might not the friendship of such a man mean to him and to Hodgson, Berwick & Frick? And there was the Lord Chief Justice! It was almost like an invitation from royalty—a command! Yet he had to go back—he had to go back—he had to go back!

Damn it all, why did he have to go back? He wasn't in the Army! He didn't have "to get up in the morning," like Irving Berlin. Ah, but there was his business—those clients, the office with its snap and rattle of typewriters, its buzz and whir of telephones, its sheaves of typewritten papers, the discussions with the irascible Hodgson—half argument, half quarrel—the mornings when his head always felt as if it had two fine steel wires inside it and when every muscle in his neck and back ached from nervous fatigue. No, he could not—must not—ought not—would not remain over. But meanwhile did not mere politeness require him to temporize? No use antagonizing people—important people like Sir William!

"Thanks a lot!" he capitulated. "My plans are a little uncertain, but if you don't mind leaving it open ——"

"Surely! Let me know the last minute," returned Sir William heartily. "I've plenty of rods and fishing things if you don't happen to have 'em with you. And I say, Congreve, you'll come along, won't you—and bring Muriel? Splendid! I'll write up to old McTavish and have him get the cottage ready for us Friday week."

Lawrence felt the ground of duty slipping from beneath the feet of conscience. Though, of course, he had no personal—only a general—interest in Lady Muriel, the fact that she was to be of Sir William's fishing party made the invitation much more attractive and difficult of refusal. Did people ever refuse invitations to go on house parties in the Scottish Highlands? Not in H. G. Wells or Mrs. Humphry Ward or John Galsworthy they didn't. Some invitation for a plebeian New York attorney! And he continued to think so even after he heard with considerable surprise from Sir William's own lips that he was the younger son of a Glasgow ironmonger.

Lawrence passed Saturday and Sunday in a state bordering on demoralization. He now felt entirely at home at Tilton and with Lady Muriel, in whom he discovered new allurements every hour. Moreover, he found to his astonishment that he was regarded as a visitor of some distinction. Sir William, to be sure, disappeared with his secretary and was not heard from again until Sunday evening at dinner, but in his place Sir Harry Worthesly suddenly loomed up on the horizon and took charge of Lawrence. It appeared that he, too, had formed a high opinion of the young American as well as the young American's discretion.

Just where he fitted into the establishment the lawyer could not quite make out, but that the sporting baronet was as much a part and parcel of it as the vicar—who had been there fifty-five years—he made no doubt. At any rate, Sir Harry had his own suite of rooms and came and went as he liked. And from him, as they rambled over the Abbey ruins, Lawrence learned the sad but familiar story of the rise and decline of the Congreve fortunes, which apparently had been in their zenith at about the same time as the Abbey itself.

It was a cryin' shame, according to Sir Harry, that the old place was running so to seed and getting down at the heels. Congreve made nothing out of the land. What was twenty thousand acres if you only got five shillin' an acre? And you couldn't raise rents—nobody ever raised rents! Never had! And all these socialistic ideas! It was the damn war—that's what it was. Upsettin' everybody! No, no! England was no place any longer for a gentleman!

Sir Harry ruefully interrogated Lawrence about an earl's chances in Athabasca, Nome or Tasmania, and showed an equally picturesque ignorance of all three places. Why, Congreve used to keep fourteen servants and have twenty or thirty people down at a time—and now look at him! Two men to work round the lawn and only six domestics—the two house men with only three good arms between 'em. It was most depressin'.

The worst of it was trying to keep the old place from going clean to the dogs. Of course it was entailed—and would eventually descend to Viscount Orage, the eldest boy, who was out in Burma at that particular moment. But in the meantime it would go to pot unless they could rent it—or something. The rest of Lord Congreve's family—he was a widower—were scattered all over the lot. Harry, the baronet's namesake, had gone into the Royal Engineer Corps; Elizabeth and Agatha were married to a couple of rather decent chaps, who though they belonged to the peerage had hard sledding running a high-class automobile agency; and Jackie—nineteen—the next above Lady Muriel—what do you think? In the cinemas at Holystone or Holywood out in the American Rocky Mountains!

He and Congreve often talked it over. It was rather a mess. Congreve only had about two thousand a year all told. If only somebody would rent the place! Sir Harry wondered indefinitely whether Mr. Berwick had any rich American friend who mightn't like to rent the Abbey complete—servants, garden, village, river, shootin', flivver and all—for, say, fifty guineas a week? A bargain! There was Thurlstane House, the seat of Lord Abbotsly—not half so old or nearly so large as Tilton—that they rented for a hundred guineas a week to a Brazilian gentleman. Of course Congreve wouldn't be willing to let it go for the summer or autumn, but he might do so for the off season—the winter and spring months when people were in London. Naturally he, Sir Harry, would like to stay on, but if the tenant didn't want him round he'd keep out of the way. It would be all right—that part of it.

As it seemed to be assumed that Lawrence knew exactly why he would naturally want to stay on, there didn't seem to be any interrogational opening available. Sir Harry was ostentatiously vague, and his conversation was punctuated with a variety of qualifying and mitigating adverbs, but he managed to get the idea across clearly enough that if the right party could providentially turn up to take over the Abbey for about three months in the year it would be a source of gratification to Congreve, and—for some mysterious reason—to himself. So if Mr. Berwick should happen to hear of anybody—you never could tell—some of those rich Americans ——

Lawrence assured him he'd try to think of somebody. People were always going over to England for two or three months, and very likely they'd be glad of a chance to take on a going concern like Tilton for the negligible sum of fifty guineas, or—at the current rate of exchange—about one hundred and seventy-five dollars a week. And it was a chance, he told himself excitedly, after the baronet had deposited him safely back in the Abbey billiard room. Why, it was only about nine thousand dollars a year for the whole thing—garden, servants and all! His own income was more than four times that figure. Four times what a historic English estate could be rented for!

That was a thought! He could be a belted earl himself on that basis. Not that he'd want to be, but he could do something of the sort in America—gentleman farmer sort of thing. Funny he'd never thought of it before! And fishing! There was plenty of trout fishing to be had within a night's trip on a sleeper from New York, and quail and duck shooting within the same distance—to say nothing of large game in the wildernesses of Maine, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. How strange that he'd never taken advantage of his opportunities for outdoor life, or those other opportunities for intellectual self-improvement within the reach of every man and woman! Why, he hardly knew how to speak Muriel's—he meant Lady Muriel's—language!

That, however, did not prevent his seeking her society at tea time and endeavoring to induce her to give him more of it afterward. She was a corker, and they got on famously—at times better than others, but on the whole famously. If only she was a Yankee and her father the president of a trust company, he—yes, he probably would have fallen for matrimony, now that he had had time to think of matrimony. A charming, clever girl like that would go a long way toward ameliorating the lot of a New York T. B. M.

Even having got that far, he had not yet reached the point of visualizing himself as that T. B. M., with Muriel as that charming, clever girl—but merely one like her.

They had wandered after tea down the long stone alley known as the Drum Way toward the old Guest House, where in the time of the monks ecclesiastical visitors were housed. Through the Chapter House Gate the afternoon sun streamed across the grass of the cloisters and threw their shadows side by side far in advance of them, and when they turned to speak to one another every movement was reproduced upon the greensward. The two shadows upon the grass were very close together. Out of the corner of his eye he saw a faint crimson steal from the girl's shoulder to the roots of her hair. He moved hastily, and to relieve the situation called her attention to a curious marble receptacle lying on a shelf just inside the door of the old wine press.

"That is a double-heart coffin," she explained hurriedly. "It used to be the custom in monastic times, you know, to bury the heart of any particularly distinguished or beloved person in a place different from that where the body was. They say that that once contained the heart of Richard, Earl of Cornwall and King of the Romans, who died in the middle of the thirteenth century."

Lawrence examined with interest the empty, glazed receptacle that lay in one of the hollow spaces of the coffin. Had a human heart really ever rested there? And what had lain in the corresponding space?

"Whose was the other heart?" he asked.

"Muriel's—his countess," she answered in a matter-of-fact way.

Over in the cloisters two robins were calling to one another in liquid tones, and the sun was creeping up the moss-stained, gabled wall. He felt curiously diffident. Trifles seemed so much more important in a place like this.

"Ancestors of yours?" he hesitated.

"I suppose so."

She was looking up at him through lowered lids—lowered perhaps in deference to the sun—and her lips, gently curved and slightly parted, were lifted too. Every line in her face bespoke the centuries of her breeding. Lawrence's pulse quickened until he seemed to hear it beating in his ears. Drawn irresistibly, he bent toward her, then he straightened with a jerk, hoping she had not noticed his movement. What would she think of him?

"Rather—er—a pretty idea!" he stammered.

She gave a quick, almost an impatient gesture.

"If they cared for one another," she retorted rather coldly.

"But didn't they?"

Muriel laughed colorlessly. She seemed momentarily put out about something.

"How on earth do I know? There's a lot of pretending about—love, isn't there?"

She appeared to him to sway ever so slightly in his direction. Her hair, her eyes, her cheeks, and—more than all—her lips, were within a few inches of his face. He felt the air stirred by her breath against his cheek.

"Come," this noble lady of England seemed to be saying, "steal a kiss—no matter by what warrant. Surely love is its own excuse."

And the New York lawyer very nearly did so—probably would have done so had he not been so impressed with the sense of his own insignificance. So for the second time he withstood temptation, feeling both

(Concluded on Page 115)

A Pipe Smoker Seldom Feels Bored

There are times when the best of men feel bored. Someone gives you a heaping measure of unasked-for advice and, as a wit once feelingly expressed it, "Advice usually costs nothing—and is worth it"; someone sets out to sell himself to you and overdoes it so that you can't help feeling that he is profiteering shamelessly; or someone makes a long, boring story of his hard luck, passing the buck instead of admitting his own faults.

A pipeful of good, fragrant tobacco has kept many a man from telling many a bore what he thought of said bore.

There are times when one feels bored by other people; there are times when a man feels bored by himself.

It's remarkable how seldom a man feels bored who has a pipe at hand and a goodly supply of tobacco.

He has a companion for his loneliness; a quiet friend for times of weary nerves and ears, a friendly old comrade to sit down with and think of pleasant things.

There is something about a pipeful of good tobacco which softens one's judgments and makes life seem better.

A few puffs, and one feels refreshed, at ease, and more friendly because of that friend at hand.

A few puffs, and as that fragrant, soothing influence leaves one's lips small worries go and pleasant thoughts arrive.

All things look better to you, provided only you have the kind of tobacco that perfectly suits you.

Now, there is a kind of tobacco named Edgeworth of which we would speak to you.

It may not be the pipe tobacco perfectly suiting your individual taste, but on the other hand it may.

A great many smokers have written us that it's precisely the tobacco they were hunting for.

We should be very glad to have you try Edgeworth at our expense.

Merely send us your name and address on a postcard. If you will send also the name of the dealer to whom you will go for more in case you like Edgeworth, we would appreciate that courtesy on your part.

We will mail to you samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is formed into flat cakes and then cut into thin slices. One slice rubbed for a moment between the hands furnishes an average pipeful.

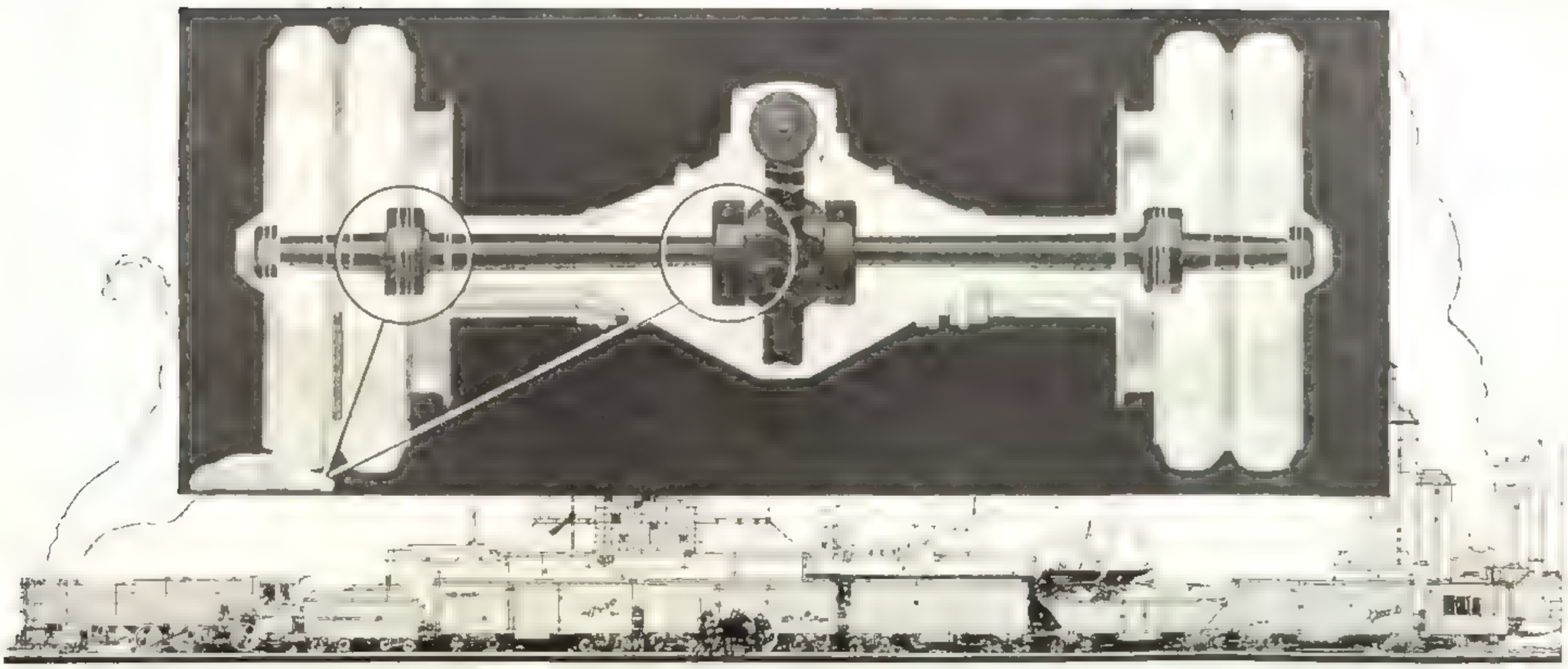
Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is already rubbed up for you. You pour it straight from the little blue can into the bowl of your pipe.

Both kinds pack nicely and burn freely and evenly to the bottom of the pipe.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome tin humidors, and glass jars, and also in various handy in-between quantities.

For the free samples which we would like you to judge, address Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.



These Wide-Spread Bearings Resist Side Strains

THE greatest burden a truck axle bears is not the down-pressure of the load. Almost any axle could withstand several times its rated load if the truck were stationary.

But when the wheels strike a rock or a hole in the road, or when the truck is rounding a corner, the load no longer rests evenly upon the whole axle.

The center of gravity moves according to the greatness of the shock or strain, and the weight is thrown more heavily upon one or two bearings. Thus, at excessive speeds, a truck actually would go around a corner on two wheels.

Such side strains mean severe punishment for the axles; and yet, in ordinary commercial usage this shifting of the weight occurs to a greater or less degree hundreds of times an hour.

The surest method of combating side strain is with widely-spread bearings. Locomotive and freight-car axles are good examples of this construction—and Sheldon Axles are built on the same principle.

When you see a truck with these torpedo-shaped hub caps and double-anchor trademark—it has Sheldon Axles.

Sheldon Axles are worm-gear drive; the wheels are rigidly fixed to the moving axle; there are ball bearings throughout that never need adjustments.

Sheldon Axles have torpedo-shaped hub caps and the double-anchor trade mark. Watch for them on trucks from ½ to 5-ton capacity.

SHELDON AXLE and SPRING COMPANY, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Manufacturers of Sheldon Axles for Motor Trucks and Sheldon Springs for Trucks and Automobiles

Sheldon Axle

FOR MOTOR TRUCKS

(Concluded from Page 113)

virtuous and at the same time a fool, and compromised by saying: "You haven't another of those lying about, have you?"

"Another heart coffin?" she replied quickly. "What for?"

"For me to leave mine in—when I go away to-morrow," he answered intensively, but without looking at her.

"I'm afraid we haven't anything big enough here," she remarked innocently.

"Look here, old chap," remarked Saltonstall the last evening as they were dressing for dinner, "this mooning about with noble damsels might get you into difficulties if there were any hostess in this ancient monastery. She might think your intentions, however honorable, might be serious, don't you know."

"What are you talking about?" demanded Lawrence tartly, but with the blood mounting to his forehead. "Lady Muriel's little more than a schoolgirl. We hardly know each other. At any rate, she hardly knows me."

"All the same that didn't prevent that old vicar asking me all about you this afternoon while he was pretending to show me the refectory—where they shoved the hot buns in through the hole to the lay brothers, you remember."

"What did he want to know?" inquired Lawrence, masking his astonishment by cursing a recalcitrant lawn tie.

"Oh, what sort of a lawyer you were," answered his friend airily, "and how much of a professional income that sort of a lawyer—barrister, he called it—made. I took it the noble earl had sicked him on me."

"I don't believe from what I've seen of him that he needs any artificial stimulus," grunted Lawrence. "He's just an old busybody with the curiosity of a magpie. He'll be talking familiarly about you and me from now on just as he does about Queen Eleanor, John of Gloucester or Abbat Tideman." However, after a moment he added, "How much did you tell him I made?"

"Oh, about thirty thousand a year," replied Saltonstall, stropping his razor. "And he wanted to know whether I meant pounds or dollars. I will say for him, though, that when I told him it was the latter he seemed quite satisfied."

"Mercenary old priest!"

"Why? Simply because everybody sees it coming while you don't happen to? As watch dog of the Abbey I should say it was quite within his functions to look into the qualifications of any possible suitor."

"I? A suitor? My dear fellow, you must be crazy!"

Saltonstall dropped the strop and pointed at Lawrence with his razor.

"You're a most eligible young man. Your people came over in the Mayflower and sold rum to the aborigines. You are descended of a long line of Baptist clergymen—I almost said monks—and you are a graduate and overseer of Harvard College. What more would one ask for a youngest daughter?"

"I'm old enough to be her father."

"Possibly. What of it?"

"And she's a full-blooded member of the aristocracy."

"What does she get out of that?"

"She gets all this out of it"—Lawrence made a gesture intended to include King John, the Abbey, the monks, the portraits, the present earl and everything else. "Do you suppose she'd cut it all to go over and live on a New York side street?"

"If she is what I think she is she'd go anywhere to live with the right man. But"—and here Saltonstall made use of an expression quite by accident that had a far-reaching and unexpected effect upon his friend—"you don't have to go on living where and how you do now, you know, forever—in a damn squirrel cage."

Lawrence stiffened and returned his friend's glance searchingly, even as it might have seemed with a certain degree of suspicion.

"Perhaps not," he replied laconically. "Anyhow, my son, you can quit your raving. Remember, I'm over here on a business trip, and that after to-morrow I shall never see that young lady again."

It is curious how quickly old impressions—even the recollection of scenes habitual—fade and give place to new ones upon the film of experience. Though Lawrence had been away from New York less than a month, he had already practically dismissed it from his mind. He was living in a new—and really a saner—world, and because it was saner and more natural it was to that extent more vivid. But in the midst of a very jolly and happy-go-lucky farewell breakfast party Monday morning he received a sudden shock in the form of a cablegram handed to him by the one-armed butler:

"What in hell are you hanging round London for? HODGSON."

"No bad news, I hope?" ventured Lord Congreve.

"That depends," replied Lawrence, looking at Muriel.

"Then read it to us and let us decide," said Sir Harry.

Lawrence tossed the gray sheet to the baronet, who handed it in turn to the vicar, with the explanation that he couldn't read without his glasses. Read the vicar:

"'What in hell are you hanging round London for? HODGSON.'"

"Ah!" he remarked as he returned it to the American. "How direct and—er—and refreshing!"

"What is the answer?" inquired Muriel naively, and everybody laughed except Lawrence, who did not see anything particular to laugh at.

During the next week Lawrence paid repeated visits to Pump Court, and as the days went by became more and more attached to the picturesque purlieus of the Temple. He even formed the habit of going early and sitting for an hour before his appointment reading in the Temple Gardens. On these occasions the book, curiously enough, was inevitably Richard Feverel. He still—officially—intended to sail for America on Saturday, but he was now ready to admit that this intention was possible of alteration. Sir William Tremayne was still trying his case in Manchester, and as yet nobody had the slightest idea what he thought about Skellings versus Mainwaring; and they wouldn't find out either until he came back from the fishing trip upon which he had invited—and expected—the Congreves and Berwick to accompany him. Lawrence had left Tilton with the understanding that he was not to say good-by; that in any event Muriel and her father would be coming up to London and that he would see them again there. On Friday they did come up. But on Friday he received another cable:

"You have wasted enough time. Expect you to sail this Saturday without fail.
"HODGSON."

Lawrence crushed it impatiently into his pocket. He was having the Congreves to dinner and the theater, and afterward they were taking him on to Lady Somebody-or-Other's ball. He hadn't been to a dance in New York for ten years, but over there in London he somehow felt young and skittish.

It had been a particularly lovely day, and Lawrence had lingered long in the Temple Gardens. Why couldn't he regulate his own life at home in such a way that he could get as much out of it as these Englishmen? He almost longed to be going to stay and practice law in London—to be a barrister in a sunlit old brick court, in a silken gown and a wig carried round for him in a tin box. What sort of life had he led at home for twenty years? Little better than a dog's! Yet he ought to go back to it—of course he ought, and he would.

But he didn't want to leave England yet. He realized that something very, very important—other than the Northwyn case and Skellings versus Mainwaring—was holding him. Was it possible that there was anything in what Saltonstall had said about his eligibility? After all, why not? Why not? Look at the way they scattered themselves all over the globe—in the movies and everything! His own reputation was of the best. He had made good. He could buy her father out to-morrow and if he made up his mind to it he could give her in America the life she was used to and wanted—and that now he wanted.

The robins were warbling encouragingly as he picked up his cane and sauntered down to the Embankment, and the sun was setting beyond Westminster in a phantasmagorical riot of color that told Lawrence where Turner got his inspiration. At the telegraph office in Cockspur Street he paused long enough to write two cables both addressed to Hodgson. Then he went back to the hotel, dressed and waited impatiently for Muriel in the antechamber of the restaurant, in much the same sort of funk as if about to plead a cause in court. Presently she came from the elevator radiant and smiling.

"Awfully glad to see you again!" she cried. "Father's just come in. He's dressing, but he'll be down directly. He says for us not to wait. Shall we take him at his word and go in?"

"Let's—by all means!" he agreed, and when they had found their places he said, copying her own directness without her confidence: "I'm glad of this chance to speak to you, because I haven't decided as yet what to do."

"About what?" she asked kindly.

"Going to Scotland."

"But of course you're going to Scotland!" Her tone was disturbed and urgent.

"That depends on how much you want me to go."

"I want you to go very much."

"And how much you'd mind my not going," he plunged on recklessly. "I can't bear to leave England, because England to me—is you, Muriel."

"Then why leave it?" she whispered, but dropping her eyes at the surprise in his

"Not go back!" he cried. "But I'm an American! I could never —"

"Yes, of course, go," she answered, looking up at him again, "but take—some of it—with you."

"What part of it? What part of it?" he demanded with sudden boldness.

"Me," she answered quietly, a deep red sweeping over her face. "Oh, isn't this terrible? You'll think I'm trying to vamp you. But—oh, Lawrence, don't go back without me!"

"Oh, you darling!" he cried, quickly finding her hand beneath the table. "I've never loved anybody but you from the day I saw you in the sunset."

"Oh, no," she retorted, "you didn't love me then at all. It was in the cloisters."

"Well," he laughed, "anyhow, I've never loved anybody else. But how can I ask you to leave England?"

"Why," she answered softly, "England's wonderful, of course—particularly for men. But, Lawrence, dear, we're all of us more or less adventurers—even if we have a strong homing instinct."

"And we can come over every year," he declared. "Do you know, Muriel, I've learned a lot from England. I've wasted a frightful lot of years in just making money. If I'd had this trip twenty years ago my whole life would have been different—and it's going to be different from now on."

"I shan't let you get back into the squirrel cage if I can help it," she assured him. "Now will you go to Scotland?"

"Indeed I will," he replied eagerly. "It's maybe a bit rough on old Hodgson, but then Hodgson never was young. And anyhow, he has any number of men in the office who could attend to things even if all of us went away. It's just an idea he—all of them have that everything's got to be done in a minute. Well"—he released her hand temporarily—"here's the cable I was going to send:

"'Sailing to-morrow.'"

"But here's the one I am going to send," he added joyously:

"'Circumstances make it imperative for me to remain somewhat indefinitely, at least until business here is concluded to my satisfaction. Adjourn wire case or retain other counsel: L. BERWICK.'"

(THE END)

THE RACE BY VIGOR NOT BY VAUNTS IS WON

WHETHER it be the race of life itself, or of a runner on the road, or of motor cars, victory comes to courage, strength and endurance.

Here at the Peerless factory we have tried to avoid a boasting and vaunting spirit. Driven by certain ideals of accomplishment, we have dug deep into the realms of mechanics, of chemistry, of physics, so that we might bring together in a motor car the qualities of vigor.

These lines of Lowell's:

"Endurance is the crowning quality,
And patience all the passion of great hearts."

Great, then, the heart of a motor car if into it have been built the gentleness of patience and the ruggedness of courage and fighting power.

Many years of work and waiting produced the Peerless Two-power-range Eight—too many years, indeed, to risk the disaster that often follows superlative talk, however warranted such talk may be in our own minds.

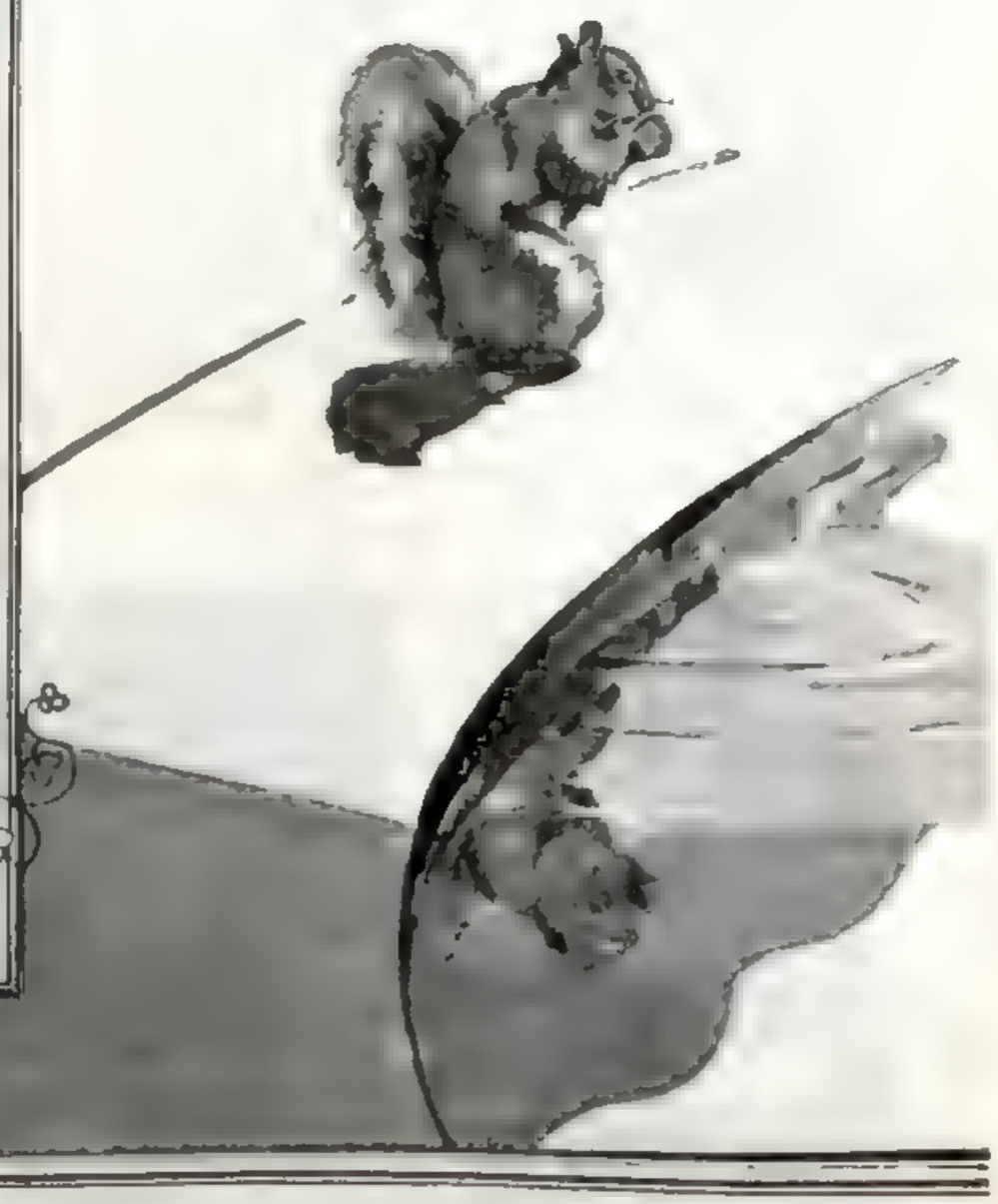
We believe in the Peerless Car. That others believe in it, also, is shown by the large percentage of owners who return to us for new cars and are glad to find that in the past five years we have not seen fit to change the fundamental principle upon which the first Two-power-range Eight was built.

These are the real rewards we have worked for. They are the real measure of our accomplishment.

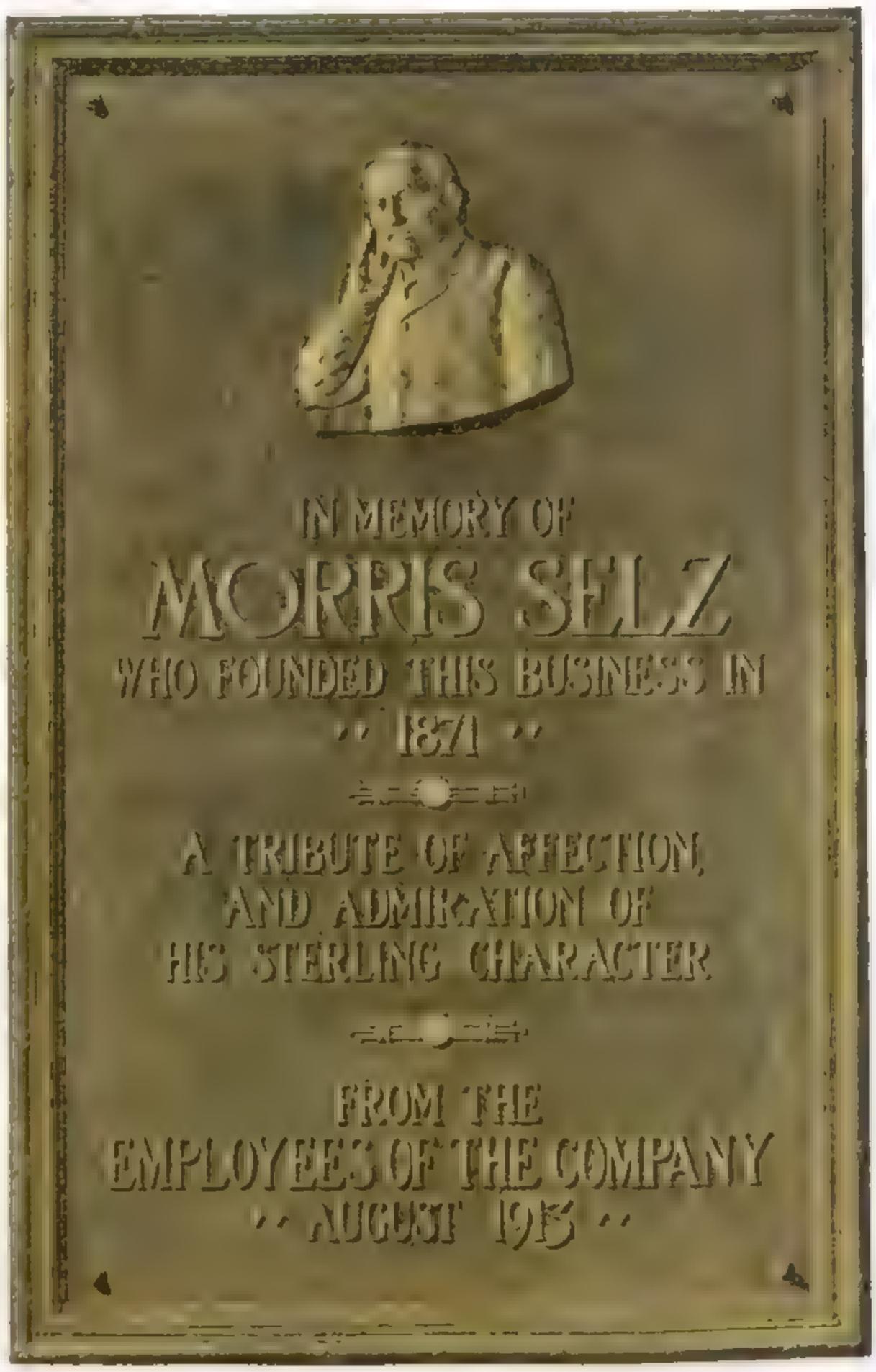
Touring Car $3230, Roadster $3200
Coupé $3920, Sedan $4140, Sedan-Limousine $4400
F. O. B. CLEVELAND *Subject to change without notice*

PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

PEERLESS
TWO POWER RANGE EIGHT



THE House of Selz was founded shortly after the Civil War by Morris Selz, father and grandfather of the members of the firm. The bronze tablet shown below was erected at the executive offices in Chicago by the employees.



FOR fifty years the Selz policy has been to make good shoes. Never to compromise, never to lower standards. This policy applies still, even amidst the difficulties of present-day manufacture.

WHEN you buy a Selz Shoe—with the name stamped upon it—you buy an all-leather shoe. No substitutes are used. So you get genuine value, long wear, real comfort, latest style. Selz dealers everywhere.

1871 SELZ 1920

FOUR FLIGHTS UP

(Continued from Page 5)

were full of a miscellany of photographic equipment. On his face was the look of a pathetically guilty boy, half evasive, half apologetic.

"Well, I kind of—I didn't quite finish 'em. I get so blame tired daytimes that when night comes I'm—er—all in; sleepy, you know. I'll look 'em through to-night. I suppose your brother would like to take 'em back to the office."

"Oh, Ben, that's just it! Sleepy! Tired! I wish you could see Thad buckle down to his books every night of his life after supper. One of these days he's going to own a big department store or a factory or something. He knows now all about overhead and turnover and volume and such things. You never hear him crabbing because he's sleepy. If he does he gets his jaws smacked. Ben Merriweather, what's the difference between Fifth and Eighth Avenues? The figure three doesn't say it. It's the difference between being wide awake and being sleepy. You can stay here and sleep all you want, or open your eyes and move east."

Ben eased his burden into a chair and sat down quite near his assistant.

"See here, Marjie," he said, "I don't know's I quite understand you; then again, maybe I do. Go on, throw the harpoon into me some more. It's beginning to bite."

"Honest, Ben, have you read those magazines?"

"Haven't opened 'em!"

"Go get 'em, will you? I want to show you something."

Merriweather retired into the obscurity of his living quarters and presently returned with half a dozen copies of The Exclusive, Fashion Topics and The Vanity Box.

Marjie began to turn the pages.

"There," she said, "see what I mean? Here's a whole page of subjects by Valmar. Know anything about Valmar, Ben?"

"Why—er—he's one of those lucky stiffs that all the big bugs go to. He's got 'em coming ——"

"Valmar ten years ago ran a measly little tintype gallery way down on the East Side. He used to take your picture in an automobile while you wait—one of those guys. His real name isn't Valmar at all, but Smolinski or Kovinoff or something like that. He can hardly put two words of English together like they should ought to be put. But he's slim and soulful lookin', and combs his hair straight back from his brow and wears a velvet coat and a bow tie with loose ends, and they fall for him. He's simply turning 'em away."

"Then he's got money to spend for advertising, Marjie. You can depend on that. I betcha he had to give up good coin to get his work into The Vanity Box."

"No chance! What? Valmar spend money? Not any! He gets money from The Vanity Box for those pictures and the use of his name. Real money too."

"See here, Marjie, how'd you get all this dope?"

"From Ted partly. He keeps his eyes and ears open. The agency buys lots of Valmar's stuff—when he'll condescend to let 'em have it. They know him and all about him. Then I run round too. Eighth Avenue may be the biggest part of New York, but you can't sell it to me. Why, Ben, many's the noon hour I've gone without my lunch and hopped on a crosstown car and spent every minute on Fifth Avenue rubbering into windows. That's where I got my education—all I have. Sundays, too, and evenings, I go slummin' up along between Forty-second and the Hotel Plaza. Some feller said half the world don't know how the other half lives. Well, I'll say Eighth Avenue is steeped in ignorance about the rest of this burg. We're snobbish, Ben. There's lots of people over east that's just as good as us. Ever visited one of them big Fifth Avenue jewelry stores?"

"There you go, getting sarcastic again," bewailed Merry.

"A good whip to wake up sleepy folks. Now let me tell you, Mr. Merriweather, you'll have to get over a lot of your provincial ideas. You're a regular hick, making hick pictures of a lot of other hicks."

"Marjie! What the ——"

"See here, Ben. Do you get the way he's posed that girl, Murawell Talleyrand, the movie star? Isn't it swell?"

Marjie pointed to a page in The Vanity Box.

"If I could get movie stars to pose for me I guess I could make swell pictures."

"You're wrong. If Mary Pitworth herself walked in here you'd wind a piece of mosquito netting round her, put a rose in her hand and call her Dreaming of Him. It isn't the model that counts; it's how she's handled—and Valmar knows how."

"Trick stuff, all of it."

"Sure it's trick stuff! It's trick posing and trick backgrounds and trick lighting. But who had brains enough to make use of it? Valmar—the great Valmar. Gee, he makes 'em eat it! They think it's art. Maybe ten or fifteen years from now people will laugh as hard at it as they do now at your Sadie Mendel, all dolled up with them Greek fillets, that you call Aphrodite. That's trick stuff, too, but Lord knows there's a difference—in the cashbook as well as the looks of it."

"I could make pictures as good as those of Valmar's if I had the right equipment."

"You got to show me," said Marjie. "Maybe it don't take so much outfit as you think. You'd have to hire a model, though."

Ben Merriweather looked appraisingly at his assistant, analyzing her profile, her shiny hair that would certainly let the light filter through halo fashion, the slim, sweet lines of her neck.

"That's the least of my troubles—gettin' a model," he said. "By golly, Marjie, I'm goin' to study up a little and make a try for one of those prizes!"

"Now," dimpled Marjie, "you're showing some signs of being alive. Do you know there was quite a while I began to think you were commencing to ossify? Don't you know what ossify means? Well, it's where a person turns to pure ivory north of the temperamental zone. Get me? My sakes! You promised Mrs. McNulty a dozen cabinets by Saturday, and I haven't hardly started work on her negative. Go along and do your printing—I've got to get busy."

IV

"NOW," said Ben Merriweather, holding up a folded copy of The Exclusive, "Beveridge got that effect with spot lights."

The day on which Marjie Paul had first broached the subject of the prize offer had drifted into midafternoon. Merry made his prints by the light of a fortuitously shining sun, which sullenly ducked behind a cloud shortly before noon and reappeared no more. The photographer had toned the prints after lunch, and now you could hear the monotonous drizzle of the water in the dark room sink where they were washing out. So he returned to the magazines and the published work of Valmar, Beveridge and other big men in the picture-taking game.

"Yes," agreed Marjie, "and the public thinks it's sunlight streaming through them golden tresses. Believe me, that's art!"

"It's art, all right. But all the art isn't in the lighting. Look at the outdoor atmosphere he's put into it! And it was made in his studio with an ordinary background and a lot of artificial apple blossoms. It's the soft-focus effect. Beveridge has that down cold."

"He uses his brains, Ben."

"And publicity. No wonder The Exclusive is glad to print his stuff. Mrs. Westerly Burd doesn't pose for any old bulb squeezer."

"Mrs. Westerly Burd's no more'n human, Ben. You don't think she's exactly dodgin' publicity, do you? She sure got something besides pictures when she paid Lew Beveridge two hundred a dozen. She knew before she sat to him he'd run her in The Exclusive. She wasn't listed among the swell dames three years ago like she is to-day."

"Marjie, you're darn well posted, seems to me. How do you get that way? Know Mrs. Burd's second assistant parlor maid, or somethin'?"

"Now who's getting sarcastic? No, I don't. Haven't I told you my brother Ted picks up a lot of real dope? He don't work in a big art department like Bond & Bent's for nothing. Beveridge made up a lot of model groups for advertisements of Young-style Clothes, and Ted was up to his studio posin' as a college student. The pictures came out punk, Ted said. He says they've tried and tried, but men's clothes are one thing you can't photograph for advertisements and have 'em look decent. Funny, don't you think? They have to have 'em painted by artists like Ladenbender and Banner and other illustrators."

"I bet I could photograph men's clothes," asserted Merry. "What was the matter with those poses we made of Solly Ginsberg in an evening-dress suit? Pretty kippy, Solly thought."

"Listen, Ben," said Marjie. "It's all right to pull those funny lines with me, because I know you pretty well and understand you're not really dotty, but be careful what you say to strangers. I don't want 'em to have you placed under observation yet a while."

Ben looked hurt. Then he remarked that he didn't see why Marjie's brother Ted couldn't steer some of the Bond & Bent agency's work his way.

"But," he went on, "what I can't understand is how guys like Beveridge and Delmar can mix up commercial photography and portrait work."

"Well, I can't explain it myself, but they do—and it pays. That's what I'm trying to tell you—something about this business that you don't already know. It's got possibilities, Ben. Now this prize contest ——"

And so the discussion proceeded until Ben was persuaded. It is unnecessary to follow the exact procedure of the Eighth Avenue portraitist in obtaining a picture which he and his assistant could agree upon as suitable. Ben worked hard at it and spoiled many dry plates. His equipment was really inadequate, and his funds insufficient to buy or even hire the lighting paraphernalia which might have solved some of his problems. It annoyed him to have his assistant repeatedly pronounce the results not good enough.

"No," she insisted, "it isn't right. It don't look natural. It's too sort of stiff and posed lookin'. Maybe it's my fault. I'm not used to posing. I guess I'm too self-conscious. Maybe I can find you a girl that'll do a lot better, Ben. There's Serena Vogel. She's a blonde, and she's done extra work a few times for Filmscreen. She'd be glad to pick up a couple of dol——"

"No, I don't want Serena Vogel, nor any other girl. It isn't your fault, Marjie. Here, let's give those magazines the once-over again."

"We've worn 'em ragged already, Ben. Besides, don't cramp your style studyin' what others have done. Let's see if you can't show a little originality. Here, how would this do?"

But after trying half a dozen stale attitudes Marjie gave up in disgust.

"I feel so blame hypocritical," she said. "That's why the pictures come out bad—they're insincere."

Ben sat on a frayed and battered couch, and folding his arms gazed fixedly at a pile of dusty miscellany in a semidark corner of the gallery.

"You wait!" he suddenly announced.

He got up, seized his hat and rattled out and down the four steep flights of stairs. Marjie had never seen his usually placid face so lit up with the inner glow of cerebration. He had an idea. Marjie rejoiced. It might be a rotten idea. But never mind that—it proved that Ben's brain was capable of functioning outside its accustomed groove.

In not more than twenty minutes she heard him coming upstairs again, moving fast. He was quite out of breath when he reached the studio, but from the brightness of his eyes it was plain the idea was flowering into something tangible.

Merriweather dropped on his knees and unrolled on the floor some large pieces of ordinary Manila wrapping paper, which he anchored in place with any convenient objects of sufficient weight. Then from various pockets he produced evidence that he had visited a stationery store. There were colored crayons and a bottle of sign-writer's ink and a couple of brushes.

"What in the world?" demanded Marjie, watching her employer fall eagerly to work.

"You'll see," said Merry, sketching busily.

In another fifteen minutes Marjie pronounced a verdict.

"Looks like some of those Cuban pictures—no, cubical."

"Cubist."

"Yeah! Portrait of a lady made in a bughouse at midnight. Who ever saw the beat of it?"

"No one—not even old William H. Cube himself. That makes no difference. There ——"

"But why the big blot, Bennikins?"

"Hold your horses a minute, will you?" returned Merry impatiently. He continued to make frantic strokes of his crayons and to slop on the sign-writer's ink in meaningless blotches. "Now give it a few minutes to dry."

Marjie, a trifle piqued, returned to her negative of Mrs. McNulty. Probably she had overdone this waking-up thing. A bean like Ben's wasn't intended to be overstimulated. Maybe it was like the sort of eggs that addle when they are expected to poach. Marjie sighed.

She heard her employer moving about, while the big sheets of wrapping paper rustled and rattled. Then came the tap-tap of a hammer. She turned and saw Ben driving the last tack that held the sheets flat against one of his stock backgrounds.

"There!" he said. "Now if you'll be so kind and obliging, let's see you strike one of those attitudes of yours."

"But, Ben ——"

"Never you mind! You do like I tell you. I've got a peach of an idea."

"It must be," grumbled Marjie.

She now knew so little about what her employer was trying to accomplish that she was unable to offer any suggestions. With the resigned air of a person willing to try anything once she took her position in front of the crazy-looking screen. Merry was fully half an hour in getting her posed to suit him.

"No, give me more profile. That's better. Now, tip your head a bit, and let your shoulders droop—more, more! Try to feel despondent. You've got the photographic blues—that's the way. No, let that hair alone, will you? It's all right the way it is. Well, I like it rumpled. Now, look up at me out of the corner of your eye. Don't grin! This isn't comedy."

"What for gorsake am I supposed to represent?" demanded Marjie.

"You don't represent anything. That's just the point. The minute you represent something you're lost. I'm goin' to make this a meanin'less picture. Trouble with us is we've been tryin' to say somethin'. Now we'll just say nothin', only say it clever so people won't know what the —— There, hold that a bit, and remember exactly how you do it. I want to see that on the glass."

The photographer dived under the folds of his focusing cloth. From its muffling depths Marjie heard him call, "'S all right. Can you hold that about three or four minutes? I don't want to lose it."

He slammed a plate holder into place, drew the slide and shouted, "Just a minute more! Still, now —— There! There's one! I want to try another like that, and then I'm going to shift the shades a little. You can rest a bit, but for the love of Mike don't forget that position!"

The letter that accompanied Ben's check for the fifty-dollar prize was like an order of knighthood. He showed it to his assistant with so much exultation that she was prompted to ask: "Well, that's great stuff! But who was it put you up to it in the first place, I'd like to know?"

"Oh, of course, you deserve at least a fifty-fifty split," he replied grandly. "I'm going to whack up the dough, don't worry."

"Don't be a chump! I don't want you to do that. I guess I hadn't ought to of reminded you. But I really did help some, didn't I?"

"You did pretty near all of it. I guess no other girl would have stood so much grumbling and fussing. But my crazy cubist background was some idea, eh?"

"You said it, Merry! But what it all means goodness only knows. I've rubbered in lots of show windows, but I never saw anything like it. Honest, doesn't it mean anything?"

"Not a blame thing, Marjie."

"They must be a lot of boobs up there in Utica. Let me have one more look at the masterpiece. Something must have escaped me."

Together they reinspected for the hundredth time a copy of the prize-winning

(Continued on Page 121)

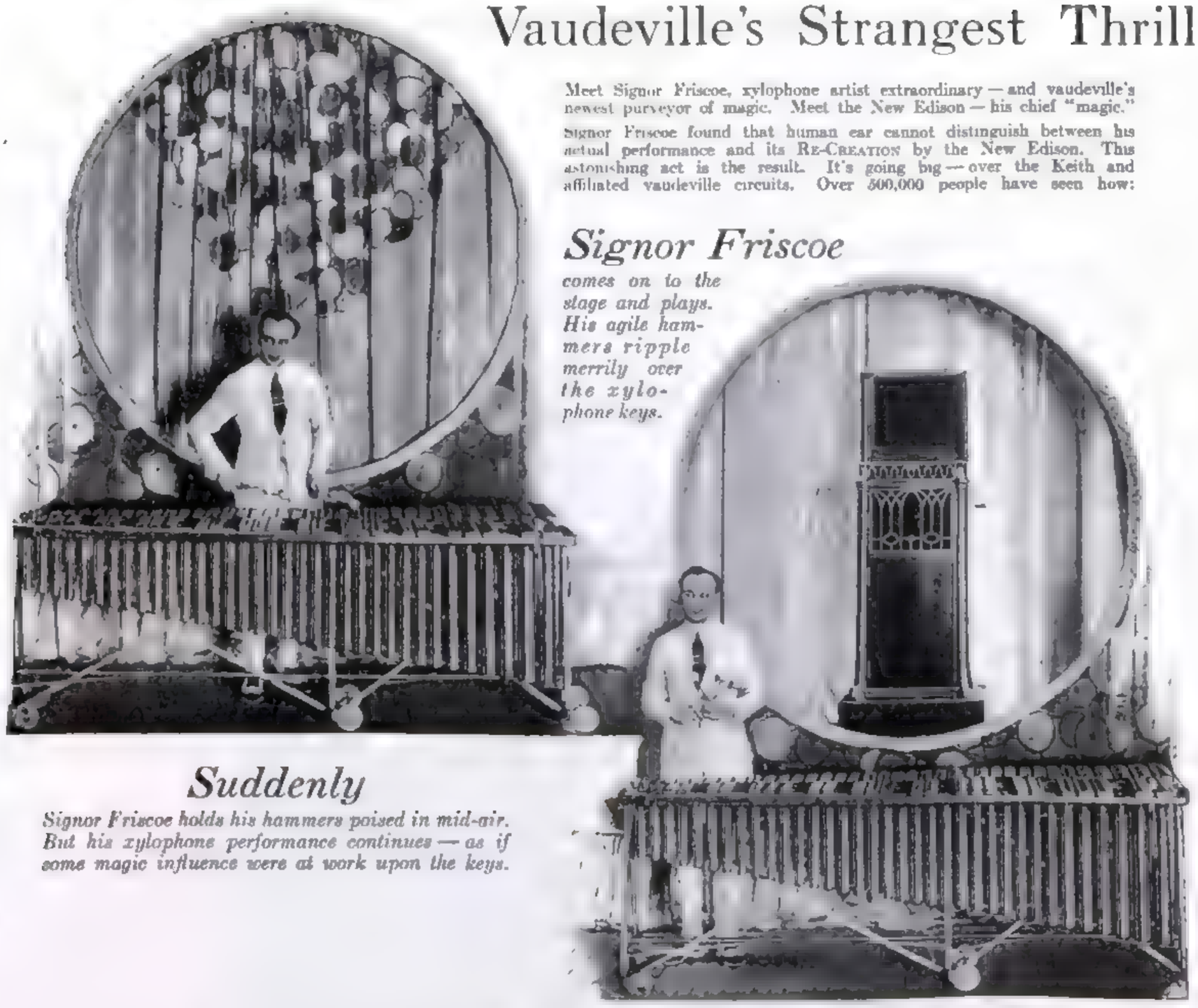
Vaudeville's Strangest Thrill

Meet Signor Friscoe, xylophone artist extraordinary — and vaudeville's newest purveyor of magic. Meet the New Edison — his chief "magic."

Signor Friscoe found that human ear cannot distinguish between his actual performance and its RE-CREATION by the New Edison. This astonishing act is the result. It's going big — over the Keith and affiliated vaudeville circuits. Over 500,000 people have seen how:

Signor Friscoe

comes on to the stage and plays. His agile hammers ripple merrily over the xylophone keys.



Suddenly

Signor Friscoe holds his hammers poised in mid-air. But his xylophone performance continues — as if some magic influence were at work upon the keys.

Then *the curtains part. The audience gasps. The New Edison stands revealed. It has been matching Signor Friscoe's performance so perfectly that its RE-CREATION could not be distinguished from his original performance.*

Ask them to explain this!

THE absolute realism of the New Edison has been demonstrated by actual comparison with the art of living artists. More than 4,000 comparisons have been given, with more than fifty great artists, before a total of 3,500,000 people.

America's principal newspapers have reviewed these comparisons at length. They have conceded that the New Edison's RE-CREATION of an artist's voice, or instrumental performance, cannot be distinguished from the actual singing, or playing, of such artist.

It has been reported to us that over-zealous salesmen, who are interested in the sale of talking-machines, have stated that the artists, who take part in these comparisons, imitate the New Edison.

In the first place, it is a physical impossibility for any person to imitate the phonograph in a way to sustain this comparison.

In the second place, the artists who make these comparisons are of the first rank, and would not lower themselves to sing, or play, in an unnatural way.

In the third place, the music critics who have witnessed the comparisons could not, for a moment, be deceived by an attempted imitation, and would immediately expose an imitation, if one were attempted.

HOWEVER, argument is unnecessary. Signor Friscoe's extraordinary act makes the accusation of "imitation" quite absurd. Everyone knows that a xylophone cannot be made to imitate a phonograph so as to deceive its hearers.

In the interest of fair play, and for your own satisfaction, hear Signor Friscoe when he comes to the vaudeville theatre in your town. He is the world's greatest xylophone player. Pay particular attention when he plays in direct comparison with the New Edison's RE-CREATION of his xylophone performance.

IF anyone suggests to you that the artists imitated the New Edison in the 4,000 comparison tests that have been given by the Edison Laboratories, ask such person to explain Signor Friscoe's act.

Your Edison dealer has a New Edison exactly like that used by Signor Friscoe. Test its Supreme Realism for yourself. The dealer gives the Realism Test in his store.

The Price of the New Edison

—has increased less than 15% since 1914, and this increase includes the War Tax.

Mr. Edison has absorbed, out of his own pocket, more than half of the increased cost of manufacture, in order that the New Edison might remain within reach of every pocketbook. The high-grade materials and expert craftsmanship required in the manufacture of the New Edison continue to be scarce, and our selling prices may have to be increased, but we shall make every effort to avoid such action.

Thomas A. Edison, Inc., Orange, N. J.

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

(Continued from Page 119)

picture. Ben had entitled it Mystery. Against that odd, puzzling background stood sunny-haired Marjie, shoulders drooping, head bent and turned ever so slightly toward the camera, and in her eyes that queer, oblique, half-quizzical look that tantalized with an enigma unfathomable, because—just as Ben had intended—it really didn't mean anything. Marjie remembered that while the exposure was being made she had been mentally commenting on the fact that her employer needed a haircut.

And behind this inscrutable, haunting face loomed a great black splotch, which might have been a shadow, or an embodied premonition of a future which menaced, or a pile of bituminous coal. Then back of the coal pile, fading away with a sinister vagueness into an umbrageous jumble, were Ben's cubist symbols—badly modeled forms suggesting outlandishly impossible animals or people or some fabulous beings on a week-end visit from a distant planet, the whole giving an impression of mystery and vast spaces quite beyond the power of words to describe.

Ben had worked several days on the negative, touching a facile pencil point here and there with uncanny skill. Afterward he had worked painstakingly on an experimental print, which he had spoiled; had tried another and spoiled that, and still another. Finally having achieved what seemed to suit him—meanwhile driving poor Marjie into a hopeless state of puzzlement—he had rephotographed the print and added a few last touches to the final negative.

The result was absurdly beautiful. Marjie felt creepy when she looked at it and realized that the subject was her unpretentious self. It was like her, and it wasn't. It was harrowingly like her, and utterly strange. If she had suddenly made the acquaintance of a twin sister of whose existence she had been until now quite ignorant the result could not have been more spookily startling. If her spirit had passed on into another sphere and accumulated a lot of other spherical attributes and characteristics and then come back, vaguely accompanied by a flock of her new acquaintances and companions of the unexplored spaces, to greet her suddenly in a shadowy corridor, she couldn't have been more startled.

"Gee!" she had said again and again. "Ain't it the limit? Gives me the willies. But—say, Ben, you don't think I could ever really look like that, now do you?"

"Well," replied Ben, "it's you, ain't it? Didn't you pose for it? Sure you could look like that! The camera don't lie."

"No, but that pencil of yours isn't to be trusted. It did something funny to my character. Blessed if I know what it is."

"It brought home the bacon," Ben assured her complacently. "Now I guess you'll quit kidding me about those art studies—the ones of Rosie Goldmark and Selma Petersen and ——"

"Good fathers!" cried Marjie Paul. "If you'd ever done that to Rosie and Selma they'd of sued you for—for—differentiation of character or criminal liable or something. Next time you want a model get a movie queen, Benuel, get a real vamp! And have Oliver Cabot Lodge, or whoever that senator is that works as a spirit medium on the side, help you pose her. I resign!"

▼

IN THE bright lexicon of Miss Angela Boggs there were scores of words that other daughters of huge fortunes would find quite unintelligible. For Angela was a priestess in the temple of big business. She had worked at the job for more than three years and seemed to be making a success of it.

Angela's father, Hamilton D. Boggs—yes, yes, the Hamilton Boggs, inventor of the famous Beefsteak Biscuit and president of Boggs' Bakeries, Inc.—had never a son to bear his name, so he was doing his best to make his daughter fill the shoes that might have been worn by the H. D. Boggs, Jr., who had somehow been sidetracked en route. And Angela gave abundant promise of coming up to specifications.

The whole world of vegetarians knows Boggs' Beefsteak Biscuit, which combines within its delectable circumference all the proteids, the fatty hydrocarbates—harboeydrates—no? Well, anyhow, the body-building, heat-making what-you-call-'ems—the kilowatts—calories, that's it—calories. Boggs' Beefsteak Biscuits are round and plump and delicately brown. Upon the tongue they crumble gently and melt away into a sort of sugary paste at the touch of that moisture which their spiciness provokes. For they contain not alone the muscle-building proteids and the human-steam-generating cydroharb—that is, calorific elements—but also the starch which maketh character, as symbolized by the stiff upper lip and the unyielding backbone.

Boggs' Beefsteak Biscuit is a whole meal in itself, a balanced ration, a very Blondin among comestibles. Two Beefsteak Biscuits contain as much nutriment as a pound of the tenderest, juiciest, primest sirloin. The meatiest nuts, the most sugary fruits, the staunchest cereals make Beefsteak Biscuit timber from which may be built giants of strength, energy and health. As Elbert Hubbard used to say, "I guess so!"

All this must be true, for it is thus set forth in the advertisements. Angela Boggs wrote them.

She had started in as a helper in the bakery. But before her admission into the plant she had spent many months in laboratories where she made an exhaustive study of the chemistry of foods. She knew what was good for the human race. She had met thousands of proteids, both wild and domesticated, classified them and forced them willy-nilly to do her imperious bidding. She had bearded the fierce cardrohyb—that calorie thing—in its lair. She wasn't the least bit afraid of vitamines. In fact she treated them with as much familiarity as you and I traffic with corpuscles and follicles.

And then after her apprenticeship in the laboratory and her initiation into the mixing rooms and the bakeries she had graduated into the office of the corporation, where she had in short order mastered the accounting system, the methods of cost keeping and the procedure of the purchasing department. After that she was advanced into advertising and sales.

As is well known, Beefsteak Biscuit is but one of the many products of Boggs' Bakeries, Inc. The concern makes nearly two hundred specialties, and they are all good. Whenever you see the name Boggs on a ginger snap, a sugar cookie, a disk of pilot bread, a candy-crusted tidbit of any sort, you know it is absolutely right. Personally I never had much use for old Ham Boggs, but when it comes to quality you've got to hand it to the house of Boggs. Nowhere are there better biscuit builders than Boggs.

Angela was a peach. Tall enough and not too slim, rather dark as to hair and eyes and with a fine, fresh, out-of-door color, always smartly correct, if a trifle mannish in dress, she went her cool, serene way, indifferent to the frantic cranings of the neck-twisters' union. She seemed marked with the very brand and symbol of success. You couldn't see a flaw in her anywhere.

Perhaps Angela was almost too perfect. That is, she was too aware of her flawlessness. A second look convinced you that there was something studied about her calm aloofness. You couldn't say accurately that she was supercilious, but she certainly was consciously superior to common folks. Nevertheless, before you have known Angela very long you are going to find out a lot of things about her which you'd never guess from just a casual exterior view.

Hamilton D. Boggs sent his personal office boy to the department of advertising and sales one morning with a summons for the head of that department.

"How was your mother when you left home?" he inquired.

"She was quite all right. It's nothing but a cold. The hot bath and massage last night were exactly what she needed. She had a very comfortable night, ate a good breakfast and brought me down to the office in the big closed car. Now she's shopping, I believe."

"Funny, ain't it," remarked Boggs, "how easy she gets scared? Always been like that. I've spent some money on that woman's notions about her health! Any little thing sets her off. Last night she was plumb certain she was coming down with pneumonia. I knew better. It's good she was mistaken. Now, Angie, I've saved this forenoon to go over some things with you, and after we've settled a few questions you can call in John Bond and you'll know what orders to give him. He's got to understand his agency has to give us more service for our fifteen per cent or we don't do any more business with 'em. I guess our account deserves about the best they've got. What have they reported to you about new photographs and models for fall?"

"Nothing new. They keep recommending Valmar. They say if we want really good photographs we'll have to pay Valmar's price."

"Nothing doing, Angie, and I hope you told him so. Did you ask him about Beveridge?"

"Beveridge is tied up by a year's contract with another concern."

"Competitive?"

"I couldn't find out. We shan't know until we see the work in print. But Beveridge would be quite as expensive as Valmar, even if he were free."

"He would, eh? Well, we don't let 'em hold us up, that's all. Now see here, Angie, you're efficient. You've made pretty good in every place I've tried you. Are you goin' to let a lot of bum photographers give you the laugh? Do you mean to tell me that in all this big town there isn't one that can make us a dozen advertising studies at a fair price?"

"Frankly, father, I don't know. Photography's peculiar. There's a vast difference between the pretty good and the very best. I've examined the work of as many as fifty men, and not one is up to our standard. A picture has to be exactly right, or it is all wrong. I don't know why it is, but the subtleties seem to count in photography more than they do in almost any other form of picture."

"Subtleties! My old hat! What's subtle, I'd like to know, about getting a good-looking girl to stand up and have her picture taken, or photographing a lot of cartons? Darned if I see where the subtlety comes in."

"Have you liked any of the pictures I've brought you so far?"

"Not by a long shot. Of all the cheap-lookin', makeshift ——"

"Wait a minute, dad. Some of them were by photographers who are regarded as exceptionally skillful."

"Don't care; the pictures was rotten. You agreed with me. You didn't go to the right people. Now that stuff Valmar did for us—it was different somehow. I don't know just what it was, but ——"

"Subtlety, father, subtlety. That's exactly the thing the others lack."

Hamilton D. grumbled that he was blamed if he believed it. Why, photography wasn't anything but a mechanical process, same as printing! That was what a camera was for—to reproduce things exactly. Couldn't fool one of those lenses. They saw things, like your eye.

"What do you think of that?" asked Angela suddenly.

She had taken a small magazine from an ordinary vertical file folder of heavy Manila, on the edge of which was written, "Ideas and data: New copy thoughts." Angela hardly ever stirred from her desk without either locking this folder safely in a drawer or else tucking it under her arm. Now she turned back the pages of the magazine and laid it in front of Hamilton D.

"Huh? What's this? Funny-lookin' thing, I sh'd say. No sense in it, is there? What's she doin'?"

"But she's pretty, father."

"Is she? Well, maybe. Kind of furtive lookin'. What you womenfolks call catty."

"That's in the pose and the handling. The girl is sweet, dad; and that is one of the most original compositions I've seen in years."

"Don't think that'd sell biscuits, do you, huh?" H. D. snorted. "What's all those curious-lookin' animals and other critters mixed together in the background? Kind of a spiritualist seance on a toot, looks like. I see he calls it Mystery. I'd think a better title was Hash a la Mode. Who's this B. Merriweather anyhow? D'you ever hear of him?"

The manager of advertising and sales shook her head.

"That's rather a humble neighborhood for a photographer who pretends to be anyone. I just came across this magazine accidentally. It's two months old, you see. I could run over there one of these days and see what sort of person this Mr. Merriweather is and whether he really has what we want. That picture may be just an accident."

"You better do it to-day. No tellin' when he might go and make some fool contract. Anyhow he ought to work a heap cheaper than Valmar and those other pirates. Probably some young fellow gettin' a start. If he wasn't he wouldn't have bothered to try for a fifty-dollar prize."

"That's just what I thought, father. The first of the week I'll ——"

"And to-day's Wednesday. My land, Angie, haven't you worked for this concern long enough to get it through your head that the first of the week won't do?"

"But, father, you haven't any idea what a dreadful condition my desk is in, and six salesmen coming in off the road this forenoon to wrangle over that new division of territory. I've got to get them straightened out. I can't drop everything just to go chasing some obscure photographer. I have to preserve my sense of proportion or the unimportant things would crowd out the ——"

"All right, all right, all right!" complained old H. D., with a resigned air. "Don't give me the harrowin' details. I've got troubles of my own. But let me tell you one thing, young woman, I ain't too busy to attend to a little errand over on Eighth Avenue. I could even go without that second nut sundae for my lunch to wedge in fifteen minutes for the purpose."

Now you know why people disliked Hamilton D. Boggs in spite of the undeniable quality of his merchandise. Even Angela, his own daughter, understood it. She left the magazine lying on her father's desk, and turning coolly walked out without a word.

"Boy," said H. D. testily, "get my hat and coat. I'm going out."

VI

THE publication of Ben Merriweather's prize-winning if meaningless cubist portrait of Marjie Paul brought him little, very little, fame. Yet in Ben's case it was the quality rather than the quantity of notoriety that counted. And after all Merry didn't know of his own knowledge how best to capitalize even that.

The small trade magazine issued by the prize-offering supply house circulated among photographers, mostly professional. It was quite eagerly read, too, by manufacturers of various specialties, chemicals and devices. From these Ben received a young avalanche of unsealed, green-stamped mail. He looked it over with a casual eye, passed it on to Marjie and forgot it. Marjie analyzed it, divided it into a small pile of worthwhile suggestions for future reference and a larger pile of futilities which she tore up and threw away. She called this process separating the "tears" from the wheat.

Then there were a dozen letters from brother craftsmen who desired to know a lot of things about Ben's methods of work. How did he achieve that peculiar soft effect? Where did he dig up the background? What sort of printing paper did he use? And did he do much air-brush work on the original print? Did he think one got the best results from cutting frisket, or the use of celluloid masks?

"Gee," said Ben, "if I took time to answer all those guys I'd have to give up photography and start a correspondence school! You didn't notice any of them inclosing the herewith-please-find stuff to pay me for my time answering their fool questions, did you?"

"Not any, Ben."

"Well, you can answer 'em if you want to. I'm too busy dodgin' the rent collector."

"Like fun I will! They must think you're soft, givin' away secrets it's taken you—er—years and years to learn. Am I right?"

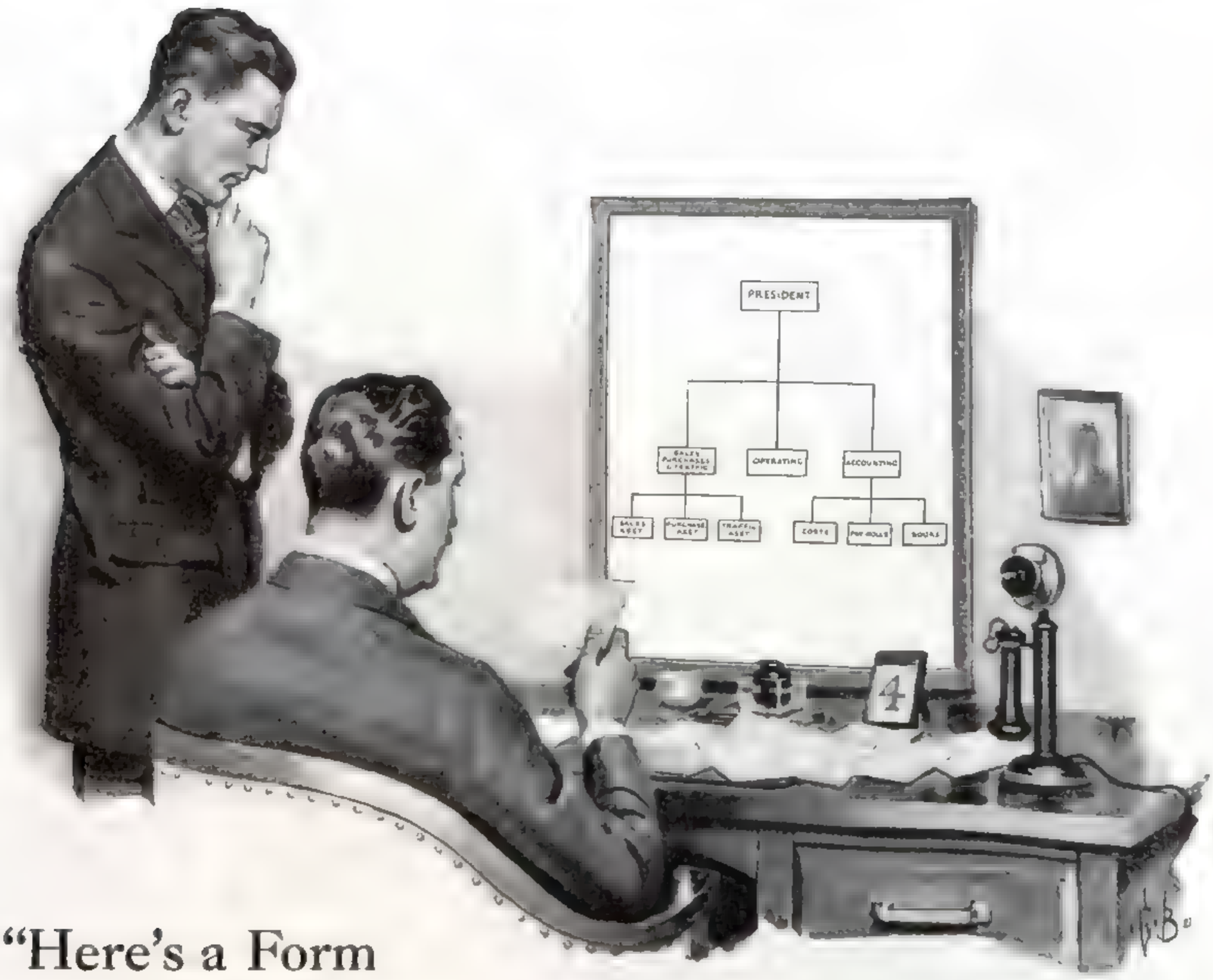
"Kid, you remarked a whole catalogue. Heave 'em all into the wastebasket. Let 'em do their own experimental work. I got fifty berries for that picture, and I bet it cost me two hundred in time and materials. Still, I don't know. Maybe it was worth that to me. Business has been pretty good lately."

"You know why? Because winnin' that prize made a different man of you. Before you were—well, to tell you the truth, Ben, you were a big dub. Now you've some confidence in yourself. You've found out you can think without crutches. You've got a little salesmanship in your manner when you meet people, so they order more pictures. Besides, the copy of that Nightmare from Spiritland you stuck up down below in the show case has folks guessin'. I honestly believe they come to give you the up-and-down, like as if you were some freak. They can't understand how anyone normal could pull a thing like that."

Ben grinned.

"You'd hardly blame 'em. I s'pose that little this-picture-won-the-prize card you lettered and stuck under it makes 'em

(Continued on Page 125)



"Here's a Form That Will Save a Lot of Valuable Time"

IF they were asked how to make every minute count, thousands of business men would promptly answer, "Use printed forms."

More than one, speaking from their own experience, would add, "Be sure you use the right forms." Take time to work them out yourself. Make it your business to see that nobody spends time and energy doing work that a printed slip of paper could take care of just as well.

The use of printed forms is the sensible way to "speed up." It does not fluster your employees. It does not increase the load of work, but lightens it.

And if you give your personal attention to your printed forms, you'll find that they can put about ten days' work into a six-day week.

Business men who have learned to "speed up" with printed forms don't "slow up" by shopping around for paper whenever an order for printing is to be placed. One standard watermarked paper, dependable in quality and economical in price, meets all their needs.

The paper they use is Hammermill Bond—the most widely used paper in the world, and the lowest-priced standard bond paper on the market.

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, ERIE, PA.

Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

HAMMERMILL BOND

The Utility Business Paper

ASK your printer to use Hammermill Bond. He will be glad to have this suggestion, for the Hammermill variety of colors and finishes enables him to give you complete satisfaction on every job.

Hammermill Bond is made in twelve colors besides white, enabling you to give color identification and classification to your different forms —the "Signal System" of business.

Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

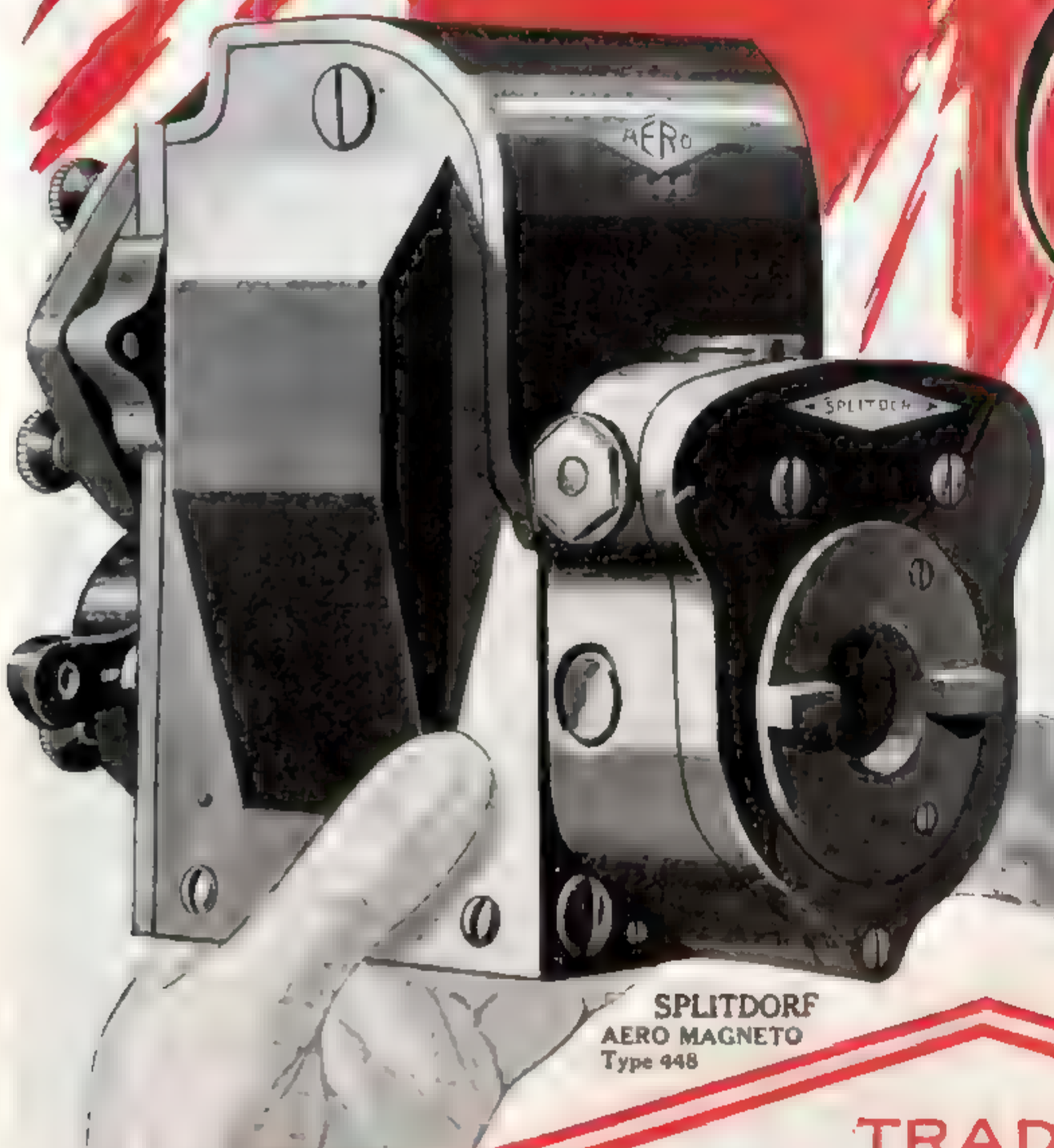
HAMMERMILL BOND

The Utility Business Paper

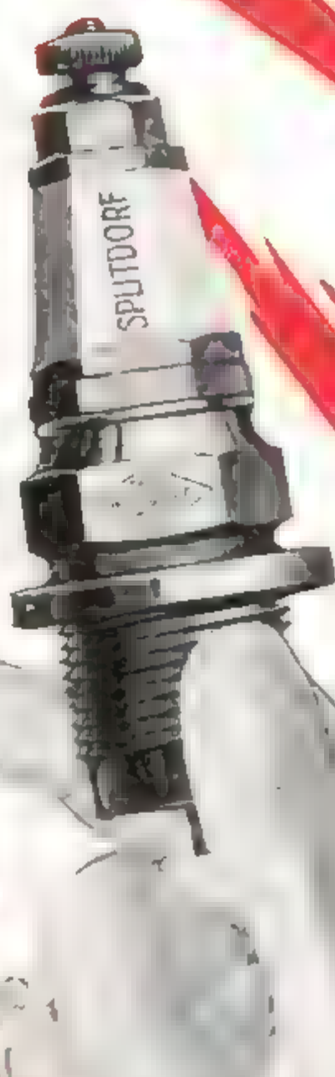
SPLITDORF Sells "Sparks"

and Gives the user of Splitdorf Aero Magneto and Splitdorf Green Jacket Spark Plugs

More Good Sparks per Dollar



SPLITDORF
AERO MAGNETO
Type 448



SPLITDORF
Green Jacket
Spark Plug
Standard Size
$1 25
In Canada
$1 50

TRADE
SPLITDORF
MARK

ESTABLISHED
1 8 5 8

SPLITDORF
ELECTRICAL CO.
Newark, N. J.

WORLD'S LARGEST
MAKERS OF
IGNITION EQUIPMENT
ALSO MANUFACTURERS OF SPLITDORF PEENED PISTON RINGS

(Continued from Page 121)

think I must be some heavy gink. Oh, I wouldn't wonder if it was worth the trouble"

He disappeared in his dark room and hooked the door. He had a lot of holders to fill and a half dozen other things to do. Business was good, as he had said.

The little bell, actuated whenever anyone opened the front door, jingled peremptorily, and Marjie went into the tiny reception room to greet the caller.

"Mr. Merriweather in?" demanded a heavy voice.

The reception room was not well lighted unless one turned a switch, and the switch was usually shut off in the interests of economy. Now Marjie snapped on the lights and perceived a thick-set, opulent-looking—er—gentleman, dressed in expensive clothes of obtrusively modest pattern and cut. He looked at her out of a pair of small, shrewd brown eyes, and his lips, full-modeled and ruddy under a thin, dark mustache, smiled with an appreciation which might have been accepted as a compliment or not, just as the complimentee chose to believe.

"Mr. Merriweather," said Marjie Paul with dignity, "is very busy in his dark room. Would I do?"

"Well, now, I don't know but you would. I'm looking for information. I was going to ask Mr. Merriweather for the address of the young lady in that picture in your show case downstairs—the one that took a prize."

"Mr. Merriweather makes it a rule not to divulge the addresses of his customers. All dealings are in strict confidence."

The full-lipped smile widened.

"I've an idea," remarked the visitor, "I wouldn't have to go any farther anyhow. If I'm not mistaken, you're the young lady. I take it you are in Mr. Merriweather's employ."

Marjie Paul looked steadily into her questioner's eyes and answered not a word. She felt her face seemingly turn to wood.

"Well," insisted the visitor, "I'm right, ain't I?"

It now occurred to Marjie that she was being rude. She had no tangible provocation to be rude. The man was not uncivil in any way.

"Yes, sir," she said stiffly, "that's me in the picture. I don't think it really looks like me, but it is. I'm guilty. Do I get a fine or imprisonment—or both?"

Marjie didn't mean to be impertinent. When she had made the remark quoted she immediately realized that it was cheap and undignified and that by making it she had deliberately kicked over the barrier which ought to separate her from chance-met strangers with keen brown eyes and too full-modeled lips.

"I'm Mr. Lindenthal," said the man. "Lindenthal, of Filmscreen Pictures. Have you ever done any work in pictures, Miss—er ——"

Marjie ignored the question. Realizing her blunder, she now retreated to an extreme of chilly dignity.

"If you mean moving pictures"—she pronounced it pitchers—"I haven't, and I wouldn't care to."

"I was examining that print downstairs," went on Lindenthal. "I don't know, of course, but I should imagine you'd screen quite well. We're always on the lookout for types. Lots of girls come to us and try to make good, but the kind we want are hard to find. I have a hunch you'd be different."

"No, thank you, Mr. Lindenthal."

"Would Mr. Merriweather care to sell me one of those pictures? I'd like to meet Mr. Merriweather. The study was well planned. Have you an extra print?"

Marjie, lips set in a stubborn little pucker, shook her head.

"Oh, come," insisted the movie man, "you've no occasion to be stuffy! Suppose you run out and have a bite to eat with me; then we can talk things over.

"It might prove a very nice opportunity for you."

Again the shake of the head.

"Will Mr. Merriweather be at liberty this afternoon?"

"He might. He's awf'ly busy."

"This is my card. Will you please tell him I called and say I'll drop in again? And also tell him I'd be very glad if he'd look me up at the studio sometime—on East Twenty-sixth Street. Good day."

Lindenthal made a rather creditable exit, considering the fact that it was hardly less than a strategic retreat. Marjie went back to her retouching. She was a trifle excited and indignant. She didn't know why she was indignant.

"I make myself sick," she mused. "First I get fresh, and then I treat that man like a hound. I act like some blushing schoolgirl that expects every John she meets to insult her. Girls that are lookin' for gentlemen to be rude to them isn't goin' to be disappointed. He probably thought I was pulling that dignity stuff for a bluff. I guess I didn't make him respect me like a lady ought to.

"Good reason why. It's because I'm not a lady, so I don't know how a lady would ought to act. I've seen lots of girls that could treat a strange gentleman quite pleasant without lowering themselves any. They got a sort of confidence in human nature. Most people are probably just what you make up your mind to think. Now that movie fellow—he'd go as far as you'd let him, but not a step farther. Gee, I wish I had them ladylike instincts!"

So poor Marjie wasn't altogether happy. By and by Ben came out of the dark room, blinking in the full light of the gallery, wiping his yellowed fingers on a chemical-stained towel.

"There, that job's done. Who rang the bell?"

"Here."

Marjie extended Lindenthal's card, held daintily in her finger tips

"He said he'd be back."

"To-day? What did he want?"

"Copy of Mystery."

"Did you let him have it?"

"I did not. You never told me to sell any of those prints. But now I wish I had. You can make more."

"We never put a price on them, Marjie. How much would you have charged him? Dollar?"

"Ben Merriweather, what are we running here, a free dispensary? A dollar!"

"Well, you might get away with two, I suppose. Still I don't know who'd loosen up a couple of seeds ——"

"Mr. Merriweather, if I have another chance to sell one of those garbled versions of my careworn but still girlish map the price is ten large iron men. Do you get that? Someone in this establishment's got to show a little commercial sag—sag—sagaciousness. Good heavens! Here he comes back!"

Marjie made a dive for her desk and fell to work earnestly.

"You go out and see him," whispered Ben.

He was thinking of the ten dollars. He would never have the nerve, but Marjie might get away with it. Miss Paul, however, made it plain by exceedingly violent pantomime that the temperature at the level of her pumps had dropped suddenly. Not for the world would she again face the smiling Mr. Lindenthal. She had pulled one boner and lost her goat for the rest of the day. So she shook her head, grimaced fiercely and gestured with a kind of desperate supplication. Merry pushed open the door into the reception room and disappeared.

Everyone was talking about the big money made in the movies. According to rumor, one had only to touch the borders of filmdom to perceive vistas leading to fame and fortune. Now Marjie Paul wondered why Lindenthal had climbed those four heartbreaking flights a second time. Was it really on her account, or did he have business with Ben? Did he perceive in the Nightmare something that told him here was a great camera man in the making? Or, on the other hand, was he sincere when he told her that she would very likely film well and was exactly the type movie people were always looking for? What were Lindenthal and her employer talking about now?

In less than five minutes Ben popped into the gallery. He was enveloped in a thick coat of furtiveness. He laid his finger on his lips and beckoned Marjie into the dark room, closing the door as soon as she entered.

There in a gloom made faintly pinkish by the weak light of a ruby lamp Ben whispered: "Listen! It's not that movie bird at all. It's another boob. Says his name's Boggs. Old geezer, regular bear."

"Well, what of it? Why all the gumshoe business?"

"He says he wants a dozen poses for some cracker advertisements—Boggs' Biscuits. You've heard of 'em. He's the Boggs, by golly!"

Inadvertently Marjie Paul laid a nervous hand on her employer's arm and squeezed.

"Good fathers! What did you say?"

"I told him I'd have to come back and look in my books and see what other work I had on hand.

"Gee, he's one of those kind that wants to stampede you right away! He wanted to know my price, and would I make him some sample poses on spec."

"And you didn't give him an answer? Well, let me tell you something: Boggs is worth millions. His account is a great big one, and Bond & Bent handle it. My brother Ted is always talking about it; and he's a devil on wheels to get along with. He's got a daughter that puts her finger in the pie and she's as bad as her old gent. Over at the agency they've been tryin' to get him up a lot of photographs to advertise his biscuits, and he isn't satisfied with anything but stuff done by Valmar and Beveridge and those big chaps. But he won't pay the price. They want three hundred dollars for each pose he accepts, and they won't do a mite of work on spec. They don't have to. See the point, Ben? He's dug you out because he thinks you are an unknown and he can buy your stuff cheap. Now don't let him put anything over on you. You can do the work, and he has the money to pay. He's got a gall coming here and asking a poor simp like you for charity. You tell him twenty-five dollars a subject for all work he and his daughter don't accept. That's flat. For pictures they do accept your price is two hundred each."

"Oh, Marjie, cheese, cheese! He'll drop dead."

"Let 'im! You understand, he's shopped all over N'York for what he wants, and everything he's seen is rotten. There's only two or three that can do the trick. I'm far from sure you can. It's some fussy job, Ted says. That's why I don't want you to speculate. Get paid for your time. If you do something good you're saving old Boggsy a hundred bucks per each; if not, he has no right to expect you to give your time for nothing. Remember, he gets the benefit of your brains! He wouldn't of come here if he hadn't been about at the end of his rope. Buck up now, Benuel! Don't weaken."

The partition between the gallery and the reception room was a flimsy affair, and Marjie knew that it would be easy, if she cared to edge up and listen, to hear the conversation.

But it wouldn't be ladylike. She stuck to her retouching and nearly spoiled a perfectly good negative of Mrs. Simon Lefkowitz and her pet poodle. Presently Merry returned.

"Did he fall?" asked Marjie anxiously.

"Aw, you might've known he wouldn't fall. He was mad clear through. Said it was a helluver note, him offering an unknown like me a chance to get famous. Said I'd ought to be glad to make the pictures free for the sake of signin' my name on 'em. Millions of people would see 'em, he said. Oh, he's some buyer, that old man. Finally he went out, cussin' a blue streak. I was sorry to see him go. I honestly think it'd been better if I'd undertaken to make the pictures cheap for the advertisin' it would give me. He'd have fallen for fifty apiece for all accepted work, and that'd show me a good profit."

"You hush!" said Marjie stubbornly. "I know. Ted says those Boggses are absolutely the toughest people to deal with that ever lived. He says Mr. Bond has threatened to bounce their account out of the office. They're always kickin' and hollerin' and squealin', so the cost of handlin' the business is more'n the profits. Ted tells me what he hears round the shop. You undertake to do work on spec for that kind of people and they'll turn you down as cold-blooded as a fish. Merry, I'll make you a small bet. Down in Mis' Bernstein's millinery-shop window there's a hat I want, but I can't afford it. It only costs five ninety-eight, but you know how things is with me. Just to show you how game I am, I'll bet you a nice new Kelly, price not to exceed six dollars, against that hat of Bernstein's that old Mr. Boggs or someone that works for him comes back here. Any or all, as the kids say when they're rollin' the bones. How much do you want? I shoots six bills."

"You beat anything I ever saw," returned Ben. "I wouldn't bet with a girl, anyhow; and I wouldn't bet with you because you can't afford to lose; and I wouldn't bet on a sure thing with anyone, because it's a piker trick. Boggs nor no one else will be round here again lookin' for biscuit pictures. The old boy was too mad. And just to show you how sure I am, if anyone from the Boggs office does show up here lookin' for poses I'll present you, free for nothin', with that lid you like so much, and you don't have to risk a cent."

"No, Ben; either it's a bet or I don't participate. Just the same, I'm telling you, Boggs will be back."

"You got any inside dope? You act so sure. That kid brother of yours might ——"

"Certainly not, Ben Merriweather! Ted isn't anyone over at Bond & Bent's, though of course he'd help if he thought he could do you any good, for my sake. Do you bet the hat, or is your sporting blood all froze in the toes of your shoes?"

She grinned provokingly.

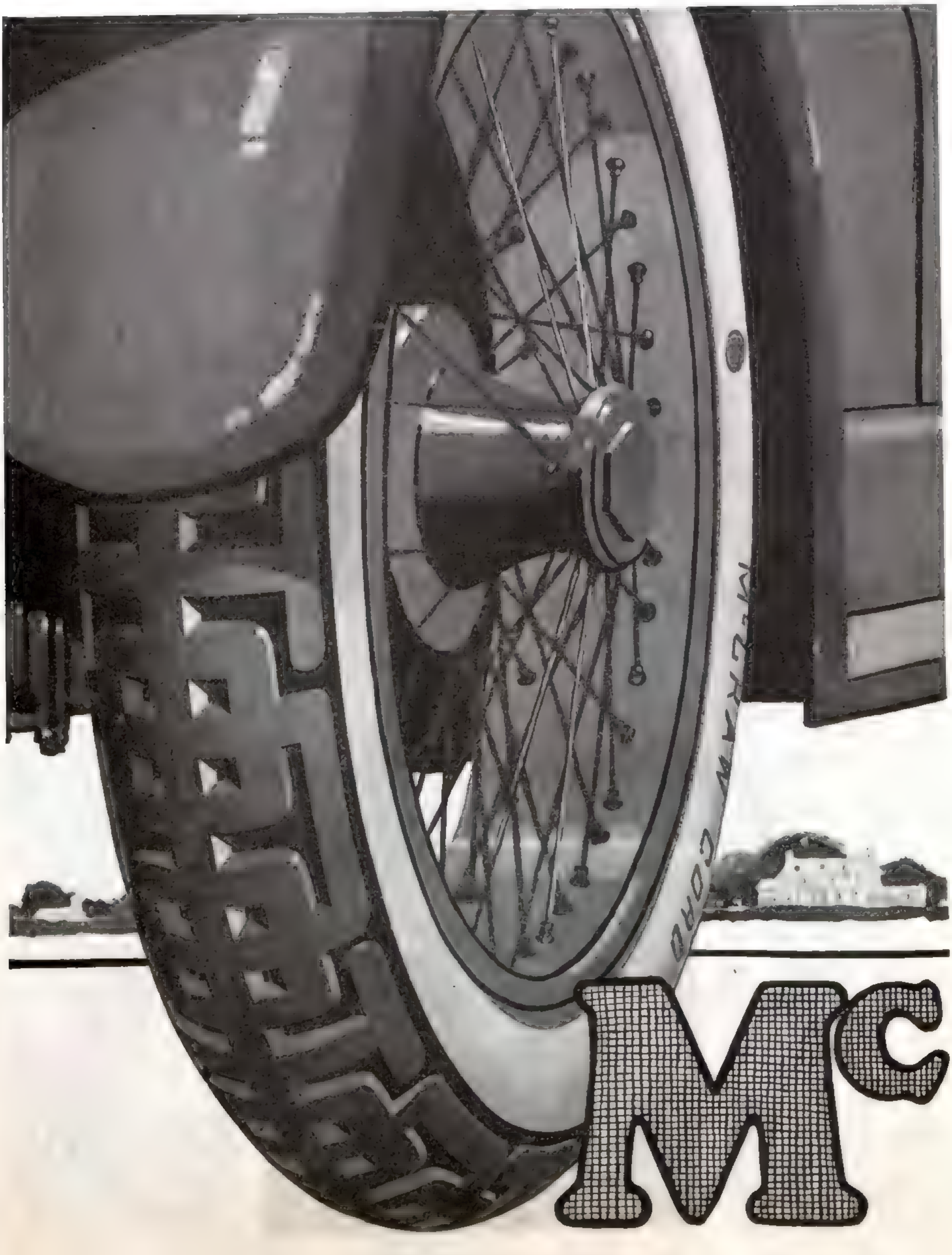
"Darn me, if I don't take you!" said the harried photographer. "You'll lose, that's a cinch; and if you don't I'll be only too glad to pay the bet. But I honestly think if Boggs does come back I ought to drop the price a little, don't you think?"

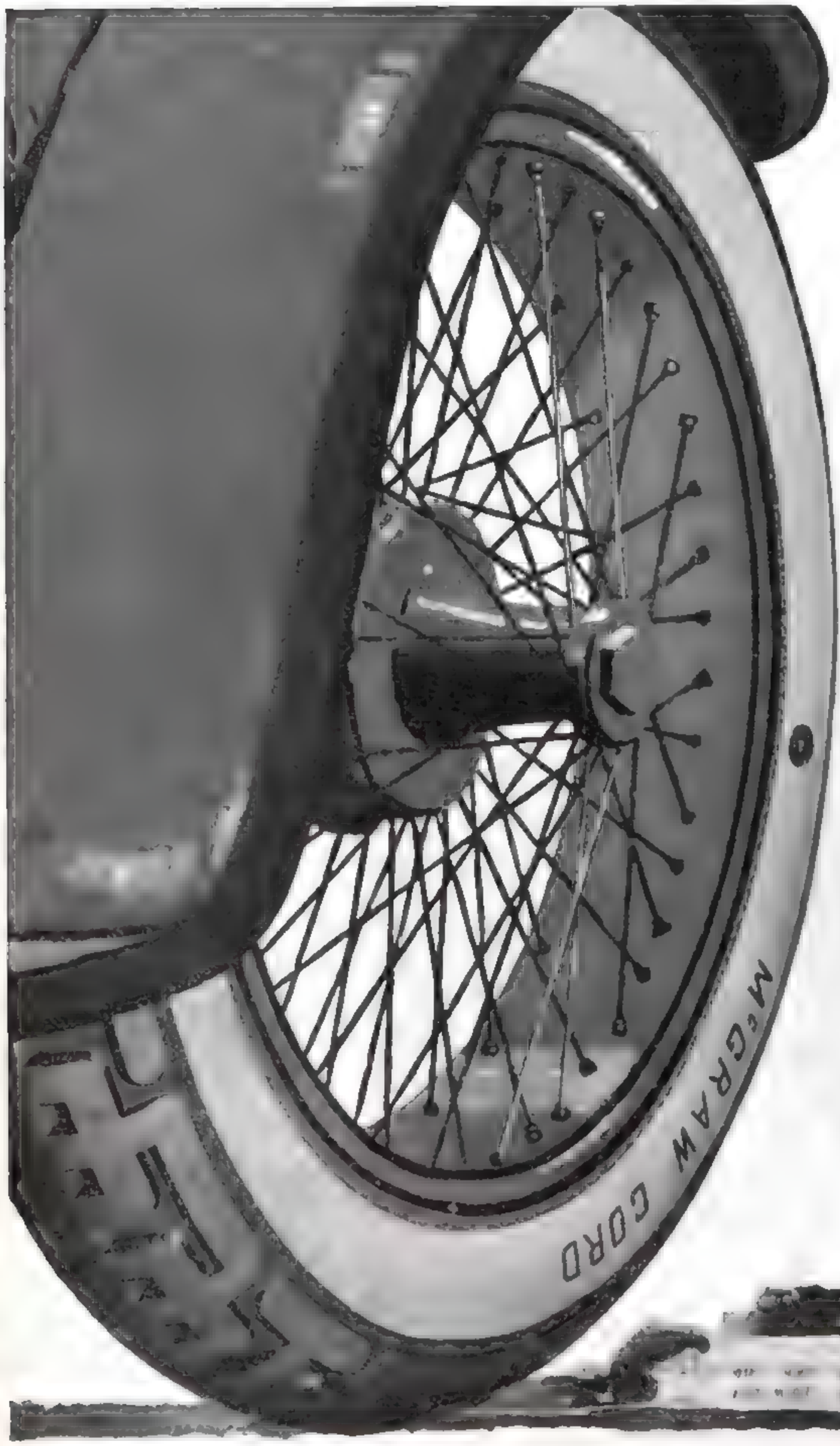
"Ben, old thing, haven't you got any brains a-tall? If the Boggses do come back, won't it show that they're even desp'rater than they were before? You tell 'em that owing to rush of business, high cost of hypo and scarcity of first-class help your price has gone up to two-fifty per picture for accepted work and thirty-five for discards. That's the way to handle the Boggses."

"You're crazy!" said Merriweather.

"So was General Foch," replied Marjie Paul.

(TO BE CONTINUED)


MC



The Economy of a Fine Tire

THE McGraw Cord is the appropriate tire for cars of fine, expensive make. It has the quality and appearance.

But it is just as *economical* on cheaper cars of lighter build. You pay a little more and you save much in operation.

Less Gas More Miles

Cords 8000 Miles

THE
McGRAW TIRE & RUBBER CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Factories: East Palestine, Ohio

Makers of Fabric and Cord Pneumatics, Standard and HiTread Truck Tires, Inner Tubes

GRAW

THE SEQUEL

(Concluded from Page 11)

too. You see, I remember! You made a hit with him. Coming home together he said: "Jack, that's an awfully nice young woman. I'd like you to know her better."

SHE: He said that about me?

HE *(nodding emphatically):* Why, that wasn't a marker to the rest of the things he said!

SHE: Oh.

HE: You see *(with a vapid smile)*, father's been wanting to get me married off for years.

SHE *(horrified):* Oh!

HE *(stopping as if shot):* I haven't said anything wrong, have I?

SHE: Wrong? No. Oh, no! *(She smiles with an effort.)* Go on, Jack.

HE *(suspicious):* Look here! I'm not offending you ——

SHE *(interrupting):* Offending? When we haven't been engaged an hour?

HE *(not entirely reassured):* Father told me to be careful what I said to-night.

SHE: With your future wife, Jack? Careful?

HE *(nodding soberly):* He said that if I was in any doubt I should talk about him.

SHE: Oh! *(She smiles sweetly.)* Go on, Jack.

HE: What?

SHE: Talk about him.

HE *(after an irresolute pause):* Well, father's a great man. You know that.

SHE: Everybody knows it, Jack.

HE: Of course! Father owns the biggest department store in town. Why, he started the department-store idea! There were no department stores before father.

SHE *(lackadaisically):* How intensely thrilling!

HE: His first store—have you ever seen a picture of it?

SHE: No.

HE: It wasn't as large as this room. And to-day there are more than three thousand people working for Horrocks, Incorporated! *(He pauses. She waits for him to continue.)* Father has to have someone to carry on the business after him, and it would break his heart to have it go out of the family. He wants me to grow into his boots.

SHE *(settling herself comfortably; not, however, on his lap):* And is that why he wanted you to be married?

HE *(smiling):* Indirectly, yes.

SHE: I don't understand, Jack.

HE: You see, a man's so much steadier when he's got a wife.

SHE *(thoughtfully):* Y-e-s.

[*There is a pause.*

HE: Well, I have to be going. *(He rises.)*

SHE: Already?

HE: Father'll be waiting.

SHE *(looking at him in open-eyed astonishment):* What do you mean?

HE: He'll want to know what happened.

SHE *(trying to grasp the idea):* What happened?

HE: Whether you said yes or no.

SHE *(with sudden comprehension):* Oh! So he knew you were going to ask me?

HE: Of course!

SHE: You told him?

HE *(hesitantly):* W-e-e-ll ——

SHE *(furiously):* You had the aud—— *(With hardly a break she continues in the most honeyed tones.)* Or perhaps he told you? *(Delilahlike she throws her arms about his neck.)* Come, 'fess up!

HE *(with a broad smile):* Well, he said: "If you haven't asked her before morning ——" *(He pauses.)*

SHE *(encouragingly):* Yes?

HE *(laughing):* He said: "—— you can go to work for ten dollars a week."

SHE: So—you asked her?

HE *(with a guffaw):* Well, what do you think?

SHE: And you knew she'd accept?

HE *(chuckling):* We-ell

SHE *(mimicking him):* We-ell ——

HE: I wasn't sure.

SHE: No?

HE: But father was!

SHE *(flinging him off):* You little beast!

HE *(surprised):* Milly! Now I haven't offended you again, have I?

SHE: Offended me! Ha!

HE: It's only my way of talking. I don't mean anything by it ——

SHE *(interrupting):* No; I didn't think so. *(She flounces off to the end of the room.)*

HE: Now, Milly!

[*There is a pause. Then she returns, with her feelings under control again.*

SHE: I was only fooling, Jack. Tell me more about it.

HE: Not if you're so touchy, Milly.

SHE: Touchy? No. I'm just a little excited, that's all. Don't you think any girl would be if she knew she was going to marry the son of Horrocks, Incorporated?

HE *(after an uncertain pause):* Father's waiting for me.

SHE: Let him wait. It's only ten.

HE *(shaking his head vigorously):* Father likes to get to bed early. You see, he's always at the store when it opens; makes it a point to be the first one down.

SHE: But to-night, Jack—he won't mind staying up a little later to-night. *(As he dissents):* You have only a block to go.

HE *(hesitantly):* I don't know. Father said ——

The Clenched Fist Stops Under the Young Man's Nose, and, for the First Time, One Notices That It Brandishes a Crumpled Sheet of Paper

SHE *(interrupting):* We'll write him a note, Jack.

HE: A note?

SHE: Explain matters. I'll send it round with the butler.

HE: Father mightn't like it.

SHE: He'll have to give in to me this once! *(She has already seated herself at a writing table.)* He'll be up, won't he?

HE *(gloomily):* You bet he will! At any rate, till I get home.

SHE: Ring the bell for Robert.

[*He does so, remains at the door watching her.*

HE: What are you writing?

SHE *(rising with the note and folding it):* Finished already!

HE: It can't be very long.

SHE: It doesn't have to be—dear.

[*She slips the note into its envelope.*

THE BUTLER *(appearing in the doorway):* Yes, miss?

SHE *(handing him the note):* Take this right over to Mr. Horrocks. Take it over yourself.

THE BUTLER: Yes, miss. Any answer?

SHE: No. Just give it to Mr. Horrocks himself. And hurry, Robert.

[*The butler goes.*

HE *(uneasily):* I don't know how he'll like it.

SHE: Leave it to me, Jack. Come, sit down. *(She puts her hand over his lips as he tries to speak.)* Just think; all the questions I'm dying to ask you!

HE: Questions? What questions?

SHE: You're not afraid to answer me, are you?

HE *(with a dismal attempt at humor):* I thought that didn't come till you were married.

SHE: That's still some distance away, Jack. *(She looks at him keenly.)* You're twenty-six, aren't you? *(He nods.)* And your father's been anxious to have you married?

HE: Ever since I left college.

SHE: Oh. *(She pauses an instant; then, making a shrewd guess):* Jack, what is her name?

HE: What do you mean?

SHE: You know what I mean.

HE *(slowly comprehending, shocked):* Milly! That's nothing for you!

SHE: But I'm engaged, Jack. And engaged girls can discuss all kinds of subjects. *(As he shakes his head.)* But they do! Particularly with their fiancés. *(He is unconvinced.)* Jack, if we can't have full confidence in each other now —— *(She breaks off.)*

HE *(after a pause):* Who told you?

SHE *(concealing her triumph):* That's not a fair question.

HE: Why not?

SHE: Oh, the things that girls talk about —— *(She waves her hand vaguely.)*

HE *(interested):* Yes?

SHE *(with a happy inspiration):* The things that married men tell their wives——

HE: Oh.

SHE: And the wives tell their sisters, and the sisters tell their best friends, and the best friends tell everybody else. Women can't keep secrets—you know that.

HE: Yes.

SHE *(after a judicious pause, quite casually):* What show is she with now, Jack?

HE *(thoughtlessly):* She's not working just now. *(Suddenly recollecting, he bends a suspicious glance on her, but her expression is innocence itself.)*

SHE *(addressing her remarks to the ceiling):* Such a pity! *(She pauses; he is still watching her.)* She has talent; there's no doubt of that.

HE: How do you know that if you don't know her name?

SHE *(bluffing desperately):* Why, I've seen her!

HE *(incredulously):* Seen her?

SHE *(meeting his glance naïvely):* She was the fourth from the right, wasn't she?

HE: No; the second. *(Still uneasy, he pauses again.)*

SHE: You see, I know.

HE: And you don't feel differently toward me on account of it?

SHE *(laughing):* Differently? How absurd, Jack! I never thought you were an angel.

HE *(quite reassured):* She's a lady—a real lady—much too good for that sort of thing.

SHE: I could see that from where I was sitting.

HE: Her real name's Eliza, but she calls herself Corinne.

SHE: I don't blame her. Corinne is a pretty name. *(With a covert look at him):* And she's just as good-hearted as she's beautiful, isn't she, Jack?

HE: How did you know?

SHE *(proceeding fluently):* She has talent—real talent—only they haven't recognized it yet. But they're going to some day! All she needs is a chance to make good! And you're going to see that she gets it, aren't you, Jack?

HE *(enthusiastically):* You bet I am!

SHE *(nodding sagely):* She's been unfortunate, but she's a lady through it all. And no affectation, no airs about her. She's an awfully good little sport—a real pal! Only your father can't see it that way.

HE *(astonished):* Did he tell you about her?

SHE *(without answering):* That was why he was so anxious to get you married. He wanted you safe—away from her.

HE: You knew all along?

SHE: And never let on!

HE *(delightedly):* Well! Well! I can hardly believe it!

SHE: I wanted you to tell me.

HE *(with real enthusiasm):* Say, we're going to get along!

SHE: Aren't we though?

HE: Milly, you're a good little sport yourself!

SHE: Do you really think so?

HE: I never would have believed it of you!

SHE: Thanks. Thanks, Jack. And do you want to know something else? I'm not even going to make you give her up.

HE *(astonished):* What?

SHE: Spoil a beautiful friendship? No, Jack. I'm not like your father. I know what it means to you. I appreciate such things.

HE: Milly!

SHE: Are you shocked?

HE: Do you mean it? Do you honestly mean it?

[*She tries to answer, but it is too much for her sense of humor. She bursts into almost hysterical laughter.*

HE *(rising anxiously):* Milly!

SHE *(between spasms):* You don't understand me, do you, Jack? But your father will! You can be sure of that! *(He watches her in absolute mystification.)* Because he's coming here, Jack! I am expecting him at any moment.

HE *(thunderstruck):* Coming here? Is that what you wrote? You didn't have the nerve!

SHE: But I did, Jack!

HE: You shouldn't have done it! He'll be angry. Good Lord, he'll be angry! He never goes out at this time of night! Hasn't for years!

SHE: Listen!

[*Footsteps—hurried footsteps—are heard ascending the stairs, and* THE BUTLER, *not the sedate, punctilious butler of a few minutes ago, but a panting, very much frightened butler, who has not even paused to remove his hat and coat, stands in the doorway.*

THE BUTLER *(announcing hastily):* Mr. Horrocks!

[*There is a rush.* THE BUTLER *is swept aside and* HORROCKS, INC., *stands in his place. And* HORROCKS, INC., *is angry, angry with capital letters, angrier than either he or anybody else has been before. The small eyes of the department-store genius dart lightnings, his hands tremble, his lips move, but no words known to the English language issue from them. Yet he is a mass of sounds—explosive sounds, sibilant sounds, rumbling sounds; such sounds as might come from a small volcano immediately before the eruption; such sounds as might result were an intoxicated Zulu, holding a spoonful of hot mush in his mouth the while, to attempt a Russian folk song set to music by Claude Debussy. Were an artist present he might ask* HORROCKS, INC., *to pose as the God of Anger. And, most disrespectfully,* MILLY *continues to laugh still more hysterically than ever.*

HE *(petrified with terror):* Father!

[HORROCKS, INC., *rushes at him as if he would brain him. But the clenched fist stops under the young man's nose, and, for the first time, one notices that it brandishes a crumpled sheet of paper.*

HE *(taking it, panic-stricken):* Wh-what she wrote you? *(*HORROCKS, INC., *assents with frightful noises.)*

HE *(backing away):* May I read it? *(*HORROCKS, INC., *assents as before. More than that, his terrific gestures indicate that he emphatically desires the young man to read it—to read it aloud.)*

HE *(still retreating from the impending destruction):* "Dear Mister Department Store ——" *(With incredulous appeal):* You wrote that, Milly?

HORROCKS, INC. *(at length forming intelligible words):* Go on! Go on!

HE: "Please call for goods to be returned."

[*Horror-stricken, he turns to the spot where, an instant ago,* MILLY *was standing. But she has vanished.*

THE BUTLER, *too, has fled. And squarely between himself and the door stands the fearful figure of* HORROCKS, INC.

THE CURTAIN FALLS GENTLY

The Tread-mill—used for centuries in the irrigation of rice fields in the Orient

Out of the ashes of those by-gone centuries when Power was wrested from the straining sinews of tortured bodies, there has arisen the present era when a turn of the wrist brings into being a genie of Energy to do our bidding. ¶ And the more we consider in retrospect the value of power-creating machinery to all mankind, the more pride we take in the perfection of the product that is recognized everywhere by the Continental Red Seal.

CONTINENTAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Offices: Detroit, U. S. A. Factories: Detroit and Muskegon

Largest Exclusive Motor Manufacturers in the World

Continental Motors

STANDARD POWER FOR TRUCKS, AUTOMOBILES AND TRACTORS

A Demonstration

The ideal way of washing delicate things is the way the Eden washes everything

will prove to you that

Eden

washes clothes cleaner

Clothes can't be made clean unless they are washed in *clean* water. The sediment zone—an exclusive feature—is part of the Eden system of continuous dirt elimination which keeps the wash water free from all loosened particles as they are flushed out of the soiled things.

The Eden Sediment Zone Makes Clothes Really Clean

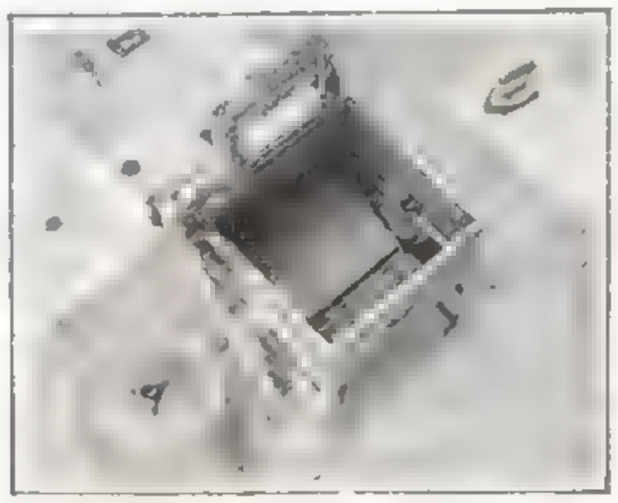
Any Eden dealer will be glad to show you by a free demonstration how the sediment zone makes Eden-washed clothes *really* clean.

The washing cylinder does not have to be "loaded" before it washes clothes effectively. A light handkerchief comes out just as clean as a heavy blanket. Things cannot float on top of the water while it swishes back and forth beneath—every piece receives the same gentle up-and-down dip whether the cylinder is full to capacity or containing only one light article.

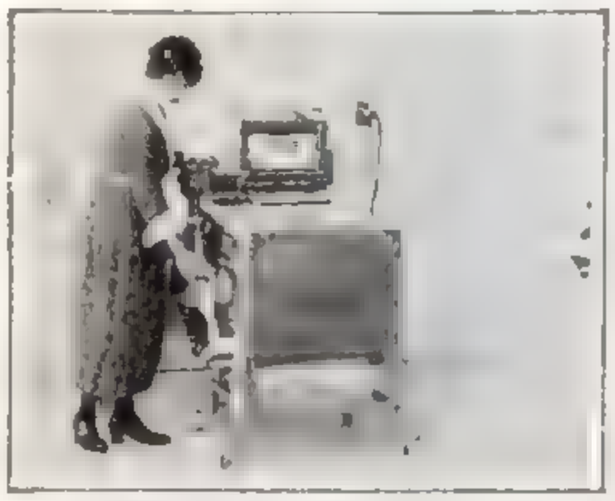
When the clothes are taken out of the Eden an inspection of the sediment zone will find it full of dirt and foreign particles, trapped there instead of clinging to your washed garments. Thousands of holes in the sanitary zinc cylinder not only help do the work of washing, but are a part of the Eden system of continuous filtration in giving escape to all loosened dirt.

A demonstration costs you nothing and does not obligate you to buy. Ask for one today. When you decide to buy you can pay as you save by our easy-payment plan, which gives every home an opportunity of owning an Eden.

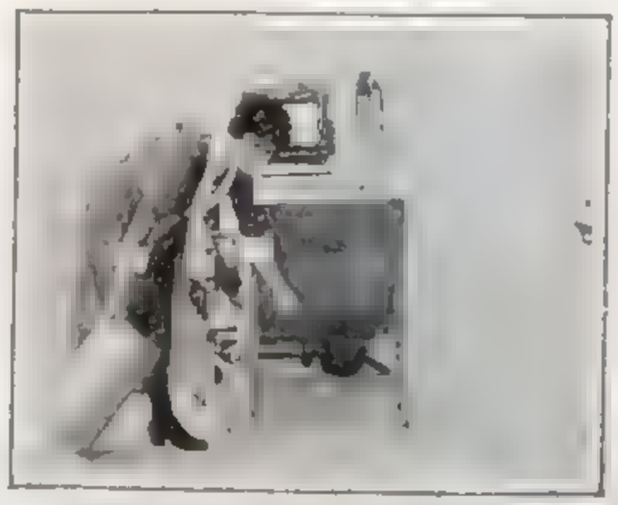
Send for our Book, "An Eden in the Home," illustrated in colors. *Free on request.*



The depression at the bottom of the tub is the Eden Sediment Zone—quiet water which traps all dirt and makes Eden-washed things cleaner.



The Eden driving mechanism is fully and safely enclosed and is packed in solid grease, which does away with all messy oiling.



The Eden Automatic Clutch releases the motor if the washer or wringer is overloaded and prevents burnt-out motors and blown out fuses.

GILLESPIE EDEN CORPORATION

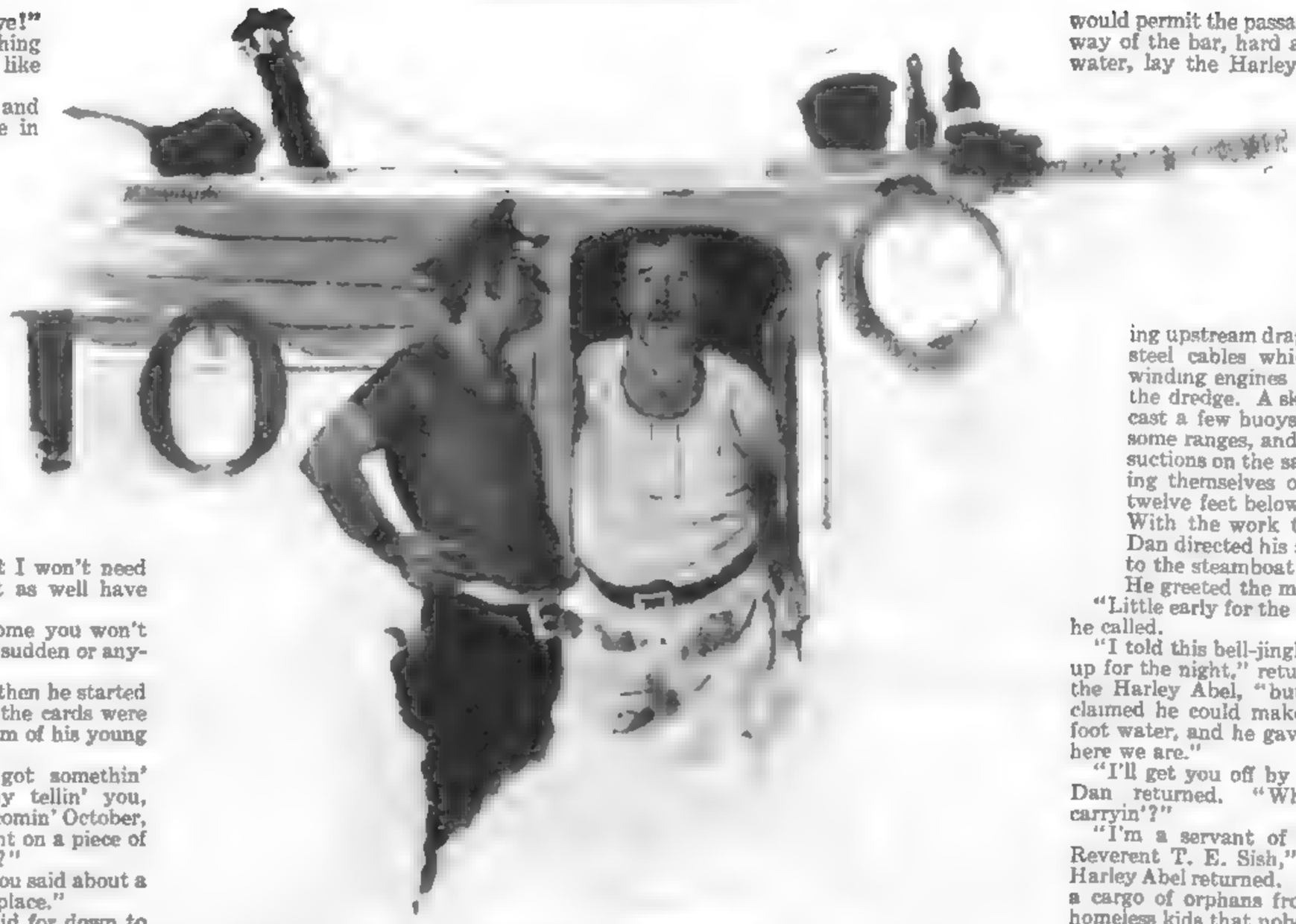
New York

Saint Louis Denver San Francisco Toronto

FACTORIES AT LOWELL, MASS., ALTON, ILLINOIS, AND PATERSON, NEW JERSEY

SOLITAIRE

(Continued from Page 21)



"He's Young and Hearty and Vigorous. Nothin's Allin' of Him. He Tried to Sign His Name and the Hold of the Dredge Is Full of Ink"

'Deal th' cards, blast ye!" he said to himself. "First thing you know you'll be mopin' like a revival nigger."

He sat down at his desk and fumbled round for a while in search of his cards. Failing to find the instruments of his game, he walked from his office into the long cabin.

"Any you boys lend me a coupla decks of cards till I can get some from town?" he asked.

The mate answered him.

"I'll git you a couple of decks, cap'n. I got a pair of poker decks that ain't never been opened."

The mate brought the cards into the captain's office.

"I was aimin' to sacrifice these on the altar of penny ante," he said, "but I won't need 'em now. You might just as well have 'em."

"Much obliged. How come you won't need 'em? You got religion sudden or anything?"

The mate hesitated, and then he started a slow explanation of why the cards were nothing much in the program of his young life.

"Ain't got religion—I got somethin' worse. You remember my tellin' you, cap'n, seven years ago this comin' October, about makin' a first payment on a piece of land out West—forty acres?"

"I remember somethin' you said about a farm in Californy or some place."

"That's it. I got her paid for down to the last nickel, an' I got money enough saved up to git there on, so I'm quittin' th' river an' playin' the farm bet clear acro.s the boards."

Cap'n Dan settled a little more intimately into the friendly arms of his chair.

"You're leavin', are you, Sam? Quittin' the old river?"

"Eighteen years of it, cap'n," the mate answered, "an' twelve of them years with you. Now I'm done. Now I'm headed f'r a high, dry landin' where they ain't no floods n'r no riffles n'r civil engineers n'r no nothin' exceptin' hard work that counts f'r the man that does the sweatin'."

The captain was silent for a little while.

"I guess it's best. You're playin' in the luck. Tell that skinny straw boss to take care of things f'r you till they can send a new man down from St. Louis. Jimmy'll fix up the papers. I'm sorry you're goin', Sam. What with Buff Orpin'tons an' hog ranches an' mates quittin' promiscuous, the old river sure has gone to hell. I've been on her fifty years now, an' this is the wust year I've seed yet. Sometimes I'm half minded to quit myself, but if I quit what'd I do? Heavy water in a midnight bend with the range lights busted an' my pilots drunk—that's where I'd be if I quit. If you don't make the riffle with the farm, come on back, Sammy, an' most likely you'll find me settin' here a-dealin' the cards."

Cap'n Dan shuffled the cards a dozen times slowly and began laying them out on his desk. The mate lingered at his shoulder. The captain turned toward him.

"Was they somethin' else?"

"There wasn't nothin' else, Cap'n Dan. Nothin' else 'ceptin' I'd like to say that when the solitaire deck gits dog-eared an' gummed up an' wore out—whenever you feel like switchin' from solitaire to some two-handed game—they'll always be a berth on board the Californy farm f'r you an' a panel on the pilot house wall f'r you to hang your license on."

The mate held out his hand. Cap'n Dan grasped it quickly. After the mate had gone he resumed his game.

"Here's a queen of diamonds f'r you," he said to the king of clubs. "Now you won't be so dang lonesome."

And then the old man played the nine of spades on the ten of spades, which was a serious technical error. In spite of the bright lights, Cap'n Dan's eyes at the moment could not distinguish colors very well, but presently his vision cleared. He sat at his desk far into the night, waging an incessant battle against Old Man Solitaire and suffering perpetual defeat at Old Sol's hands.

At midnight the watchman interrupted the game. Down the long cabin from the galley to the captain's office he came marching with his lantern hung in the crook of his arm. His hands were laden with a steaming cup of coffee, a sugar bowl from whose crater leaned a tin-plated spoon, and a can of condensed milk. The watchman reeked with the grime of his prowling, and the pungent gases of combustion from the oil lantern lay heavy in the little office. Cap'n Dan sniffed at the lantern.

"Set her outside," he said. "Reminds me of them magic-lantern shows folks used to have at church sociables."

"Gettin' pretty late, cap'n. I didn't know you ever was to a church sociable."

"They's lots of things you don't know, young feller."

The night was one to inspire personalities, and for a moment Cap'n Dan grew reminiscent.

"You didn't know I fell in love up to my neck once either, did you, and tried to win a girl by singing in the choir of the church she went to? Later on she married a Swede that drove a soap-grease wagon, and a good many folks backslid in the church on account of my singin', and so I took to the river—an' stayed single."

Cap'n Dan dredged heartily into the sugar bowl during the recital of his romance. He applied himself lustily to the saturated solution of sugar and coffee before him.

"Served her right," the watchman commented. "Any dang girl that picks out a soap-grease future for herself ——"

The watchman's criticism was interrupted by a heavy whistle which boomed downstream across the quiet waters.

"Some big packet from the upper river. I never heard that whistle before."

"Some blasted fool tryin' to run th' crossin'," Cap'n Dan corrected. "He ain't no upper-river boat. Sounds to me like the Harley Abel."

The pair walked quickly to the guards of the dredge. Upstream in the field of quiet lights on the several boats which were waiting for feasible water across the bar the signal lights of a boat drifted slowly across the night.

"I thought so," Cap'n Dan exclaimed. "Some fool is tryin' to make the riffle with the Harley Abel."

"Never heard of her," the watchman returned.

"Nobody never did," Cap'n Dan answered. "She's a sawed-off tub that could run on the heavy dew if it wasn't for the grass. She's rigged with the three-foot whistle that was on the Sydney Lee."

The moving lights above them became suddenly stationary. Cap'n Dan squinted intently at them, ranging his vision along a distant break in the somber profile of the shore line.

"She's grounded! The son of a gun'll lay there safe an' sound until the fall raise hits him unless we dig him out."

The pair returned to the captain's office. The watchman reached for the empty cup and the sugar bowl and the little can of condensed milk.

Cap'n Dan noticed that the watchman's left thumb was bandaged.

"What's happened to your thumb?" he asked in kindly curiosity.

"Nothin', cap'n," the watchman replied. "I found me a block of soft pine yesterday when I couldn't sleep, an' I sharpened my knife and began whittlin' out a steamboat hull for one of my kids that claims he's goin' to be a riverman. He's only goin' on six, an' he don't know no better, but when he grows up I'll change his mind with a piece of whang leather if he don't change it himself."

"You got the right idea," Cap'n Dan advised. "Head him away f'm the river. The river's good enough for Democrats an' pilots an' such, but it's no job f'r a white man."

"I'll learn him," the watchman promised. "Pretty late, cap'n. Ain't you better go to bed?"

The watchman left the office, and Cap'n Dan walked into the little adjoining stateroom. He undressed slowly and flopped down on his bed. The night was hot and sleep was slow in coming.

"Women an' kids—women an' kids. Every dang one of 'em's got Buff Orpin'tons or somethin' to whittle boats out f'r, an' all I got is a guv'ment job an' a little money an' seventy blasted years of solitaire behind me."

Cap'n Dan went to sleep acutely conscious of the fact that he was nothing but a lonesome old man.

At dawn upstream from Bull Island Bar four packets lay tied to the bank. In the easy water below the bar five more impatient boats lay waiting for a channel which would permit the passage of the bar. Midway of the bar, hard aground in two-foot water, lay the Harley Abel.

Cap'n Dan voyaged out in a skiff and sounded the bar, and half an hour later the light-draft tug boosted a pile driver over the riffles. The tug returned to the dredge and presently went snorting upstream dragging a pair of heavy steel cables which reeled from the winding engines on the for'd end of the dredge. A skiffload of surveyors cast a few buoys overboard and set some ranges, and presently the twin suctions on the sand eater were gorging themselves on a thirty-foot cut twelve feet below the water surface. With the work thus started, Cap'n Dan directed his skiffman to row him to the steamboat midway of the bar. He greeted the master.

"Little early for the fall plowin', cap'n," he called.

"I told this bell-jinglin' plow pilot to tie up for the night," returned the captain of the Harley Abel, "but the son of a gun claimed he could make the riffle on two-foot water, and he gave her the gong and here we are."

"I'll get you off by to-morrow," Cap'n Dan returned. "What trip are you carryin'?"

"I'm a servant of the Lord and the Reverent T. E. Sish," the master of the Harley Abel returned. "I'm freighted with a cargo of orphans from that pasture f'r homeless kids that nobody started and nobody pays any attention to, up above Chester. This here Reverent Sish bird an' his seasick wife dreams a dream about givin' the kids a good time. They's twenty boys and a dozen girls—all of them rangin' about eight years old, an' Sish collects up charter money an' figures a day's outing would give 'em something to remember the rest of their lives."

The captain of the Harley Abel paused to extinguish a flare which suddenly blazed from the end of a wicked-looking cigar.

"Mebbe it will," he continued, "if they don't all starve to death or get et up by mosquitoes or fall overboard sleepin' three deep on deck."

Cap'n Dan headed square for the big problem of the moment.

"Short of provisions?" he asked.

"The gang started with a ration of sandwiches and lemonade, and I dug up a little breakfast for 'em. Ol' Sish is fannin' the air now allowin' that the Lord will provide, but where in hell ——"

"He's right for once," Cap'n Dan broke in. "Squad 'em up an' march 'em below. I'll have a couple of skiffs over here in a jiffy, an' we'll feed 'em on board the dredge."

Cap'n Dan returned to the dredge. He sent three skiffs upstream to the stranded Harley Abel, and in a little while they returned, each laden with a cargo of hungry young voyagers. Five minutes later the cabin of the dredge was filled with a clamorous throng of youngsters, while along the guards outside on the upper deck there ranged a dozen more youthful explorers. Cap'n Dan walked aft to the galley.

"Thirty-two hungry kids," he said to Fat Pat Kelly. "Whatever kids like to eat, git it ready f'r 'em. Most of 'em was yearlin's eight or ten years ago. Near as I kin recollect, there's five Bills an' nine Johns an' a couple of Toms, six Marys an' a sprinklin' of high-soundin' names, includin' a growed-up reverent bird by the name of T. E. Sish, an' his wife."

"T'hell!"

Kelly stuck his head out of the galley and sized up the crowd. He turned to his helper and to a pair of waiters standing in the kitchen.

"Head into it," he said. "Give her the jingle and come ahead strong. Cut me forty pounds of steak an' mix a lift of hotcake batter."

In a little while the juvenile crew were ranged down the long dining table in the cabin. Thirty-four busy pairs of munching jaws testified to Kelly's skill. Leading the

(Continued on Page 135)

Long-Bell

THE MARK ON QUALITY

Lumber

IN many lands where men *carefully* fashion buildings out of sawn wood the Long-Bell trade-mark is recognized as a dependable guide to lumber and timbers of uniform high quality. Such a reputation was not made in a day. Since 1875 The Long-Bell Lumber Company has been taking unusual pains to provide lumber that would meet the most exacting requirements of builders large and small. From a very small beginning this concern has become the largest manufacturer of Southern Pine in the United States, an indication that its efforts have not been in vain.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR LONG-BELL BRAND

Southern Pine Lumber and Timbers; Creosoted Lumber, Timbers, Posts, Poles, Ties, Piling and Wood Blocks; Oak Lumber, Oak Flooring, Gum; California White Pine Lumber; Sash and Doors; Standardized Woodwork.

The Long-Bell Lumber Company

R. A. LONG BUILDING Lumbermen since 1875 KANSAS CITY, MO.

Dependability
an integral part of your engine

ON UNFAMILIAR ROADS, at night, with wayside service stations locked up, do you depend on the resourcefulness and determination of your driver, or do you depend on your engine?

The fizzling out of ignition means a dead engine. It may mean hours of delay. It may mean a dead stop until morning to finish a haul. It may mean getting caught in a bad storm and severe damage to your load.

Ignition by magneto will not fail. It is not constantly dependent on service stations.

A magneto requires no tinkering. It is as dependable on a long haul over unknown roads as on short-haul shuttle work right in your own neighborhood.

It explodes every bit of the gas in the combustion chamber, by automatically producing a big, energetic spark. You save money by getting maximum power and mileage out of a tank of gas.

A magneto lasts as long as your engine. It makes the source of ignition an integral part of your engine.

It is self-contained and self-reliant. Its voltage adjusts itself automatically to the speed of the engine, reaching highest intensity at highest engine speed.

Operators of fleets use the magneto—*the predominant truck ignition*—and value its independence of starting, lighting and labor. Its advantages far outweigh its higher first cost. It is worth more, does more, earns more, saves time and money.

You can always depend on it. Crawl up on your seat and forget it.

SPLITDORF MAGNETOS AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETOS EISEMANN MAGNETOS
BERLING MAGNETOS SIMMS MAGNETOS

Magneto Ignition
IS DEPENDABLE

Send for Booklet
"IGNITION and TRUCK PROFITS"
Magneto Manufacturers, 250 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

(Continued from Page 132)

jaw brigade, a little bit frazzled but still in the game and going strong, the Rev. T. E. Sish at the head of the table was doing the best that he could. At his left sat his wife, who had recovered from her seasickness sufficiently to permit her to indulge the lumberjack appetite with which she was equipped.

Cap'n Dan, seated on the right of the Sish gentleman, occupied himself with a continuous inspection of the appetite phenomena about him. He turned to the Reverend Sish.

"How come you started out without no grub?" he asked. "These fellers look starved to death."

"Brother, the Lord provideth and the Lord taketh away. Save for the accident of the shipwreck from which we were so opportunely rescued by your worthy self, sufficient nutriment had been provided for the trip. I am reminded of the miracle of the loaves and fishes. Only an hour ago Sister Sish called my attention to the ——"

"The way these little varmints is headin' into the grub, it appears to me like their commissary department loafs and fishes most of the time instead of roundin' up three square meals a day f'r 'em."

The Reverend Sish essayed a weak smile. Sister Sish to his left brindled and adjusted the wet towel about her freckled brow.

"Who provides f'r these orphans anyway?" Cap'n Dan inquired in a sudden burst of interest.

"Tneir fortunes, alas, are variable," the Reverend Sish returned. "For the past two years we have been depending upon personal contributions from a gentleman who lately went to his last reward. Subsequent to his passing we have nestled trustfully in the clutch of poverty, believing that ——"

"Starvin', hey?" Captain Dan was not much of a believer in trustful nestling. "No wonder they're starvin'. One high-grade rustler'll bring home more bacon in a week than all the nestlers ever saw. What'll you do when winter comes?" he continued. "When it gits cold an' all these fellers needs fat side meat an' corn bread to keep 'em het up inside? What'll you do for a home f'r 'em, with a forty-foot stage on the St. Louis gauge an' ten-foot water boilin' round that shack they calls their home? What'll you do f'r clothes f'r 'em, such as red flannel in the cold weather? 'Pears to me like the dangdest low-grade deal I ever see handed out to one bunch of high-grade orphans. You might have made the riffle yesterday, but you're stranded to-day. What the hell—excuse me, Mrs. Sish—what do you aim to do if flood water hits you an' the drift ice gits you and hard luck rams you below the belt?"

Cap'n Dan's black words failed to affect the placid Reverend Sish.

"The Lord will provide," he returned.

Cap'n Dan smiled thinly. He looked down the long table and was silent.

"I guess you're right, reverent," he finally said. "The Lord will provide. But just to make sure that the providin' business is a success, me an' a Biddle Street slum juggler by the name of Fat Pat Kelly aims to hang abreast of the ark to lend a hand in the heavy water."

While the Reverend Sish struggled with the translation of Cap'n Dan's remarks the captain left the table and walked directly to the galley, wherein before a red-hot range stood the ponderous, steaming cook.

"Am I the boss of this dredge or not?" Cap'n Dan abruptly asked.

The cook turned in surprise.

"What talk have ye?"

"I am! The civil service books won't let me fire you without cause," Cap'n Dan said to Kelly. "You're a good cook. You're the best cook on the river, but once a month you git so drunk that the devil opens the gates of hell believin' that you're dead. That's cause enough. F'r that you're fired."

Kelly took off his apron.

"That's the first good news I've heard f'r the eighteen years I've been wid ye. F'r th' last ten av thim I've been wantin' to quit this river, but I couldn't leave ye. Now, damn ye, I'm done wid the river an' done wid cookin' an' ——"

"Hold the deal!" Cap'n Dan interrupted. "You're done with the river, but you're not done with cookin'. Now that you're beached high and dry with no more job than a cottontail, I'll tell you some more news: In five minutes I'll have a resignin' letter signed and sealed, an' you an' me heads into a new job."

The cook's eyes were wide with astonishment.

"You an' me heads into a new job," Cap'n Dan repeated. "Thirty-two hungry orphans launched on life's stormy sea, each of them needin' more grub than a Swede deck hand, an' nobody at the wheel but that sardine of a T. E. Sish. That's our new job."

A slow smile marched across the hills and valleys of Fat Pat Kelly's extensive countenance. He held out his hand to his captain.

"Launched an' steamin'," he said. "I'm wid ye f'r th' run."

Cap'n Dan walked into the cabin and addressed the Reverend Sish.

"I'll deal the cards from now on in this here orphan game," he announced. "Playin' across th' boards from me is Fat Pat Kelly. You an' your wife is signed on as mates f'r th' cruise."

The eyes of the Rev. T. E. Sish bulged in surprise, and then understanding came to him.

"I got some money in bank," Cap'n Dan continued, "and in a pinch Kelly knows more about draw poker than he does cookin', an' between the four of us this fleet of orphans is guaranteed three squares a day, with trimmin's such as beds to sleep in an' winter clothes to keep 'em warm."

Cap'n Dan walked into his office and sat down at his desk. Instinctively he reached for his solitaire cards, then he drew back his hand.

"First rattle out of the box I'll write this here letter before I does any more thinkin'."

Upon a sheet of white paper he began the laborious composition of a letter of resignation to the St. Louis office. He signed his name to the letter with a flourish and addressed an envelope. He sealed the letter therein and slammed it down heavily on the top of his desk.

"That's that! I'm done!"

He walked into his stateroom and lifted the lid of a wooden chest in which was stored the personal miscellany accumulated through fifty years of life on the big river. From a little bureau against the wall he took seven or eight pounds of assorted clothes, and from about the room he retrieved a photograph or two and various trifling contributions which had been brought to him by the dragging years. The lid of the chest banged down and was locked. Cap'n Dan summoned a deck hand.

"Carry this here box below," he directed. "I'm shiftin' to the Harley Abel."

The deck hand picked up the chest. Cap'n Dan walked into the cabin, where the assortment of orphans was at the moment coming into the home stretch over a heavy track of coconut cake and canned pears.

"When they gits finished, fall 'em in military like," he said to the Reverend Sish, "an' march 'em below."

Cap'n Dan walked aft to the little stateroom opposite the galley in search of Fat Pat Kelly. He opened the stateroom door, but the cook was not there. He encountered Kelly in the galley engaged in the closing sentences of an oration whose inspiration lay in Kelly's solicitude for the worldly welfare of his assistant and his several wide-eyed waiters.

"Twenty years on the river," Kelly finished, "an' all I've got to show f'r it is a sunburned mug that'd make a baboon homesick. Take my advice an' bunch it while you're young. Did ye ever hear of a river cook dyin' rich? Did ye ever hear of him keepin' out of jail? Did ye ——"

Cap'n Dan interrupted the delivery of Kelly's parting advice.

"Are you packed up, Paddy?" he asked.

"Cap'n, I am, sir," the cook replied. "I'd only half a pint av baggage left."

Cap'n Dan smiled.

"Come on then. We're through."

The pair went below, and a moment later, following two skiffs loaded with two detachments of the orphans, they embarked for the Harley Abel. Thus did Cap'n Dan quit the river he had served for fifty years.

Aboard the Harley Abel, justified by his long years on the river, he immediately offered some sound advice to the master of the little craft.

"You ain't drawin' much over two feet. Git your fires sliced an' back her strong, an' you'll have a channel washed out f'r yourself before the dredge gits to you."

"I'd 'a' done that before, but I'm short of coal," the steamboat's captain replied.

"That's easy—what's the Guv'ment for? Hail that guv'ment dredge an' tell them to lend you coal enough to git you to the next landin'."

This was accomplished, and presently the Harley Abel was straining her stay bolts in a shuddering effort to free herself of the clutching sand beneath her hull. At nightfall she cleared the bar. Half an hour later, heading round the bend above Bull Island, Cap'n Dan on the bench in the pilot house squinted a farewell look downstream at the lights which twinkled along the superstructure of the dredge.

"I'm quit, dang you! I'm done! No more solitaire! No more lone hands f'r me!"

Two hours later the old man took off his shoes and stretched his length on the bench in the pilot house.

"If they's any range lights flickered out or if you strike any heavy water, wake me up," he said to the man at the wheel. Ten minutes later he was happily asleep.

He woke up abreast of the willows that lined the upstream end of the little towhead out from where Charity House lifted its ramshackle fabric against the morning sky. He sat up stiffly and blinked his eyes, struggling momentarily to adjust himself to his new environment. Then he remembered the details of the day before. His features were overspread with a smile of deep content.

"Home!" he whispered. "'Dang nigh home! The first home I've ever knowed."

"What's that?" the pilot asked over his shoulder. "You woke up already?"

"Nothin', sonny," Cap'n Dan returned. "Good mornin'. Solitaire's a low-grade game, ain't it?"

The pilot made no reply. He quartered in on the current that swept round Walnut Bend, while Cap'n Dan cast his weather eye over the tumbling waters against the bank.

"They's plenty of water here f'r you," he volunteered, "an' it's safe water, 'ceptin' every now an' then f'r snags that gits hung up."

A headline went ashore, followed a moment later by the stage plank, down which presently stalked Cap'n Dan and Fat Pat Kelly, followed by a wake of orphans. Bringing up the rear marched the Rev. T. E. Sish and his seasick wife.

Before them in a weed-choked opening cleared in a grove of walnuts and oaks lay Charity House. Lifting before its wide veranda six gray pillars marked the forlorn grandeur of a day long past. The weathered walls and creaking floors within voiced a welcome in a garrulous monotone. Fat Pat Kelly, standing inside the house beside Cap'n Dan, twisted his shoulders uneasily. "The damn place reminds me of a graveyard."

The pair returned to the sunlight out of doors.

"Rustle round in the kitchen an' see what you can rig up for breakfast," Cap'n Dan suggested.

The cook went about his work. Cap'n Dan surveyed the scene before him.

"This ain't so bad," he finally summarized. "With a fleet of chicken coops over by them walnut trees an' a gang of hogs eatin' their heads off down by the crick an' those ten acres of hell plowed up an' planted with vegetables she ought to make the riffle."

He sought the Reverend Sish.

"How come you ain't growin' no hogs n'r chickens n'r vegetables n'r nothin'?" he inquired.

"Money was never provided with which to institute the several projects that you name."

"We got money now, an' we'll institute 'em sudden."

Cap'n Dan walked inland on the following day, and later reappeared on the front seat of a farm wagon in whose rickety interior grunted twenty wallowing young pigs.

"They's four more wagonloads headed this way," he announced. "A hundred of 'em altogether. They cost me five dollars apiece, an' we'll make five thousand dollars on the deal inside of a year."

Another substantial sum went for lumber and tools for the construction of an apartment house for the grunting pig population. With this work completed a week later, Cap'n Dan made a final inspection with Fat Pat Kelly.

"The way she lays she stands us about two thousand dollars, all paid for, and I got six thousand left."

"You better be hivin' it up instead of blowin' it in f'r hogs," Kelly advised. "We'll be needin' groceries this winter, an' groceries takes cash. The best we could do with this gang comes close to a thousand a month f'r grub."

(Concluded on Page 139)

SANICO
RUST-PROOF PORCELAIN RANGE
Two Complete Ranges in One
Burns Coal, Wood or Gas
Beauty—
Lustrous Porcelain in Snow White, Azure Blue or rich Dark Blue stippled with a most pleasing falling snow effect. Gleaming nickel—perfect design—the richness of real quality—these elements of beauty make the SANICO Porcelain Range a joy to every woman who owns one.
Unrivalled—
The Trademark SANICO means to you and to all your friends that you are the owner of what the public recognizes and accepts as being the highest class Porcelain Range in the World
Never Grows Old—
SANICO Porcelain fused to Armco sheets of 99-84/100% pure iron will never chip or crack from heat or cold, will not lose its lustre or discolor. Is rust-proof, lined inside and out, ovens and flues included, with everlasting SANICO Porcelain, as easy to clean as a china dish and the only range that carries a
25 Year Guarantee
SANICO Porcelain Ranges are made to burn coal or wood and natural or artificial gas or to burn coal or wood only. They are full sized, roomy ranges, splendid bakers and quick cookers with all fuels.
Write for catalog and a Sample of this wonderful Porcelain. Please give your dealer a name.
AMERICAN RANGE & FOUNDRY COMPANY
CHICAGO
1319 South Michigan Ave.
MINNEAPOLIS EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.
For Coal or Wood
Reservoir Removable

Royal Tailored to Your Special

ARE Royal Tailored Clothes "ready-made" clothes?

No.

Are they cut in stock-sizes, by power-knife process, in quantity lots?

Never.

For Royal Clothes are neither ready-made nor machine-made. They are special made and human-made; cut and tailored, each garment, separately, individually, by hand and brain, to the measure and taste of the man who orders them. They are personally dictated and executed throughout—from the selection of the fabric and fashion, by you, at the dealer's store, to the fulfillment of your every instruction—by the tailors at our New York or Chicago tailor-shops.

T·R·T

In price, Royal Made-to-Measure Clothes are about the same as reputable ready-mades.

But there the similarity ends and Royal distinction begins, carrying through to the custom tailor style and fit and service for which Royal Clothes are famous everywhere.

10,000 smart men's shops in 10,000 cities and towns take measures for Royal Clothes.

It will pay you to get acquainted with your local Royal dealer. He will show you how to get magical results from little money, in your Fall clothes-buying. Royal prices, $40 to $70.

THE ROYAL TAILORS
CHICAGO · NEW YORK

The Clothes that real men wear: Dealers in 10,000 cities and towns

Order Clothes: "Human-made"

PAIGE

The Most Beautiful Car in America

THE fame of our five-passenger "Glenbrook" has traveled from state to state, city to city, and this car now occupies an unchallenged position of leadership in the field of five-passenger vehicles.

Everyone, apparently, recognizes in this model an engineering and designing achievement of the utmost importance.

Designed and built in the Paige shops—and powered with our own new six-cylinder motor—it surpasses every standard heretofore accepted as the best in light six motor cars.

Compare it with any five-passenger car that the market affords and determine whether it is not, indeed, the greatest dollar-for-dollar value in the light six field.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, *Michigan*

Manufacturers of Paige Motor Cars and Motor Trucks

(Concluded from Page 135)

"We'll make that much easy off potatoes an' garden truck an' such like next year," returned the optimistic Cap'n Dan, "an' in the meantime you can tell all the calamity howlers you meet there's enough cash to last through the winter."

"Mebbe," Kelly offered.

The pigs made so much avoirdupois progress during the first month that Cap'n Dan stumbled blithely into another investment. He returned from a five-day trip to the county seat late one evening, and after he had eaten his supper he called Kelly.

"I bought them five acres layin' along the bank above here. Good black land f'r a crop next year, an' room enough now to raise a million chickens. Suppose you start with a thousand hens settin' on twelve eggs apiece, sellin' springers in the St. Louis market f'r fifty cents a throw. Where at's that put you?"

"In the poorhouse," remarked the pessimistic cook. "No human bein' in this world ever made a nickel wid chickens."

"There's where you're wrong. I got a thousand hens comin' over here to-morrow, an' the deed to the property is layin' in the bank. All we got to do is spend the money for these kids, sendin' 'em to school."

"How much did she cost—th' land, I mean?"

"I got the five acres for three thousand dollars, taxes paid this year, riparian rights and everything."

"You got more nor that. You got swindled. No land is worth more'n a hundred dollars an acre round here. How much you got left in bank?"

"Twelve hundred dollars, and any time we go broke we kin mortgage the land easy enough for another thousand."

"Speakin' soft an' easy an' financial, it looks to me like you hit the skid road to hell," Kelly remarked. "Wan more deal an' we're busted."

Cap'n Dan looked at the cook.

"What day of the month is it?" he asked. "Never mind," he continued. "It don't make no difference what day of the month it is. You need a trip to town and about two dollars' worth of redeye to cheer you up."

He reached in his pocket and his hand came out with two silver dollars. He handed them to Kelly.

"Take this to town and get a few drams of likker for yourself, an' bring the mail back with you."

The pessimistic Kelly lost no time in obeying Cap'n Dan's orders. Late that night he straggled back with the mail and an interior cargo whose alcoholic reaction had colored the dark shadows of reality with the rose-petal tints of a dream wherein bad luck had no part.

"Save f'r this wan letther, they was no more mail than a frog has dandruff."

Kelly handed the letter to Cap'n Dan.

"I've changed me mind about the far-rm," the cook went on. "Before th' willy buds bust nixt year Jawn D. himself will be comin' ashore beggin' th' loan av a million dollars off ye." He fumbled in his pocket for a moment and handed Cap'n Dan a nickel. "Here's th' change av th' two dollars. 'Twere fifteen cints a drink retail. They were no wholesale rates."

The captain at the moment was busy in the pages of the letter which the cook had handed him. He read it through.

"You read this here letter to-morrow when you get so you can see," he said to Kelly. "It's from Sam in Californy. He don't have to take no quinine, an' they ain't no malaria n'r mosquitoes, an' he's cleaned up six thousand dollars off of ten acres of prunes."

"What's six thousand dollars?" Kelly returned. "You'll make ten times that much off th' chickens alone."

The cook and his alcoholic cargo went to bed, but Cap'n Dan sat up for an hour talking with the Reverend Sish, who in his youth had spent some weeks in California.

"The land of Canaan, wherein dwelleth the Lord's anointed. Verily the valleys of California are the happiest places on earth. A land flowing with milk and honey."

Later in the month Cap'n Dan got another letter from his former mate in California. He showed the letter to Fat Pat Kelly.

"Sam says we ought to be out there where they ain't nothin' to do but set round in the sunshine an' spend money."

"A little sunshine might go pretty good just now," Kelly conceded.

Cap'n Dan gave thought to the rheumatic twinges from which he had suffered throughout the preceding three weeks.

"A little sunshine sure would go good," he agreed.

There followed eighteen days of incessant rain. On an evening late in October the skies cleared. Early the following morning Cap'n Dan made an inspection of the hog-raising department. In the first pen he came to, down in the walnut grove, a dozen portly half-grown pigs were stretched at full length on the frost-crusted mud of their domicile. Cap'n Dan poked the nearest one with his cane.

"Get up here," he ordered.

He stooped down and picked up a stone, which he flung at another prostrate occupant of the pen. The pig gave no sign of life.

"Paddy, come down here quick! These hogs is all ailin'."

The cook lost no time in making an inspection of the pigs. He straightened up above the first one, and his eyes were heavy with a message of disaster.

"Dead!" he announced. "Th' whole damn' lot av thim! Cholera!"

Cap'n Dan and Kelly spent the rest of the day heaving dead pigs over the bank into the Mississip'.

"Ashes to ashes and dust unto dust," Kelly mourned. "A hog-raisin' sailor is bound to go bust. Cheer up, Cap'n Dan. They's lots more hogs."

"And lots more cholera. That finishes that. Never say hogs to me again! Th' dirty, ungrateful varmints! Nothin' but a hog would go to work an' die on you when you're about ready to butcher him."

At this late moment a thought of salvage entered Kelly's mind.

"We might have sold thim fer soap grease, cap'n," he suggested.

"Don't say soap grease to me!" Cap'n Dan returned. "Never say nothin' about soap grease to me! Forgit this hog deal! Come on an' we'll git them blasted chickens fed."

The clear weather which had followed the rain ushered in a series of cold days and freezing nights. A week later Cap'n Dan wakened to discover that most of the chickens were frozen to death. When the impact of this second shock had softened, a method occurred to him whereby he might evade some little detail of the adverse luck which had seemed to pursue his enterprise.

"Kill the rest of them birds," he said to Kelly. "There's enough f'r two big meals f'r th' orphans an' us. Fry them up an' stew them up an' we'll play th' last card of this chicken deal with a grand barbecue."

"Barbecue it is! I'll be needin' some trimmin's. Th' flour have dwindled to half a sack, an' to-morr' I'll be scrapin' th' bottom av th' sugar barrel. Ye'd best bring a wagonload av groceries fr'm town."

Kelly was quick to note the shadow which rested ever so lightly on Cap'n Dan's face.

"Th' mope av ye—what do it mean?" he asked quickly. "Have th' moneybag gone flat?"

"Not flat," Cap'n Dan returned, "but she's got a dent or two in her. It's all right though. I can mortgage th' five acres f'r enough to carry us a while."

"An' thin what? There'll be no mortgagin' done," the cook dictated. "A mortgage is an Irish curse. Before yez are hooked in a mortgage leave me know." The cook held out his hands. "These twishted fingers still has brains in the tips av thim, an' th' poker craze never quit ragin' along th' Mississip'."

Cap'n Dan smiled slowly.

"I guess we won't have to slap no mortgage on the five acres yet a while. I'll git th' groceries. Write out a list of what you need."

Kelly withdrew to the kitchen of Charity House, where with a stubby lead pencil and a sheet of paper he began the composition of his requirements for the barbecue.

Cap'n Dan wandered down to where his five acres of land fronted the river. He stood with his feet on his own land and looked out across the wide flowing water before him.

"You brought me grub and a place to sleep f'r fifty years," he said to the old river, "an' if th' snags in th' channel git too thick mebbe I'll come back to you again."

Soft, gentle ripples against the bank beneath the fringing willows spoke their message of assurance to Cap'n Dan.

The old man returned to Charity House, wherein he met the Rev. T. E. Sish.

"I played the hog bet an' I lost. I played the chicken bet, an' when th' cards dropped, luck still lay agin' me. Gobs o' grief is always triplets. Stan' by f'r another calamity."

"Be of good cheer, brother. Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," comforted the Reverend Sish. "After the stress and toil on the stormy billows of life the sea-worn mariner greets with joy the lights of ——"

Cap'n Dan walked outside to take another look at the weather.

"Looks like more rain," he commented to the Reverend Sish upon his return.

That night more rain came, and by morning the downpour had become a continuous cloud-burst. Two days later from the upper reaches of the river came the crest of the flood water which had been precipitated earlier in the month. Augmented by the local rains, a flood condition soon prevailed, and with the eddying currents at the doorstep of Charity House, Cap'n Dan ordered a retreat. Throughout the long day, marching in the rain, Cap'n Dan and Fat Pat Kelly, followed by the trooping orphans and the Reverend Sish and his wife, tramped inland to the little town which lay on the high ground ten miles from the river.

The outfit crowded into the little hotel which the town boasted.

"Me an' Kelly, Sish and his wife and thirty-two kids want to live here till the flood goes down," Cap'n Dan explained to the hotel proprietor.

By storing the youngsters away five or six to a room accommodations of a sort were procured, and here for a month the aggregation rested. The bill for the month was nearly a thousand dollars. Cap'n Dan and Fat Pat Kelly audited the account. Cap'n Dan gave the hotel man a check for the amount. When the proprietor left them the cook looked long at the captain.

"Stranded?" he asked.

Cap'n Dan hesitated.

"Dang nigh stranded, Paddy—less'n a hundred left. I kin get by another month though. That place is good f'r a thousand dollars, an' by that time we kin git back into th' old house."

Next morning word came to Cap'n Dan that Charity House had crumbled into the flooding waters.

"Never mind," Kelly consoled. "I've got a scheme."

"What's your scheme?" Cap'n Dan asked, ready to grasp at any straw which might offer him relief from his crowding difficulties.

"There's a poker game two nights a week in the back room av th' bank," Kelly explained. "Th' banker an' th' grocery-store man an' th' county judge an' a stock raiser set into a heavy game. You an' me are respectable citizens av the community now. Stake me wid a fifty an' I'll come back feet first or else wid grub money f'r th' month."

Cap'n Dan gave Kelly fifty dollars to be played against the fall of fate's cards. At seven o'clock that night Kelly journeyed forth buoyant with hope.

Cap'n Dan launched him on the new venture with a parting word.

"Good luck!" the old man said.

"Luck's me middle name."

For all his protective layers of fat that made his ponderous bulk, Kelly shivered a little as he stepped into the cold air of the winter night.

"Wan or two war-rm drinks to git me fingers limbered up," he suggested to himself.

The one or two warm drinks were followed by more. At midnight Kelly's snowflake of a stake had melted into a poker game several sizes too large for him. He quit the game with the price of a bottle of raw red liquor. He bought his liquid cheer and thoughtfully absorbed it. Shortly after that Kelly went out for the count.

As dawn was breaking he stumbled into the room wherein slept Cap'n Dan. He woke the old man up. One look was enough for Cap'n Dan.

"Get to bed, Paddy," he said gently.

The cook lay down and was instantly submerged in the heavy alcoholic vapors of his sleep, but Cap'n Dan was very much awake. At seven o'clock he roused Kelly.

"Come on with me," he invited. "We'll have a walk over to the river an' see what's left of th' farm."

In his extremity Cap'n Dan was a little lonesome for communion with the old river which had brought him so much in life and which had taken so much away. The pair started out, but halfway on their journey the fatigue of the trip lay so heavy on Cap'n Dan that he faced about, intent on returning to the warmth and shelter of the hotel. Near the edge of the town they were met by the hotel proprietor. He addressed Cap'n Dan.

"Jim Higgins wants to see you," he said.

"Higgins? Who's this Higgins?"

"Hardwood people in St. Louis. Rich. He's waitin' for you at the hotel."

The trio returned to the hotel. The proprietor of the place introduced Cap'n Dan to the man who waited to see him. Ten minutes later Cap'n Dan raced up the stairs to where Fat Pat Kelly had returned to his slumbers. He descended upon Kelly like a whirlwind.

"Roll out!" he yelled. "Git them kids an' the Sishes roused out an' packed up!"

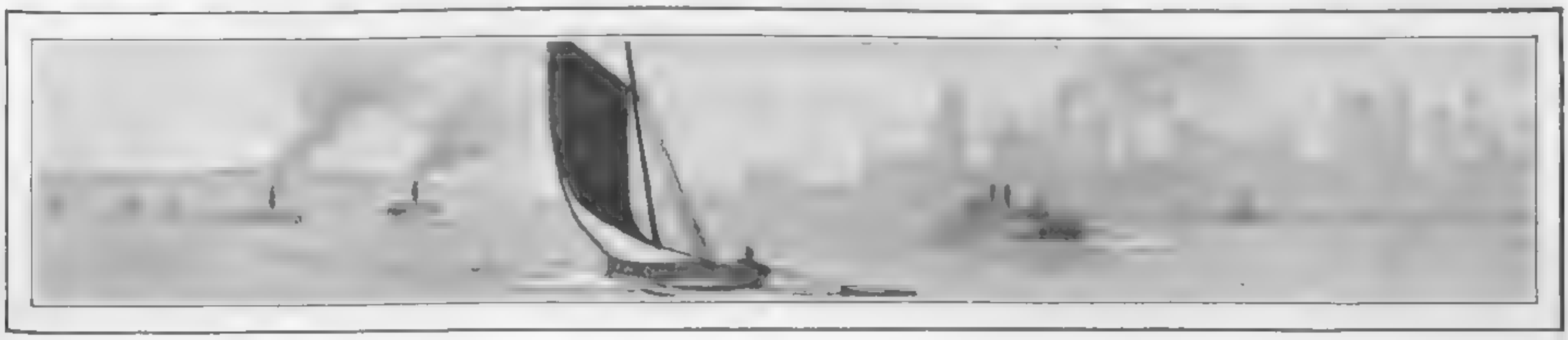
Kelly sat up and blinked his eyes.

"What th' hell!" he remonstrated. "Another flood?"

"Git them youngsters packed up! We're headed for Californy!"

Cap'n Dan's right hand was clinched about a folded document. In his left hand he waved a slip of blue paper.

"I sold the five acres to Higgins," he explained. "Not five acres of land—five acres of walnut logs buried twenty feet deep an' resurrected by th' floodin' Mississip'. Five million feet of 'em at forty dollars a thousand! Pack up th' kids! We're headed f'r Californy, where they ain't no floods n'r zero weather n'r no damn ragin' Mississip'."



MR MARLIN-ROCKWELL INDUSTRIES MR

BECAUSE it is inconsistent to build into an automobile, motor truck or tractor a superior mechanism and then equip it with other than the finest ball bearings

SRB

Single Row Double Row

ANNULAR BALL BEARINGS

are found in those automobiles, trucks and tractors whose names are instantly thought of as leaders in their respective fields. The same is rapidly becoming true as regards the leading makes of high speed industrial equipment, machines and motors.

MR MARLIN-ROCKWELL INDUSTRIES MR

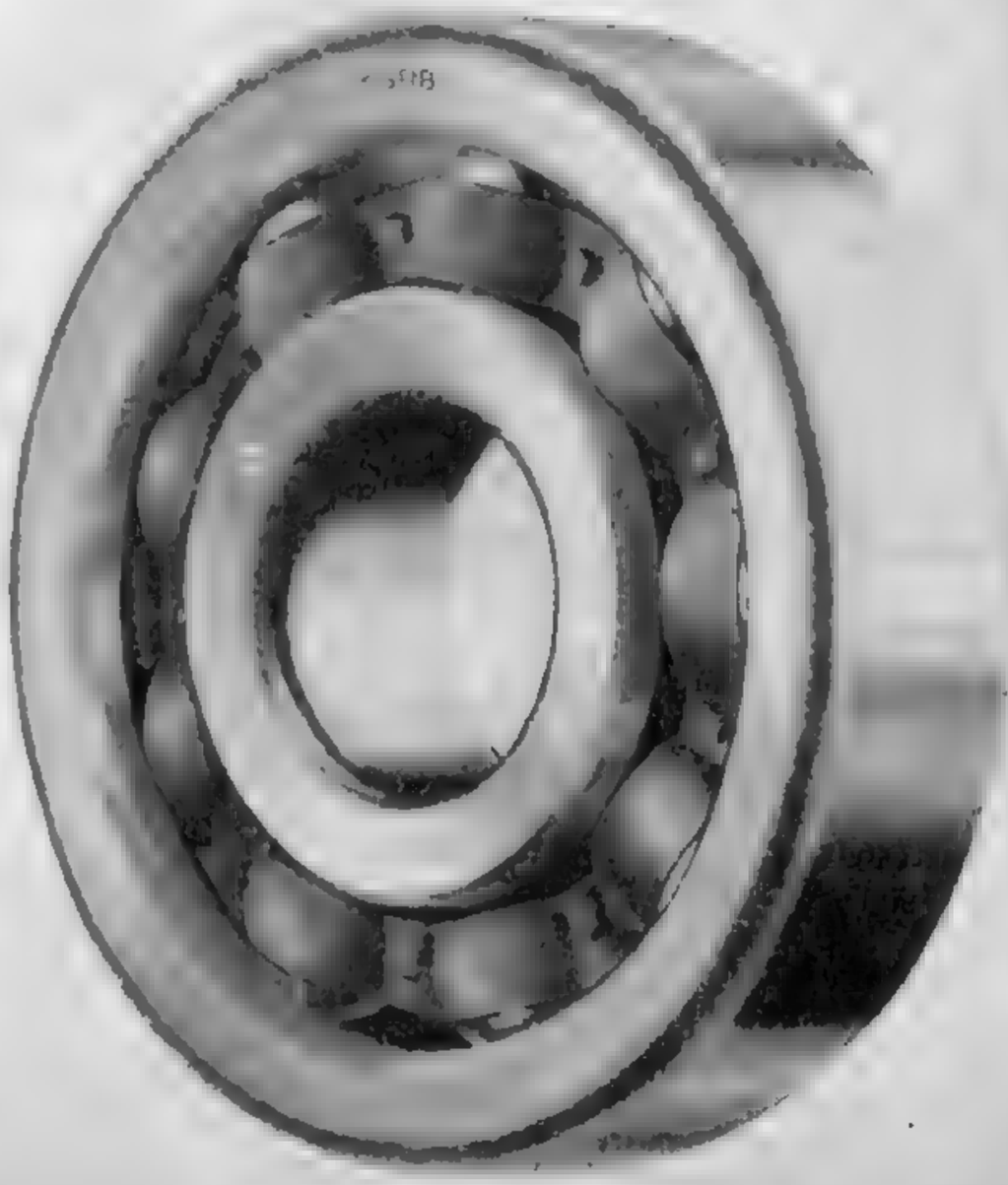
SRB

Single Row Double Row

ANNULAR BALL BEARINGS

have achieved their enviable reputation among automotive engineers because of the high standard of accuracy maintained in their manufacture:-

ACCURACY of chemical composition of steel.
ACCURACY of heat treatment which produces correct physical steel structure.
ACCURACY in diameter and sphericity of the balls which do not vary more than one ten thousandth of an inch.
ACCURACY in the grinding and fitting of all parts.



STANDARD STEEL AND BEARINGS INCORPORATED

Philadelphia Plainville, Conn. New Haven, Conn. Pittsburgh
Standard Roller Bearing Co. *Standard Sales and Service Distributors in Principal Cities* Brashear Steel Co.

Controlled and Operated by
MARLIN-ROCKWELL
CORPORATION
Executive Offices
MARLIN-ROCKWELL BUILDING, MADISON AVE - 46th ST, NEW YORK.

© 1920 "Save the Surface Campaign"

Safety in $\frac{1}{400}$ of an inch

ROEBLING, Rennie, Telford — all the great bridge builders of the world leave works that are wonderful monuments to their genius.

What a tragic failure their great works would become were it not for surface protection!

Rust would weaken bridges to the breaking point under their colossal loads. Every engineer recognizes it and every bridge is painstakingly protected, although a coat of paint is not more than one four-hundredths of an inch in thickness.

Apply this same vital principle to your own property. The same kind of rust that can eat away bridges can and will eat away the metal trim on your buildings—your metal roof—your metal garage your windmill your metal barn—your farm machinery.

The same moisture that means rust just as surely means rot to your wooden house and other buildings—to wagons—silos—to everything of wood your eyes rest on as you look around your property.

And what rust and rot will do in some directions, wear will do in others—to floors and furniture, for example.

Surface protection—paint and varnish—is the answer. Keep the elements and wear working on a *renewable* protective coating instead of on the *unrenewable* surface itself. Save the surface and you save all.

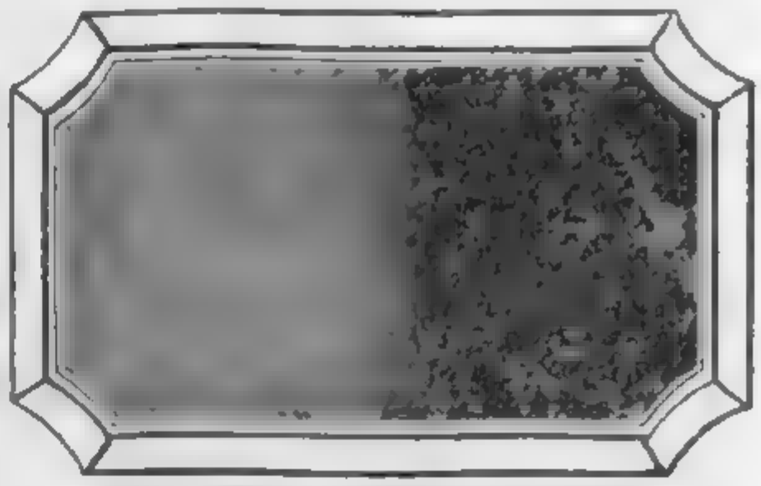
¶

Send for our booklet on the important subject of preserving property through proper protection. It deals thoroughly and text it is worthy of your most careful study. Address: Save the Surface Campaign, Room 652, The Bourse, Philadelphia.

The Modern Idea

Tell your painter to date the job when he paints your buildings. Somewhere, in an inconspicuous place, have him make a record of the date when the work was done. In the above photograph is seen an example of dating on a railroad bridge — an established practice with American railways.

Time slips by amazingly fast and a *record* is a valuable reminder as the years pass. Property preservation is a vital matter. Any idea which serves as a check is valuable. You will never discontinue the practice when once you have adopted it. Dating need not be in the least a disfigurement. Have the date lettered in small neat figures where it can be found whenever desirable and then *keep a check on time* as it affects your property.



Panels of painted and unpainted steel under scrutiny test. Note the way the surface of the painted panel is protected in contrast to the badly damaged, rust-eaten surface of the unpainted panel.

THIS ADVERTISEMENT

is issued by the Save the Surface Committee, representing the Paint, Varnish and Allied Interests, whose products, taken as a whole, serve the primary purposes of preserving, protecting and beautifying the innumerable products of the lumber, metal, cement and manufacturing industries, and their divisions.

"SAVE THE SURFACE AND YOU SAVE ALL"—*Paint & Varnish*

WOOD SURFACES | PLASTER SURFACES | CONCRETE SURFACES | MANUFACTURED PRODUCTS SURFACES | METAL SURFACES | BRICK SURFACES

THE ROSE DAWN

(Continued from Page 27)

His investigatory habit of prowling up and down Main Street stood him in good stead here. To do him entire justice, it must be conceded that he started on his external affairs in Arguello actuated solely by a genuine enthusiasm for the place. His habit of mind had been formed in what was known as a live, a smart community, where men were used to big things done promptly and on a big scale. He found Arguello half asleep, accustomed to doing the simplest public affairs—if they were done at all—only after long discussions and hesitations. Things Boyd had always taken as much for granted as shoes or a hat, Arguello either lacked or possessed inadequately, or was strongly divided in opinion as to their advisability.

To the Easterner it was nothing short of a disgrace that Main Street and its principal laterals were unpaved; that the residence part of the town was sparsely lighted; that the rattletrap one-mule car was permitted to represent city transportation; that property owners were not forced to substitute something substantial in the way of sidewalks for the beaten earth that in wet weather became slippery mud. His order-loving mind was scandalized over various easy-going, tacit permissions. It was dangerous to turn saddle horses loose on the streets to find their way to the stables by themselves; it was perilous to leave building material unprotected by lights; it was unsanitary and unsightly to drop rubbish over the edge of the sidewalks into the streets; it was annoying and unnecessary to pile the sidewalks half full of merchandise and leave them so; it was unwholesome to abandon Chinatown to its unsavory filth. And what could be said of a town that permitted its firemen to haul sand with its fire horses two miles away from the fire engine?

Boyd saw all these things, and many, many others typical of the easy-going time and place, through the eyes of the Eastern visitor; and as he was by now genuinely a citizen in spirit he suffered a real agony of mortification as to what that Eastern visitor must think of it all.

His first attempts to interest people met with little encouragement. The inert, dead indifference of the opposition astounded and made him indignant. A small proportion of those he talked to agreed with him that his ideas were sound, and that it would be a good thing if they could be carried out. Another small proportion, with the narrow vision of the untraveled, interposed the panicky but effective opposition of men who—unless they can plainly discern the dollar spent to-day returning not later than to-morrow—clamor vehemently against all public expenditure. But by far the greatest number just plain did not care.

"Go after it if it amuses you, Boyd," said Oliver Mills, the banker. "You will find that you can get things done, to be sure; but you will spend an inordinate amount of energy. What another city would order as you would order a pound of sugar, Arguello will talk over for two years, and squabble about and hesitate over—and end by buying half a pound, or else decide it's too expensive. And when it is all over those of us who have been trying to engineer the thing are totally exhausted. We've put enough into it to have built the Washington Monument. You'll find it doesn't pay. We're getting along very comfortably. Why stir things up?"

Boyd's chief support was the obscure, lean real-estate man, Ephraim Spinner. In Spinner he uncorked a dynamic enthusiasm that warmed his heart.

"I'm glad to hear you say so," cried Spinner. "It's what I've been hammering into these hayseeds for two years. This place should be working night and day getting itself in order for the flood of visitors that is absolutely certain to pour down upon us. Every man who goes East comes back again and brings his friends with him. The boom is bound to come some day, and when it comes"—he threw his arms out with an expressive gesture—"they'll find us sound asleep," he ended gloomily.

He chewed savagely at the end of the cigar Boyd handed him.

"What this town ought to do is to get onto itself," he went on presently in a calmer, wearied tone. "Of course it ought to have paving and lights and all those things, just as you say, Mr. Boyd; but if it had the sense God gave a rooster it would go a lot further than that. Look at the beach, f'instance! You can't get at it except afoot or horseback, and when you do get to it you find tin cans and rubbish. Yet look at that stretch from the wharf to Scott's Point! They ought to put a road in there, and they'd have no finer drive in the world than that—with the blue Pacific on one side and the lofty mountains on the other! They could advertise a drive like that all over the country, and draw tourists like a magnet. That's only one thing. And they ought to put a road along the foothills—just for a scenic attraction. Just suggest it to these old mossbacks and see what

"If These Mossbacks Don't Know What Is Good for Them We'll Make 'em Take It. There's More Than One Way to Skin a Cat"

they say to you! They'd think you were crazy. Were you ever up there?"

"Yes," said Boyd.

"Can you imagine anyone not seeing it? Gosh! They haven't got one single solitary blessed thing here they've done themselves to cultivate the best paying crop in the world—the tourist. What there is old California has done by herself."

"The Frémont," suggested Boyd.

"Yes, that's a good hotel, and it's running behind. What we need is public improvements. And about the first of 'em is a dozen or so first-class funerals."

With this completely altruistic interest to start from, Boyd gradually worked his way into the political life of the place. He had made his fortune through traction organization. The eighties did not understand political purity as we are just beginning to understand it to-day. As soon as Boyd found that he could not get things done by direct appeal he turned naturally to manipulation. Dan Mitchell was right in his guess that the Easterner would need publicity and would pay for it. Others received pay also for other services.

It was all a sort of play for Boyd, activity undertaken at first in idleness but later with increasing interest. Opposition roused his combative spirit. He found it would be necessary to follow in a modified way Spinner's advice as to the first-class funerals, only the funerals were political. It seemed desirable to replace certain sturdy, short-visioned, uncompromising aldermen or supervisors.

In politics, too, Boyd was a past master. He had not much difficulty in electing his own council or in passing the ordinance to pave and curb Main Street—his first great objective. But he had to acknowledge that the resultant distrust and uneasiness among the shellbacks were going to make the next election more of a job. In short, he saw a good fight ahead, and he rejoiced, and he began quietly to build a machine that would function.

"If these mossbacks don't know what is good for them we'll make 'em take it," he observed to the exultant Spinner. "There's more than one way to skin a cat."

He bought in a slope of the sagebrush foothills back of the town, and bore much good-humored joking from his friends. His refusal to explain himself ended by fastening upon him the rumor of fantastic projects, for nobody could imagine any possible use for that waste and worthless land. As a matter of cold fact, Boyd was himself a little vague on that subject. He got it very cheap—for almost nothing. He believed enthusiastically in the ultimate expansion of Arguello. Certainly the view out over the valley, the town, to the wide, slumbering Pacific ——

But Boyd was a shrewd business man, with plenty of leisure and an inquiring and restless mind. He rode often on his horse up over the slope of his new purchase, sometimes alone, sometimes with Saxon or Marcus Oberman or others of his winter cronies. They called it his Horned Toad Ranch, not that anyone had ever seen a horned toad there, but it was considered that horned toads represented the only possibility. Boyd grinned and replied in kind. But one day he dropped into Spinner's office with an idea.

"Know those bowlders up on the tract—the ones near the little grove of live oaks at the head of the *barranca?*" he asked. "Well, they're an outcrop of a ledge down below, and the stuff is a real fine-grained sandstone. Makes the best building material I know of. There's a quarry of it there."

"There's mighty little demand for building stone here," said Spinner, "and the whole range is made of that sort of rock."

"Nobody's getting any of it out, and this is the nearest to town. People use quite a little for one thing and another—foundations and garden walls and such. They'd use less brick and more stone if they could get the stone handier. There's a nice little steady business there."

Spinner looked doubtful.

"Look here, Spinner," said Boyd suddenly, "how many miles of street are there in this town? You ought to know. Well, they're in a frightful state every year with the run-off of the flood waters every time it rains. It's a disgrace. They ought to be curbed and guttered, every foot of them, and an ordinance passed providing for that would, in my opinion, be a very beneficial piece of legislation."

"And you would supply the stone?" cried Spinner.

"Well"—and Boyd puffed slowly at his cigar—"I'd hardly consider it worth while to fuss with a little quarry business. My idea would be to use the quarry merely as a source of supply to a construction company that would be in a position to bid for the contracts."

"I take my hat off to you, Mr. Boyd," cried Spinner as the whole splendor of the scheme came to him.

"It would make a nice little business," continued Boyd. "I would not want to appear in it personally. The thing would not look well, I suppose; though for the life of me I don't see how anybody could object. I would merely lease the quarry land to the construction company. You could head the company."

"I?" cried Spinner.

"You would have a small salary and a small share in the business. I would not expect you to attend to details. I'll look up a good managing foreman. The real-estate business is not so brisk at present but that you could put a little time in on this, is it?"

Thus came into existence the Western Construction Company, which for years did practically all Arguello's public improvement. It built a road, opened the quarry, purchased teams and wagons and set to work. Gradually it acquired what it needed for a comprehensive business, not only in construction but in such things as crushed rock for roads, and grading and wall building for private grounds. It was never out of work, for whenever things got slack the common council would pass an ordinance commanding the curbing and guttering of another stretch of street. The cost was an assessment against the property owners, who almost invariably uttered howls of protest. As they were very few in number as compared with those not immediately concerned, they never had much effect. Dan Mitchell had a laudatory editorial now and then on public improvement and killed many a virulent communication. He never received any direct pay for his attitude, but he did get very high rates for small advertisements of the Western Construction Company, whose business by its nature needed no advertisement.

In order successfully to carry on this enterprise and his contemplated scheme of improving Arguello, Boyd had to have a council on which he could depend. The opposition to doing anything that cost either time or money was partly climatic, partly habitual, partly parsimonious, partly conservative. It was very real and very strong, but it was not organized. Boyd knew how to organize, and he did so. His chief source of strength was the lower wards, where the most of the Mexicans lived. There dwelt an obese, polite, suave old scoundrel who belonged to one of the oldest California families and was connected by marriage with several of the others.

Don Cæsar Azevedo held a great prestige among the members of his race because of his personality and his Falstaffian capacity for *vino*. On election days he was given disposal of a number of surreys and a sum of expense money. By evening he was portentously drunk, still dignified and respectable, apparently close to apoplexy, but his two wards had voted safe. It amused Boyd to watch the four other wards closely and to determine his action by the conditions of the moment. Sometimes it was enough to handle his man after election. At any rate he always had his council.

This, it must be understood, was the development of a number of years, and carries us somewhat ahead of our story. But an appreciation of Patrick Boyd's place and power in the community is desirable to an understanding of the history of those who may interest us more. We should add that through his purchase of Colonel Peyton's bank stock and some other blocks he picked up from time to time, he attained a position on the directorate, where soon he carried a controlling advice. He gained thus a bird's-eye view of the affairs of the county. He knew who borrowed and how much; who was delinquent; who paid promptly; and he was

Gennett
RECORDS
"The difference is in the tone"

Life Vibrant

The greater joy Gennett Records give to music lovers is the joy of hearing the buoyant, warm, colorful tones expressed by the artists at their best. The life that is in the artist is in the record.

That's why Gennett Records are better for *dancing*—*better* for hearing.

For New Record Delights Hear These New Gennetts:

9045—Old Man Jazz (Novelty Fox Trot) (Gene Quaw)
Saul Holtsworth Harmony Hounds
Why Cry Blues (Fox Trot) (Durante and Baquet)
Jimmy Durante's Jazz Band $1 00

9051—I'd Love to Fall Asleep and Wake Up in My Mammy's Arms) (Lew Lewis Young)
Joe Bell Contralto—Orchestra Accompaniment
I've Got the Blues for My Kentucky Home (Lew Lewis Gensler)
Joe Bell Contralto—Orchestra Accompaniment $1 00

9054—Pretty Little Cinderella (Franklyn and Vincent)
Ballard and Terall, Tenor and Contralto Duet—Orchestra Accompaniment
Pretty Kitty Kelly (Pease and Nelson)
Robert Hudson, Tenor—Orchestra Accompaniment—$1 00

9055—Kawaii Waltz
Ferera and Franchini, Hawaiian Guitars
Hawaiian Hula Medley
Ferera and Franchini, Hawaiian Guitars, Medley Intro.: (1) Manonalua (2) Maunawili (3) Meleana—$1 00

9056—Silver Moon (Charles Ernest)
Frank Kamplain, Yodling—Orchestra Accompaniment
Emmet's Cuckoo Song (Emmet)
Frank Kamplain, Yodling—Orchestra Acc.—$1 00

Gennetts better all phonographs. Hearing is believing

THE STARR PIANO COMPANY
RICHMOND, INDIANA

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES
BIRMINGHAM • DETROIT • CINCINNATI • CLEVELAND
INDIANAPOLIS • LONDON, CANADA

enabled to shape policies that would influence the future of the country he had adopted. For though Patrick Boyd made money in the ventures he undertook, the making of money was not the primary incentive of his activities. He had all the money, *per se*, he wanted. His basic desire was to see Arguello wake up and be somebody, for he loved the valley between the mountains and the sea as only an Easterner transplanted to California can love.

XXIV

KENNETH rode again to the bungalow, and he continued to ride there on every opportunity. He and Brainerd had many more talks on all subjects having to do with the philosophy of life. The older man was an excellent influence for his forming spirit. Only one forced to comparative failure by insuperable obstacles could, in that age of material emphasis, have gained to the wider views held by Brainerd. He saw beyond the merely utilitarian. Our moralists were prattling of captains of industry, exploitation—but under a prettier name—and the remote sacredness of being a millionaire; public office was a matter of victory and patronage; the saving of pennies and the spending of lives was preached as an ideal of the perfect existence. A man was morally justified in anything he did provided he kept technically within the law. Things were ends in themselves. Brainerd had dimly seen them as in themselves only means to something beyond. It was with him not simply a case of get there.

Kenneth was one day telling with relish of an acquaintance who was, even at college, a past master at getting others to attend to details for him.

"Yes," said Brainerd, "that quality of delegating work and responsibility is one of the most valuable qualities of leadership. In fact, it is indispensable to leadership. But it is not always desirable to use sheer cleverness to avoid detail—only to avoid repetition of detail. If you avoid anything in life you lose the value of the experience."

"That's true too!" cried Kenneth.

In such statements of what are now considered baldly obvious truths did Brainerd lead Kenneth's young mind away from the smug, old, outworn, conservative ideas of a passing phase into a contemplation of the wider outlook that was going to be possible to a new generation. And therein he fulfilled, unknowing, his function in the fates of those about him. Together the two men examined the sketchy, incomplete work that Brainerd had managed to accomplish.

"I have lacked health and I have lacked means," said the elder frankly, "so I have not here a prosperous, money-making plant such as I should have. But it makes me a decent living; and what is more, it brings me a living every year. Dry seasons don't bother me a bit. As to this sagebrush upland you were laughing about ——"

Daphne, her wardrobe renewed, no longer concealed herself. The gangly, bare-legged child of yesterday was suddenly forgotten, as though it had never been. Not by a flicker of the eyelash did Daphne acknowledge that such a creature had ever existed; and there was that, not in but back of her manner, that withered even a recollection of it. Only her extraordinary vital energy, her wayward, elfish fancy playing quaintly over everyday things, and her headlong zest in living, she carried over with her into the new phase. Once she had determined that Kenneth came sympathetically to the life she and her father lived at the bungalow, she took him in wholeheartedly, and as to a friend visiting for the first time, she was all eagerness to take him about and show him hidden lands. Generally they went on horseback. Daphne led, very mysterious as to their destination, very chatty in comment of the things they saw by the way. The dogs invariably accompanied them, creating great disturbance in the colonies of ground squirrels. The first rain had cleared promptly and no more had come. The sun shone warmly. A timid green lay snuggled beneath the dead grasses.

"Keeping warm under a fur coat," said Daphne.

She knew intimately every nook and cranny in the hills; every grove of oaks; every secret cañon from the ranges. To some quaint or beautiful or cozy objective she led Kenneth on each of their rides. He learned to know when to exclaim by the small triumphant air of expectation she assumed when they had reached their journey's end—a still, dark pool beneath fragrant bay trees; a fantastic old tree twisted by long-dead gales; a flat rock looking down on the blue of deep cañons; a slope of shingle where the sun lay warm and the spicy odor of lad's-love wandered down to them like a gentle spirit.

Never did she consciously give him any clew as to when she considered they had reached the thing that was to make the ride worth while. But when he cried out satisfactorily she was manifestly pleased. Kenneth learned to keep his eyes and his wits about him, lest he pass by one of these favorite places unknowing. The result then was an evident disappointment and lowering of spirit. She was childishly eager to have them see with the same eyes.

Then, having arrived, they liked to dismount and turn the horses loose to graze while they lay on their backs in the grass or in the shade. They never talked much, but watched the slow circling of buzzards or the forming and melting cloudlets, or made rainbows through their eyelashes. They could hear the horses cropping crisply—a comfortable sound. Or perhaps they crouched by the stream, watching the hypnotic shift of light through branches, or the reflection on the underside of leaves. Small, busy, amusing birds complimented them with no attention as they went about their affairs.

At length, as the sun lowered, a chill would steal abroad. They would rouse themselves. The horses, their reins hanging, would by now be dozing with one hind leg tucked up. The dogs lay farther up the hill, flat on their sides, exposed to the warm sun. Everybody seemed to stretch with yawns. But once under way the coolness of the early evening of winter seemed to fill them with a wild, playful energy. The dogs chased madly in wide circles, their quarters tucked under them, their backs humped, their hind legs spurning the soil in quick, stabbing jumps. The horses arched their necks, feeling at the bits, and made little mock shies. Daphne and Kenneth shouted foolishness at each other, and laughed a great deal.

Sometimes they went for all day. In that event they carried chops or a steak and had a picnic. Or they left the horses in the corral and tramped on foot up into the hills or round the Peyton ranch.

They spent a good deal of time at the Peytons', for there was a great variety of things to do and see. In the old days the ranch had been almost self-sustaining. Even now it raised many things that others were accustomed to buy in the town. The cattle work was, of course, the basis, and was always interesting. They liked to ride out with one of the *vaqueros* on his never-ending round, spying out the distribution and condition of the stock, observing strays, helping young calves, keeping a vigilant eye for those in trouble.

Daphne told of the spring round-up, when the neighboring ranches joined forces to sort and brand the stock. That was a season of hard work but also of picturesque pleasure. But outside the cattle were many minor industries that repaid investigation—a vineyard and an olive orchard of dove-gray foliage where dwelt a flashing smile set in the simple countenance of one Tomaso, whose duty it was to make wine and pure olive oil. Near the foothills dwelt the bee man, a religious fanatic, who wore no hat or coat and let his hair grow long; who shouted texts and Bible quotations as he strode here and there among the hives; a strange person who was nevertheless quite at home with the hot, uncertain insects and who thoroughly understood all the mysteries of honey.

The vegetable garden lay in a flat below the house. It was protected with wire fencing, and in its inclosure cress-grown water ditches ran in patterns, frogs croaked and an ancient Chinaman in the wide-peaked bowl of a woven hat moved like a figure on a screen. His name was Lo, and he knew little English, nor had he pride of appearance. He dwelt in a ramshackle little hut in one corner of the vegetable garden, made of old doors and lumber slung together anyhow, with a rickety stovepipe sticking out of it—not intrinsically an impressive dwelling. Yet in some fashion, by means of strips of red paper with ideographs, tall-stalked bulbs growing in bowls, a queer smell or so, Lo had managed to make of his dwelling something exotic and picturesque. And over by the stables was the blacksmith shop, where they shod horses and fashioned parts of agricultural machinery or wagons out of hot metal that

(Continued on Page 147)

The SHOE SITUATION

A Statement by the REGAL SHOE COMPANY

THIS is certainly the time for clear thinking on the part of every man and woman who buys a pair of shoes.

What you need to be sure of is your *money's worth.*

When you are offered a saving—does it mean something taken out of the value of the shoes for the sake of lowering the price?

Or does it represent *ability* and *straightforward methods* in making and merchandising?

* * *

Get the two broad classes of shoes in mind!

On one side are the low grade shoes, made to satisfy somebody's idea of what the public wants to pay for its shoes.

Great stocks of such shoes have accumulated. More are being made every day.

They are waiting for someone to "liquidate" them—that is, to take them off the shelves and "get money out of them."

They can be had by any purchaser who thinks more about price than about what he gets for his money.

* * *

On the *money's worth side* there are the Regal Shoes—in the Regal Shoe Stores and Regal Agency Stores.

Just as Regal used all its resources in its effort to prevent false values when all shoe prices were climbing higher and higher—so it is using all these same resources to *insure you your money's worth today.*

Regal prices were never among the highest. They will not be among the lowest.

They represent today as always *money's worth in fine shoes.*

Sharing with you all the savings due to command of the sources of best leathers, with the ability to manufacture and sell on the business-like basis of many pairs with only a conservative profit on each pair.

REGAL SHOE COMPANY

268 SUMMER ST., BOSTON, MASS.

REGAL SHOES

Sixty Regal Stores in the Great Metropolitan Cities

Agency Stores in other Cities and Towns

STYLE IN MEN'S
NECKWEAR—

from "Stock" to "Strate-Cut"

Half a century ago, well-dressed men wore Wilson Bro's Black Silk Stock. Today the style is Wilson Bro's "Strate-Cut" Scarf. An improved *shape-holding* scarf—costs no more and wears longer. Another instance of Wilson Bro's leadership in supplying men with new and better furnishings.

In "Strate-Cuts" the pull on the fine silk threads comes lengthwise instead of on the bias. That's why they hold shape and slip easily, without doubling inside the collar.

"Strate-Cuts" for Fall are made in an endless array of new patterns in domestic plain and figured silks, two-tone Irish poplins, "wrinkle-proof" silk-and-wool Bengalines, French double-over Jacquards, Swiss novelty Travere stripes, rare Vienna brocades, etc. At leading furnishers'—$1.50, $2, $3, $3.50, $4.

Wilson Bro's

© 1920

Established 1864—Complete Furnishers of Men

CHICAGO · BOSTON · DALLAS · DETROIT · LOUISVILLE · ST. LOUIS · NEW YORK · PARIS

(Continued from Page 144)

glowed in the dusk of the shop and hissed in water tubs like serpents.

Nor must we forget the great stables for the working animals; or the dairy stables, or the dairy itself, with its cool, silent shelves of milk set to rise; or its churns with their sweet smell of buttermilk; or its rows of fragrant butter rolls, with everywhere a dampness and a cleanness; or the fowl yards, seemingly endless in extent, very populous, very busy, very conversational, with wise-looking but foolish chickens and foolish-looking but wise ducks, and apoplectic turkey gobblers scraping the stiffened ends of their wings on the ground.

An old sailor, twisted with rheumatism, had charge of the feathered creatures, and he was always eager to show the young people the latest squabs or hatchings, or to talk as long as they would listen about the remarkable examples of intelligence displayed by his charges. The dogs, which followed them everywhere else, were here rigidly barred. They sat outside the wire in a reproachful row, conscious of being misjudged.

The half of the ranch has not been described. It would be interesting to follow our young people to the main stables, to the cook shack and the bunk houses, to the miniature village across the ravine where dwelt all the Spanish families, retainers of the ranch; or to the hogs and the pigs, which had a self-sufficient air of competent wisdom and liked to have their backs scratched; or to the paddocks where roamed the colts and young horses, free as deer, gentle as dogs. But we can only enumerate them. And in the end they always arrived at the great wide-flung oak known as Dolman's House, where they climbed into the low branches and swung their legs for a good talk. Here—fancifully—seemed the central abiding place of the soul of the ranch—a soul born through the slow mellowing and blending of these many activities into one relation. The ranch had a personality of its own. It was a single thing, to be loved and remembered.

Daphne used to believe in Dolman implicitly. Through the haze gathering across her childhood memories she thought still to discern his face, to hear his voice. At times even yet it seemed to her that she felt a great beneficent presence that wished her well. She joked with herself about it, and told of it to Kenneth in a playful fashion that he considered charmingly fanciful. It would be, of course, absurd to believe such a thing literally. The imagination is a powerful agent in proper circumstances. Yet at times something overpowering swept through Daphne's soul that left her wondering.

As their intimacy progressed they joked a good deal about Dolman, making believe, as children do, inventing legends and possibilities. The degree to which their intimacy had unconsciously progressed may be gauged from the fact that they did not feel it necessary to act grown up toward each other. Nobody, except perhaps United States senators and ticket agents, of whose inner life I know nothing, is ever so grown up as he appears to his contemporaries. All he needs is a proper companion to show himself in his true kiddish colors.

Kenneth did not even appreciate the fact that he was in love with Daphne. He had passed through the usual number of school and college cases, and he thought he knew just what being in love was like. It was a tempestuous matter with a lot of violent emotion attached to it, and a number of symptoms that were pleasant or disagreeable, according as you looked at it. He felt entirely different toward Daphne. To be sure, he wanted to be with her all the time, and was totally neglectful of his old companions, but that was because she was such a good sort; you could talk foolishly with her without being silly. She was a good sport and was game for anything. She had sense.

Allie Peyton saw plainly enough, but she was a wise woman and she said nothing, except that she warned the colonel against one thing.

"Don't ever call them children," she said. "They are children, of course, and they act like children—I believe they're out at Sing Toy's cooky jar right now—but they'll freeze into grown-ups in two jiffies if you make them conscious of what they're doing."

Neither the colonel nor Brainerd attached the slightest importance to Kenneth's constant presence. To them Daphne was still an infant. They thought it rather kind of Kenneth to spend so much time amusing the child.

XXV

THE year, in spite of the encouragement of its early rain, turned out to be another dry one. The tourists were delighted. They had come out to buy climate, and climate was being delivered to them. The first rains and a few unimportant subsequent showers had started the green, so that the country looked well. The brilliant days followed each other, clear and sparkling. Loud were the praises of the land as heard in such places as the Frémont Hotel veranda. But those who knew cast back in mind to other dry years within their recollection, and they began to figure ahead apprehensively.

The barometers of this condition were the banks. The men who sat in the little varnished back offices of these modest institutions were experts in the affairs of the country. They knew the peculiar conditions that obtained in a land when even the children counted the inches of rainfall for a normal February, and they were perfectly aware of the probable sequences to any given set of circumstances. It was time to retrench. It was time to fortify for a disastrous moment when to save the integrity of the whole it would be necessary to support whole-heartedly some of the weaker parts. That was one of the functions of banks; and in consequence it would have seemed to one who did not understand that at first they were unduly harsh and later unduly generous.

One of the first to feel the effects of this prescience on the part of the bankers was Don Vincente Cazadero. He had hung on longer than most of his kind, partly because the situation of his rancho was more favorable than ordinary, partly because he was fortunate in his friends. To the latter he was almost as deeply indebted as to the bankers. New ways touched him not at all. He lived according to the old life, which had been good enough for his fathers and was good enough for him. Therefore he raised no hay against the days of adversity; he planted no fields of alfalfa under irrigation; he made no attempts to improve the stock of his long-horned, heady Mexican cattle; he maintained still the old, heedless, lavish manner of life. No one knew exactly how many human beings Las Flores directly supported; nor did anybody, but Don Vincente's major-domo, who was as hidebound and impatient of new methods as his master, know to whom wages were paid or how much. There were—as with every Spanish family—shoals of *parientes* who might be roughly described as relatives, though the term included all sorts of roundabout connections. These expected, as a matter of course, to be supported by the feudal head of the house.

Don Vincente rode over to see his neighbor as soon as he understood that the bank had delivered an ultimatum. He deeply resented it. In his secret heart of hearts he considered it as of a piece with all the acts of oppression that he had chalked rather vaguely against the Americans' account. Nevertheless, he concealed his resentment beneath his pride, and threw over it a careless scarf of nonchalance. Indeed, it was only at the end of quite a long visit, and of many casual topics, that he introduced the real subject of his call in a by-the-way manner.

"I have heard from Señor Mills," he remarked in Spanish, "who desires further payment on some matters between us. I pointed out to him that this was not the season. What ranchero has money at this season? It is not the time of the sale of cattle. But he has given me this and that reason. It seems to be serious with him. Is it possible, *amigo*, that you ——"

He paused delicately. Colonel Peyton's fine old face wrinkled in distress.

"I know, I know!" he cried. "It is the dry year—after last winter. I sincerely hope that it will mean no sacrifice to you, my old friend. I sincerely hope that it will amount only to inconvenience. For I too have talked with Señor Mills—a serious talk. I have not one cent to lay my hands on. I am myself pushed to save affairs from disaster. It can be done, but ——"

A chill had struck through Don Vincente's heart at the first words of his friend. For whatever secret opinion or suspicion or aristocratic contempt he might have as to others of the American usurpers of his land, he knew and trusted and loved the owner of Corona del Monte. He knew that the colonel's refusal was final because it must be final, and for a single instant his panic-stricken mind visaged the consequences of a failure where he had from long habit taken success for granted. But instantly he recovered command of himself and waved his hand gracefully.

"It is a nothing," he said. "It can be arranged in other ways."

"Let me tell you my situation," urged the colonel.

Already the little Spanish gentleman sitting opposite, ridiculous—or pitiable—in his futile and ineffective pride, owed him an immense sum of money, which, a little at a time, he had taken without interest, without notes or other formality, with hardly even spoken thanks, as one accepts a cigarette. Yet the colonel's generous heart was eager for justification as to his reason for refusing in this further need.

"It is nothing, nothing!" disclaimed Don Vincente. "But I am grieved to hear that you too are the victim of these heartless bankers. Perhaps I may in my turn be of assistance ——"

"They are not dealing with their own money—I can see that," the colonel said in defense of his friend, "but it does not make it the easier for us, *amigo*. A bad year is coming—a serious year."

They parted with formal expressions in the ceremonious Spanish style, and went their respective ways. The Spaniard for the first time had had brought home to him the seriousness of a situation that had been for years preparing. Colonel Peyton for the first time had found himself without ready money.

He too had been summoned to the little back office in the bank, where he had passed through a series of very uncomfortable conferences. Oliver Mills had several sheets of figures, which he insisted on discussing. The figures had to do with Corona del Monte, the number of cattle it supported, the natural increase, the proportion of beef animals, the average of market prices, the average gross expenditures for some years, and a whole lot of statistics concerning dry years and compound interest and such things. It was appallingly cold-blooded and accurate, and seemed to show that Corona del Monte was rapidly sinking to perdition. In vain the colonel had pointed out that these things could not be so for the simple reason that he had always had plenty of money, and the money must have come from somewhere. Mills proceeded to show him whence it had come; and that was disconcerting, for a lot of it, it seemed, would have to go back.

"So you see, Richard," he ended kindly, "it really is necessary to take some thought and plan to the future. You have a wonderful piece of property there—a very rich piece of property. It ought to pay you big money instead of being a burden, which it actually is. All it needs is a retrenchment until you get it on its feet, and then a revision of methods. The old days are over, Richard. We old codgers have got to realize that."

"I suppose so, Oliver," acknowledged the colonel, whose usually sunny and exuberant spirits had been depressed by the three sheets of figures. "Have you any suggestions?"

"Yes, I have," replied Mills briskly. "You've got to get rid of those hotels. They're white elephants as it is now. I can turn them over to a syndicate for you, and you will be free from that burden, and at the same time be able to lift your most pressing needs at the ranch. You know, Richard, you are very considerably in arrears there, and while as a person I would do anything in the world for you, as a banker I must begin to think more of my stockholders. This is going to be a bad year. The banks are inclined to be as liberal as possible, but they must stop short of the danger line."

The little banker was obviously nervous and embarrassed. He saw he must speak more plainly, and he hated to do it. The colonel's expression was that of a bewildered child. If the matter had depended on himself alone he would have managed somehow to evade it and let things drift for a little while longer, but the board of directors had given him some very positive instructions in this and in a number of other cases.

The new director, Patrick Boyd, had made him very uncomfortable.

"We will have to do some foreclosing this year, I am afraid," he continued. Then after a pause he blurted it out: "We want to avoid foreclosing on you."

The colonel sat up very straight and his eyes flashed.

"On me? On Corona del Monte?" he cried. "Exactly what do you mean, sir?"

"Do you know just how much you owe, and how far behind your interest payments you are, and how deeply involved your two hotels are, and what deficit they are making?" asked the banker, reaching for another sheet of figures.

"No, by gad, sir, I do not! At least I have not the figures by me. But what has that to do with this extraordinary statement—foreclose on me?"

Oliver Mills was very patient and very considerate. He succeeded in convincing the colonel that the situation was serious; he succeeded in allaying the first indignation; he did not at all succeed in restoring the colonel's former engaging, childlike trust that the bank was a sort of affectionate big brother.

"And if I meet your suggestion, sir, and dispose of the hotel property to this syndicate you speak of—exactly how much money would that leave me clear?" he inquired at last.

"It would pay the mortgages on the hotels and the back interest and the floating debts, and it would square your way for a fresh start at the ranch—that is, would catch you up on your interest and leave you five or ten thousand."

"Five or ten thousand! For two hotels?" cried the colonel.

He could not get over the shock of that. To all intents and purposes it seemed to him that he was selling two big modern hotels, with grounds, well furnished and in running order, both of which belonged to him personally, without partnership, and all he was getting from the transaction was a miserable five or ten thousand dollars! He listened to Oliver Mills' careful explanations and understood them intellectually. He assented to the banker's conclusion that he had not really owned them for some time. A panicky thought flashed through his mind that perhaps in the same way he did not really own Corona del Monte, but he thrust it out as unthinkable. But in spite of it his instinct cried out as against a cold-blooded subversion of age-founded things. He spent the afternoon in that office, and when he left his usual springy jauntiness was quenched. For the first time in his life he walked with his shoulders stooped. He drove back to Corona del Monte huddled over the reins, trying to think it out.

He had known from the start that he would have to fall in with the banker's plans, but he hated to face it. The hotels meant so much to his large feeling of hospitality. He enjoyed every detail, from the first lordly segregating of the sheep from the goats at the weekly docking of the Santa Rosa to all the little personal touches of especial fruits and flowers and gallant attentions that the colonel loved to bestow. He would miss the hotels—miss them cruelly. Instinctively he knew he would never go back as outsider to those beloved halls where he had reigned. That one pleasant human aspect of his life would be by one stroke cut off. It was like a bereavement.

But the colonel again experienced that swift, cold pang of fear. The hotels after all were a side issue in life. Corona del Monte was life itself. He had made it and it had made him. It was a sentient, plastic, living entity composed of its many elements of living human beings and animals, of customs grown old, of experiences joyous and tragic, of sentiments and sympathies shared. To the colonel it had seemed as much a matter of course as the air he breathed, and as immortal. Now apparently that life might be in danger. Corona del Monte as a living, breathing thing might actually cease to exist. The possibility had never crossed the colonel's mind before. What were the hotels in comparison to this? Nothing—less than nothing!

He turned into the long avenue of palms, and the lights of the ranch house twinkled intermittently through the trees. The colonel thrust his body upright as though throwing off a physical weight, and carefully composed his features. To all intents and purposes it was the same old debonair colonel who entered the low living room and strode round the center table to kiss his wife, who as usual occupied her worn old wooden Boston rocker. She looked up at him and smiled, but into her eyes came a trouble. It was only after supper, however, when

(Continued on Page 151)

Why the Farmer Uses Firestones

He knows what his tires must stand over bad roads and in all weather just as he knows what his tractor must stand to pull three plows in heavy soil.

He buys his tires with the same careful consideration that he gives to the purchase of a tractor, plow, motor car or cream separator.

The farmer is a careful buyer. He recognizes the importance of careful buying in any manufactured product. He understands the importance of Firestone's Singapore buying headquarters for first choice of raw rubber at quantity prices—and Firestone-controlled fabric mills.

The farmer knows workmen. He knows that men who work on shares work better than men who work for wages alone. The Firestone worker-stockholder plan means better workmanship, and he knows it.

He knows that men, to deliver their best, must live well and live clean, in a real home atmosphere. Firestone Park is giving that to Firestone workmen.

He knows, too, that the farmers own more motor cars than any other class of people—that the farmer is therefore the tire manufacturer's biggest customer. And that Firestone was the first to recognize the importance of this and to build a special factory, concentrating on the 3½-inch tire—the size most used by farmers.

The farmer knows most miles per dollar is a pledge.
He uses Firestones. It is good business.

Firestone

IN BUYING clothes for the Fall and Winter season, the man of affairs is always guided by the same sense of value, by the same instinct for sound investment, that guide him habitually in all his business dealings. He will buy only what he really needs; but if he needs to buy something, he considers it worse than poor economy to buy inferior quality.

KAHN Made-to-Measure Clothes meet the standards of the wise investor—in material, in workmanship, and in price.

Nothing but profits has been sacrificed in our adjustment of prices to meet economic conditions—as always, quality is first with us.

KAHN-TAILORING-CO.

OF INDIANAPOLIS U.S.A.

Copyright 1920, Kahn Tailoring Co.

(Continued from Page 147)

they were once again beside the study lamp, that Allie revealed what her perceptions had told her.

"What is it, Richard?" she asked quietly.

"What is what?" he countered with an air of well-imitated surprise.

"That won't do. Something is on your mind. You may as well tell me first as last."

The colonel hesitated. His first instinct was to evade, for in his simple, old-fashioned code one kept all matters of worrisome business from one's womenfolk. It was almost a defect of chivalry to permit the dear creatures to realize that their lightest wish could not be granted. To talk about money was nearly as indelicate as to talk about legs. Man must shelter women from all business worries. But the colonel was very human and very much alone in a new and bewildering experience. It did not require much more of Allie's gentle authority to bring him to confession.

"Well, I think that it might be a whole lot worse," she cried cheerfully when he had finished detailing the situation. "I thought when you came in to-night that your best friend had died, at least. I never did like your fussing with those two hotels. They took too much of your time and money, both of which you could have spent to much better advantage on the ranch. That, to my mind, has been the whole trouble. The ranch would have done much better for a little attention. You've simply fallen between two stools."

"I believe you're right," cried the colonel, brightening.

"Of course I'm right," insisted Allie stoutly.

The colonel thought of some of the figures.

"We will have to economize," he said.

"Then we'll economize. That won't kill us, you know."

The colonel passed in rapid review the different activities of the ranch, all rendered almost sacred by long custom.

"I don't believe I know how," he said.

XXVI

ABOUT this time Patrick Boyd suggested at supper that he would like a little talk with his son. So the two adjourned to the den with the leather armchairs.

"What I want to see you about is your going into some sort of business," began Boyd. "We agreed last spring that every young man worth his salt should be active in life, and we rather placed the vacation limit for the fall. It is now nearly midwinter, and we don't seem to have made much of a start. Mind you, I'm not blaming you; and there is, of course, no harm done, for a man can loaf more busily in this country than any place I know. But we ought to begin to think about it."

"I have been thinking about it, dad," replied Kenneth unexpectedly. "Don't think I've just been sliding along. Ever since we came back from San Francisco I've been collecting ideas and making up my mind. I think I've decided."

"What?"

"Ranching."

Boyd puffed for a few minutes in silence.

"Well, it's a big business, but according to my observation very rarely profitable nowadays. You see I am on the board of directors at the bank, and therefore in a position to know something about it. I had rather thought some active business would have been better. There is a firm of contractors here with, I think, a big future as the town grows. It is the Western Construction Company. I happen to know that I could get you in there—with every prospect of advancement. I don't know a single big ranch that is prosperous right now."

"Let me tell you some of the things I have learned," urged Kenneth. "Then see what you think."

"Let her go!" agreed Boyd.

The conference lasted for several hours. Kenneth did most of the talking. What he said was a compilation of the many conversations he had had with Brainerd. In brief he pointed out the effects of the old hit-or-miss, kill-or-cure, all-or-nothing methods, the ignorances of soil and climate, the possibilities back of irrigation, the advantages of special rather than common farm products, and all the rest that is so generally in practice to-day but which was then revolutionary. Boyd's keen and practical mind was intrigued. He began his listening in tolerance, but ended it in interest.

"Your arguments sound plausible. But, of course, none of what you say is certain. It would have to be worked out in experiment."

"Of course, and that is just what I want to do!" cried Kenneth. "If it does work out, think what it would mean to the country! I'd feel that I'd really accomplished something worth while."

Patrick Boyd grinned covertly. What it would mean to the country had nothing to do with it. But he saw instantly what it would mean to the owner of a large acreage, could it be proved conclusively that a few acres would support a family. Sounded a little wild, but Kenneth was young, and it might do him no harm to try.

"And if it doesn't work?" he suggested.

"But it will! I'm certain of it! And you have to take some risks in any new thing, don't you?"

"True, but we like to make these risks as small as possible. Where did you get all this stuff, anyway?"

Kenneth mentioned his source. Boyd shouted with laughter.

"That shiftless cuss?" he cried. "Brainerd? Why, Ken, he hasn't got enough to bless himself with! He's been gophering away on that side hill of his for ten years or more, and he hasn't got two cents to bless himself with! Why, Ken, he's the worst man in the world to talk farming! He never raised anything but a pretty daughter. Oho!" concluded Boyd, struck by a sudden thought.

Kenneth flushed, but stood by his guns.

"He hasn't made a paying business, but he made just the experiment we were talking about; and it has worked—as an experiment."

This was exactly the right tack.

"How do you mean?" asked Boyd.

Kenneth explained Brainerd's physical weakness and the handicap that came from his lack of energy. He went over in accurate detail what had been done on the little ranch, why it could not have been carried farther and what the results were up to that time. Boyd was partly won to his son's point of view by his arguments, but was more struck by the thoroughness and intelligence with which the young man had evidently gone into the question. Those are good qualities, and Boyd felt a glow of pride at this excellent proof of them. His active mind had been working independently of his listening.

"I see," he said when Kenneth had finished. "You may be right—and then again you may not. But you have gone into it all in a way I like. As I see the situation, however, a really conclusive experiment would take a good many years. By the time it was proved wrong you would have put the best years of your life into it."

"I'm willing," interrupted Kenneth eagerly.

"I don't think it necessary. According to your statement, there is such an experiment pretty well along that only needs finishing. Suppose we should make an arrangement with Mr. Brainerd to let you in partnership with him. You could supply the energy and I the capital, and we would know in short order whether or not the thing would work. If it does work, then we can think of getting a bigger ranch for a permanent proposition. What do you think of it?"

"Perfectly fine—if Mr. Brainerd will do it."

"Mind you, I don't agree to it myself yet. I want to go out with you and look the whole thing over and get you to explain this to me on the ground. I'm too old a bird to buy a pig in a poke."

"All right, we'll go to-morrow," agreed Kenneth.

They went to-morrow and the day after. Boyd had a long talk with Brainerd. Then apparently he dropped the subject, but about a week later he again called Kenneth for conference in the library.

"I have looked into this ranching matter, and I have taken considerable advice on it. I am inclined to believe you are right. Now I have had an interview with Mr. Brainerd, and this is what I have proposed to him. He has agreed, so if you like the scheme we can go ahead. I will furnish sufficient money to develop Mr. Brainerd's property along the lines he has laid out. You are to see that the property is developed under Mr. Brainerd's supervision and advice. You are, however, to have charge of all details of hiring and firing men, of buying necessary supplies and all the rest of that, of attending to the details of housing and feeding your help, and all that sort of thing. My idea is not especially to make a success of this particular little ranch, but to have you learn all you can. Incidentally, of course, we get a chance to try it out—and to try you out."

"I won't fail, dad."

"I don't think you will. But I want you to get my idea clearly. I've given considerable thought to it. I don't want you to get swamped on this little proposition. Don't try to do any of the actual work yourself, unless you have a lot of time and need exercise. Lay out the work for others and see that it is done."

"I understand that," assured Kenneth.

"Now next door to you is one of the biggest and finest ranches in the country—Colonel Peyton's," pursued Boyd. "You have there a fine chance to see how things are done on a big scale. I have seen Colonel Peyton and told him what you may be about. He will see that you have a chance to learn anything you may want to learn. I'll leave that to you. But here is what I propose while our actual experiment is going ——"

He paused so long that Kenneth stirred expectantly.

"Suppose after you are in the run of things you bring me a weekly report in which you describe how you would run that big ranch. It may be that you would do exactly as Colonel Peyton is doing. If so; state what it is exactly as though it were your own method. In that way I can judge of how well you are grasping the situation."

"I see."

"If on the other hand you would do some things differently—why, say so, and how you would do them. It might well be that a young man would see improvements on old methods. Put them down, and we'll discuss them and see how practicable they are."

"That will be grand fun!" cried Kenneth.

"Of course," warned Boyd, "you must not make any of these suggestions for improvement to Colonel Peyton. He would hardly take them in good part after doing things his own way for forty years or so."

"Of course not," agreed Kenneth.

"Then when we have tried it out, and if it works, we'll see about starting you in on a ranch that is worth while."

It was agreed that Kenneth should continue to live with his father. He would have to get up a trifle earlier in the morning, but on the other hand the bungalow was only a brisk twenty minutes' ride over a beautiful country. Kenneth was delighted with the whole arrangement. His mind, excited by the numberless possibilities of the activities he had dreamed, refused for a long time to let him fall asleep. He reviewed the best course of the new ditch; he determined the height and kind of a rabbit-proof fence, and debated pro and con a gang plow. Over and over, round and round, his thoughts milled. Yet when at last his wearied spirit stole into the dim borderland of sleep its eyes saw not the green fields and blossoming trees of his ambition, but Daphne. He would be near her.

For some time after his son had retired Patrick Boyd sat smoking and gazing into the collapsing, glowing coals of the oak-wood fire. He was well satisfied, though at the first proposal of this ranching venture he had been very much the contrary. There had seemed to him nothing in it, either of money or of opportunity for a brisk, modern young man to exercise his powers. But the week's investigation had convinced him. The money success of the thing was not certain; that would have to be determined by experiment. But there was no doubt that here was a field in which a young man could use all his intelligence and push. Even if it did not turn out a success, Kenneth would have acquired the experience necessary to his development, and that in the final analysis was all that Boyd wanted for him at first. That was all he had expected from the Western Construction Company.

If on the other hand the experiment proved a success Boyd had other plans. As director on the bank board he had access to the financial affairs of the whole county. It was not by the way that he had urged the hypothetical reports on Colonel Peyton's ranch. Boyd had taken pains during the past week to look up the colonel's situation. He knew to a dollar the latter's troubles, and he had a shrewd guess as to why they had come about. If things went on as they were going the colonel must eventually find himself where he must do something. It might be possible to acquire part of the Corona del Monte, or perhaps all of it; or a partnership might be arranged. There was nothing sinister in Patrick's Boyd's visioning of future possibilities—as yet. His ruthless fighting spirit never stirred unless at the push of serious opposition.

XXVII

WE MUST now consider two years as passing by, and both the characters of our tale and California herself as moving toward their fates, or certain crises in their development. Very few definite things happened that a historian would have put down with dates opposite. But many subtle forces waxed or waned, readjusting their alignments.

One of the most important—or most talked about—events was the taking over of Las Flores by the bank and the moving of the Cazadero family, bag and baggage, to some obscure quarter of the town. The thing had been seen before many times, but never with the picturesque suddenness of this instance. As far as the man in the street knew, Don Vincente was one of the few old landowners who possessed some business sense. This was proved conclusively by the fact that he was the only one who still had any land. There were, moreover, no premonitory symptoms. Las Flores did not reduce its personnel or its scale; it did not visibly practice those small economies that are so futile in face of big basic incompetence. Simply overnight the Cazaderos packed their personal belongings and drove into town, and an agent of the bank moved into the old ranch house. It was to be presumed that the new arrangement was for the best all round, and that Cazadero received something substantial over and above his debts. At least the family managed a fairly decent establishment, including a fringe-topped surrey, and they never showed outwardly the least regret. Don Vincente indeed would wave his small pudgy hand airily at any discreet mention of Las Flores.

"Yes, one regrets," he said, "because it is the long-time home of the childhood. But the time change. One grows old. One has no son ——" and he shrugged his shoulders in the implication that his judgment alone had dictated this move. The house they occupied was on a side street downtown, somewhere among the older residences that nobody knew. A few of the older families tried to keep track of them by means of occasional and spasmodic visits, but, amiable as she was, Doña Cazadero had very little to offer. Outside her traditional setting she was nothing very much. Her apparent placid content with her chocolate caramels and her yellow novel, her rocking-chair and her dressing sack, her slow afternoon amble down Main Street, robbed the situation of that sort of loyalty that springs from pity. She seemed to be getting on all right, so why bore oneself?

Don Vincente was rarely at home. He had no content at all with his lot, though no one was permitted to know it. His pride was wounded to the death. A bitter smothered rage burned in his heart against the American race and the smart tricks by which he thought they had despoiled him. Colonel Peyton was almost the only man he excepted from this hatred, and Colonel Peyton he avoided sedulously for the simple reason that his pride and his conscience were both torn over the great sums of money he knew now he could never repay. He consorted only with members of his own race, frequenting much of the time wine halls to the west of Main Street.

The Frémont and the San Antonio hotels had been transferred to a syndicate and were being run efficiently by a professional manager. They were good hotels. Tourists visiting them for the first time went away loud in their praises. The staff was excellent and polite, the food good and abundant, the rooms clean, and the arrangements for the comfort and amusement and information of the guests rather unusually well thought out and managed. Yet some of the old-timers, like our friends Saxon and George Scott and Marcus Oberman, would shake their heads and regret the good old days. They could not tell what they missed. Indeed, cross-questioned laughingly, they had to confess that there had been many desirable innovations. But it was different somehow. What they really missed was the intimate personal touch of Colonel Peyton's affectionate ministrations. The Frémont was a very perfect machine for

(Continued on Page 154)

This trade-mark is branded in red on one side of the Still Better Willard — the only storage battery with Threaded Rubber Insulation.

Remember!

That in the ordinary storage battery the insulation is the weakest link.

1 That in the Still Better Willard the Threaded Rubber Insulation is the *longest lived* part of the battery.

That in the ordinary battery both plates and insulation wear out.

2 That in the Still Better Willard the wear is *cut in halves*—for Threaded Rubber Insulation does not wear out; it is not affected by the solution.

That with the ordinary battery the big expense and risk come when you have to tear down the battery and put in new insulation—perhaps with the result that you ruin the plates.

3 That with the Still Better Willard the Threaded Rubber Insulation prevents this expense and risk.

That in the ordinary battery, the insulation between the plates carbonizes, causing leakage of current; and perforates, causing short circuits and permitting "treeing."

4 That with Threaded Rubber Insulation these faults, which greatly reduce the efficiency of the battery, *cannot occur*.

That the ordinary battery has to be shipped and stored wet or partly wet—aging and deterioration are almost sure to take place.

5 That the Still Better Willard with Threaded Rubber Insulation is shipped *"bone dry,"* not a drop of moisture in it. It begins service in your car as fresh as when built.

Willard Service

Of the 191 passenger cars and trucks using Willard Batteries as standard equipment, 138 have adopted the Still Better Willard with Threaded Rubber Insulation.

138 Manufacturers Using Threaded Rubber Insulation

Acason
Acme
All American
Allis-Chalmers
American LaFrance
Apex
*Apperson
Armleder
Atterbury
*Auburn
Austin
Bacon
Bell
Belmont
Bessemer
Betz
Biddle
Brockway
Buffalo
*Buick
Cannonball
Capitol
*Case
*Chevrolet
Clydesdale
Cole
Collier
Colonial
Comet
Commerce
Commodore
Cunningham
Daniels
Dart
Dependable
Diamond T
Dixie Flyer
Dodge
Dorris
Fargo
Fergus
Ferris
F W D
Franklin
Fulton
Garford
G M C
Grant
Glide
Great Western
Hahn
H C S
Hurlburt
Hawkeye
Haynes
Henney
Highway
Holmes
Holt
Hupmobile
Indiana
Internat'l (I H C)
*Kissel
Koehler
Lancia
Lexington
*Liberty
Luverne
Madison
Marmon
Menominee
Mercer
Mercury
Meteor (Phila.)
M H C
*Mitchell
Murray
McFarlan
*McLaughlin
Napoleon
Nelson
Nelson & LeMoon
Noble
Northway
Ogren
Old Hickory
*Olds
Oneida
Oshkosh
*Paige
Parker
Peerless
Peugeot
Phianna
Pierce Arrow
Premier
Preston
Rainier
*Reo
Republic
ReVere
Riddle
Robinson
Rock Falls
R & V Knight
Rowe
Sandow
Sayers
Seagrave
Selden
Service
Shelby
Signal
Singer
Southern
Standard 8
Standard
Stanley
Studebaker
Stutz
Sunbeam
Tarkington
Tiffin
Titan
Tow Motor
Transport
Traylor
Ultimate
Velie
Vulcan
Ward LaFrance
*Westcott
White
Wilson
Winther
Winton
Wolverine

*For Export

Willard STORAGE BATTERY

(Continued from Page 151)

comfortable living while away from home—it was no longer a home itself.

For the colonel never visited the hotel any more. He felt as though he had lost a whole piece out of the close-knit structure of his life—as indeed he had. Nobody but Allie knew how deeply he felt his loss. Some of his old friends may have guessed, but only from the fact that he so consistently absented himself. To the world in general he presented a jovial face.

"What business has a ranchman with hotels?" he cried with a laugh. "I'm getting along toward being an old man, and why I should bother myself with a lot of business I don't need to do in the least I'm sure I don't know."

This was the attitude he consistently maintained. The new generation of tourists knew him not, except as a fine old figure driving or walking by, with a charming old-fashioned way of bowing to every stranger who passed within ten feet of him. Occasionally he gave a picnic at the ranch, to which he invited some of his old hotel friends, with a request that they bring along whom they pleased. In this fashion he was still known to a select few of the winter tourists, who loved to exclaim over his picturesqueness and the romance of his old-time ranch, to the great disgust and envy of those not favored. These were, compared with the old barbecues, simple picnics. They had not the wide, lavish, splendid picturesqueness of the barbecue. But they were charming, and their hospitality was dispensed in memorable fashion by the colonel and his wife.

The latter were always assisted by a tall, grave-eyed, dark girl of seventeen, who moved with that complete command of her body that makes grace; and a curly-haired, laughing-eyed, bronzed young man in his twenties, who had many small jokes for everybody and who kept things going in a lively fashion.

The old barbecues had been discontinued completely. This was at Allie's insistence. The colonel yielded reluctantly, for they had always been her especial festival. But they had to be one of the first economies, and Allie had set down some appalling figures as to their cost—figures in which the colonel had no belief whatever.

In other small respects, too, the ranch gave evidence to the colonel's seeing eye that economies had been undertaken, though the casual observer would have discerned nothing wrong. But the whitewash on the outbuildings and corral fences and the trunks of the fruit trees—to take one small example—was not scrupulously renewed twice a year as formerly. They looked well enough, but had lost their old, dazzling, prideful freshness. The borders of the long avenue grew a jolly crop of weeds and vine tangle, as indeed did the borders of every other road in the county. But in prosperous times even such remote corners had been clean and shipshape. In short, all the little fancy touches, the requirements of neatness, the exuberances that not only groomed the horse but polished the hoofs were gone. For to accomplish these fancy touches a superabundance of labor is necessary, so that for each small task is a man to polish that task off with trimmings. Allie had drawn up another disconcerting list of the inhabitants of Corona del Monte. It represented a small village.

"But you can't count in old Pedro, for instance, or Carla, and certainly not the children. We don't hire them—we only hire Pablo," protested the colonel.

"Well, they all live on Pablo," Allie pointed out, "and Pablo gets everything he owns in life from the ranch. So the ranch is supporting them just the same, whether it is direct or indirect."

The colonel sighed and gave it up. But when it came to cutting down that surplus population there was more difficulty. The ones the colonel was most willing to let go were those who had been with him the shortest time.

Naturally the latter were, nine cases in ten, the most efficient.

"If you keep on this way you'll have nobody on the place but a lot of guitar-playing loafers," cried Allie with some point.

The result was a compromise which satisfied wholly neither the demands of sentiment nor those of efficiency, but which, nevertheless, did work out better on economic lines than the old system.

Allie also stopped the old, easy fashion that had always obtained of the retainers helping themselves from a community supply of vegetables and fruit.

"Just because they've always done it is no particular reason why they should always continue to do it," she answered the colonel's protest. "There is no reason why we should pay men to make a garden when a lot of them are lying round doing nothing. I'm beginning to believe that is most of the trouble here—too many people doing nothing."

The result was that a few acres in the flat below were set aside as a garden spot for the families living on the ranch. Those who pleased to do so could there raise vegetables. As to fruit, Allie established a rough system of credit for work done in the orchard, payable in fruit. It must be confessed that this system was only partially successful. Most of the Spanish families fell back on canned goods, or a little resentfully paid Lo for vegetables from the ranch gardens. Lo sold vegetables cheap, but he drove rigid bargains. Allie's bustling, practical genius had devised a scheme by which Lo went shares. Perched atop a rattletrap old box wagon resurrected from the ranch's scrap heap, Lo early each morning drove into Arguello with a load of fresh truck. This he peddled from door to door. From the results he paid himself and his two assistants and turned over half the net profits to Allie. This and the poultry business, which was conducted on similar lines, were the only details of this miserable and depressing economy business that tickled the colonel. He used to chuckle and ask Allie how the Oriental Trading Company was coming on.

"Just the same," the latter averred stoutly, "we are getting our own supplies absolutely for nothing, and a very neat little sum besides. Do you know what our vegetable garden and our poultry yard were costing us before?"

"No, and I don't want to!" cried the colonel in pretended dismay. "If you and your Chinese partners are satisfied, I am sure I am."

But for the time being, at least, all these changes from the traditional open-handed methods of the past made the colonel miserable. He felt mean and penny-pinching. It was somehow as though he were depriving all these people of something that was rightfully theirs. He felt that they must be secretly despising him as a skinflint, and so he was unable to meet them in his old, hearty, open-souled fashion. With only a few of the reliable older men who understood the situation—like Manuelo—did he open up, and then merely in half-regretful reminiscence of the old days. From all the others he thought he concealed the situation. The idea that his old retainers should think him suddenly turned skinflint actually hurt the old man less than that they should distrust the prosperity or stability of the rancho.

But old Sing Toy broke down this unhappy attitude. One evening he appeared suddenly in the doorway of the living room. Allie was as usual seated in her worn old wooden rocker, sewing, while the colonel, his lean, kindly old face bent over a book, was staring wide-eyed back through many years. Sing Toy was dressed up to the nines. He had on several brocaded jackets, one showing below the other, the innermost of a pale lavender and the others shading to the outermost, which was blue. His baggy trousers were also of lavender brocade, and were tied tight round the ankles with a crossed winding of white tape. Socks of snowy white disappeared into embroidered shoes with thick soles. Sing Toy wore the stiff skullcap with the red button, as was his right, and his queue hung respectfully down his back.

"Good gracious, Toy!" cried Allie when she caught sight of this magnificence, "where's the party?"

Sing Toy bowed gravely from the waist as he replied.

"No party," said he. "I come talk to colonel."

It was evidently a serious and ceremonial occasion. The colonel roused himself from his abstraction.

"Come in, Sing Toy," said he.

This, he could see, was no mere contact of master and servant. With the donning of his magnificent raiment Sing Toy had put on equality. The colonel knew his Chinaman and realized this fact.

"Sit down," he invited.

The Chinaman disposed himself deliberately, bolt upright on the edge of a chair, and folded his hands under his sleeves.

"I got tlee t'ousand dollar," he announced abruptly.

"That is very nice," observed the colonel. "It is a large sum."

"Yes," agreed Sing Toy. "I save'm wages. I wo'k for you long time—fifteen years."

"Is it that long?" commented the colonel in order to say something. He had as yet no clew to the purpose of this ceremonial visit.

"You go bloke now mebbe," continued Sing Toy, not as asking a question but as making an assertion.

"What?" responded the colonel blankly.

"Yes, you go bloke. I sabe. I see. Every place you stop wo'k. No have party. No paint barn. Veg'table man. Cunnel velly sad. Walk lound head down. No smile. No joke. No laugh. I sabe. I no likeum." He smiled with the hilarious cheerfulness of the Oriental who is trying to be sympathetic. "You no ketchum money at bank any more. I sabe. My cousin wo'k at bank. Dat all light. He no tell Melican man."

"Well I'll be ——" began the colonel, staring with new eyes at his imperturbable servant.

"You wait," commanded Sing Toy. "I got tlee t'ousand dollar. I got no use for dat money. You take um. I got lots fiends, got lots money, in Chinatown. You tell me how much you want. I get um."

As the meaning of this speech finally reached the colonel he half started impulsively from his seat, then sank back, and the tears started in his eyes.

"You don't understand the situation, Sing Toy," he said. "I could offer you no security for your money—you sabe security? You might lose it all."

"China boy no want seculity," averred Sing Toy. "He know you pay all light."

The colonel choked, and openly touched his eyes with his handkerchief, for recent events had keyed him tense. He told Sing Toy that the situation was not so bad as all that, but that he appreciated the offer and would remember it if the need rose. Sing Toy listened with unmoved countenance, then rose.

"All light," said he. "Now you joke. You laugh." And he waddled out.

The colonel watched his brocaded back as it disappeared through the doorway.

"By Jove, Allie, he's right!" he cried. "But isn't he a dear? And who in the wide world would have thought ——"

That evening's visit of the cook was the turning point in the colonel's adjustment to the new state of things. His raw and sore spirits had needed just that touch of personal affection and trust. He began to take a constructive interest in the new economies. He allowed Allie to plan openly with him, and incidentally he acquired a great respect for that person's practical knowledge. His incipient distrust of people's attitude toward or opinion of him vanished, and he met everybody with a return of his old confident friendliness. The growing sense of oppression under the burden of his debt lightened. So the end of our two years finds the Peytons and the Rancho de la Corona del Monte.

The experiment at the bungalow had prospered. With vigor and sufficient money all the obstacles that had before proved fatal now dissipated like smoke. Proper fences well maintained kept out the rabbits. The ground squirrels had been diminished by use of poison at certain seasons of the year, and by the attentions of a boy and a Flobert rifle at all others. The latter improvement was Kenneth's idea. He had been so recently a small boy himself that he was able to judge, and he canvassed gravely all the workingmen for hire, not in examination of their capacity but as to their ownership of a small boy of appropriate age and disposition. This individual, when found, was installed, with his incidental wife and small boy, as a permanency. Kenneth next purchased a Flobert and a large quantity of .22 shorts.

The youngster then took a course of training, under personal supervision for some months, on accurate shooting, safe handling and identification of fauna; after which he was turned loose as official pest exterminator. Kenneth inaugurated a very businesslike system to which he and Timmy adhered gravely. The cartridges Kenneth doled out a box at a time, charging Timmy for them at wholesale rates. The latter brought in his bag daily, and was credited on the book he and Kenneth kept between them according to a fixed schedule. He was on honor to ask bounty only for creatures killed on the property. The schedule was rather complicated, and was the result of many solemn confabs. Ground squirrels, gophers, moles, rabbits, blue jays and the two falcons were always on the list. Certain species, such as linnets or blackbirds or quail, were fair game only at seasons of ripe fruit or grain. The grand prizes were of course coyotes and wildcats, but they were naturally somewhat in the category of unattainable ideals. The results were a straight-shooting small boy and a diminution of pests below the point of destructiveness.

There was now a sufficiency of water better used. The original spring had been greatly increased by tunneling, and the water was brought down in cement conduits that obviated waste. Cultivation now was possible on a better scale. After the water had been laid on the soil it was harrowed over and over so that the earth was no longer allowed to bake hard. It was therefore necessary to irrigate but four or five times a year instead of twice a week. Brainerd had known well enough that all this should be done, but he had not possessed the means, financial or physical.

As a consequence of its new impetus the bungalow was prosperous. It had changed its very appearance. The sage desert had been pushed back, and the gray old-man brush had given place to flourishing citrus trees. The dry, powdery hardpan from which it had wrested its desiccated existence had turned into a brown, moist, productive soil that justified the visionary dream that it was richer than the bottom lands. Now that every drop of the water was not needed for the crops, Daphne was permitted a garden. She went at it with enthusiasm. In the old California fashion everybody contributed plants, shrubs or trees from their own overflowing older-established gardens. A little cultivation and water did the rest. Quick-growing vines, like the passion flower, the honeysuckle, the solanum, flung themselves over the low house. The dooryard was bright with strepthasolum, nasturtiums, plumbago, hibiscus, and all that brilliant company. In the swift fashion of the country the trees struck vigorous root and began to grow, not by inches but by feet.

Kenneth reported to his father every week, as they had arranged. Every cent of expenditure was set down. Each month the two spent some hours tabulating—segregating the items so that in the final analysis only those having to do specifically with the commercial productiveness could be charged against the success of the experiment. And by the end of this two years it could plainly be seen that the experiment was going to be a success. The point was proved beyond a doubt.

The possibilities that opened before Patrick Boyd's vision were tremendous. If twenty acres would in the future support a family as well or better than a thousand acres had in the past there was no limit to the country's development. And if this powdery sagebrush upland was valuable—why, there were millions of acres like that. All that was needed was the water. A few artesian wells would supply that, or if artesian wells did not work out there was plenty in the mountains. That would require big handling, a utilities company to construct the necessary works on a large enough scale to pipe it down, distribute it. Boyd's constructive mind saw the chances to sell cheap land dear.

But the best chance, and the nearest at hand, was undoubtedly Corona del Monte. It lay at the borders of town. Its rolling, oak-dotted slopes were admirably graded for the water. In its limits it had quantities of all types of land. At the present time it was worth on an average throughout about fifteen dollars an acre. Divided into proved small farms, with the water laid down, Boyd thought it should average two or three hundred dollars. Thousands of acres! The strip nearest town would be a veritable gold mine when people discovered—as discover they must—that here they could live in beautiful flower-smothered homes, under the fairest sky in the world—and make a living while doing it.

The only question was water. The needs of the cattle were filled by windmills and surface wells. The small amount of garden irrigation at the ranch came from similar sources. It sufficed for this purpose, but it no more than sufficed. In dry years it ran rather short. And the difficulty was that few individual twenty acres were self-contained. That is to say, the ranch gardens themselves depended on wells scattered over five hundred acres or so.

There was plenty of water in the Sur to be had for the tunneling, but that would

(Continued on Page 157)

You will never drive your car 323 miles without a stop in three fleeting hours, as Tommy Milton did on the Sheepshead Bay Speedway. Nor will you ask your car to average 156 miles an hour, the speed maintained by Milton's Duesenberg on Daytona Beach. But you want to know, as Milton knew, that the spark plugs in your engine will stand up under whatever punishment is asked of them. That is why Milton chose AC Spark Plugs for these terrific tests. Because AC Spark Plugs are equal to the most arduous tasks, many of America's foremost automobile engineers recommend them for *your* car.

Champion Ignition Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

These Manufacturers Factory Equip Their Products With AC Spark Plugs

PASSENGER CARS

Ace
Abbott
Abbott-Detroit
Abbott-Hartford
Abbott-Knight
Abbott-Peerless
Abbott-Westchester
Abbott-Wilshire
Abbott-Worthington
Abbott-York
Abbott-Yorkshire
Abbott-Yorktown
Abbott-Yorkville
Abbott-Zanesville
Abbott-Zenith
Abbott-Zephyr
Abbott-Zeus
Abbott-Zion
Abbott-Zodiac
Abbott-Zoo
Abbott-Zoological
Abbott-Zoology
Abbott-Zoom
Abbott-Zoomobile
Abbott-Zoomobile Six
Abbott-Zoomobile Six Deluxe
Abbott-Zoomobile Six Deluxe Sedan
Abbott-Zoomobile Six Deluxe Sedan Limousine
Abbott-Zoomobile Six Deluxe Sedan Limousine Landau
Abbott-Zoomobile Six Deluxe Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe
Abbott-Zoomobile Six Deluxe Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster
Abbott-Zoomobile Six Deluxe Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton
Abbott-Zoomobile Six Deluxe Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring
Abbott-Zoomobile Six Deluxe Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan
Abbott-Zoomobile Six Deluxe Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine
Abbott-Zoomobile Six Deluxe Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau
Abbott-Zoomobile Six Deluxe Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe
Abbott-Zoomobile Six Deluxe Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster
Abbott-Zoomobile Six Deluxe Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton
Abbott-Zoomobile Six Deluxe Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring
Abbott-Zoomobile Six Deluxe Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan
Abbott-Zoomobile Six Deluxe Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine
Abbott-Zoomobile Six Deluxe Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau
Abbott-Zoomobile Six Deluxe Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe
Abbott-Zoomobile Six Deluxe Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster
Abbott-Zoomobile Six Deluxe Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton
Abbott-Zoomobile Six Deluxe Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring
Abbott-Zoomobile Six Deluxe Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan
Abbott-Zoomobile Six Deluxe Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine
Abbott-Zoomobile Six Deluxe Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau
Abbott-Zoomobile Six Deluxe Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe
Abbott-Zoomobile Six Deluxe Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster
Abbott-Zoomobile Six Deluxe Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton
Abbott-Zoomobile Six Deluxe Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring
Abbott-Zoomobile Six Deluxe Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan
Abbott-Zoomobile Six Deluxe Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine
Abbott-Zoomobile Six Deluxe Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau
Abbott-Zoomobile Six Deluxe Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe Roadster Phaeton Touring Sedan Limousine Landau Coupe

INCREASE PRODUCTION— BUT HOW?

The lubrication experience of Engine Builders is illuminating.

PROBABLY no industrial problem today is greater than that of Production. Production rests not alone with labor. It depends on machinery. Full mechanical production demands continuous operation at maximum capacity.

Executives are realizing, as never before, that breakdowns not only involve idle operatives, but cut down production and throw away profit.

It is high time for power users to profit still more widely by the experience of the builders who supply them with engines and other machinery.

American engine builders know the direct, dollars-and-cents relationship between production and lubrication.

The engine builder realizes that his success depends upon the ability of his equipment to render full, uninterrupted service. No matter how ably he designs and builds, anything less than scientific lubrication will invite power loss and premature wear.

The large majority of builders of power units endorse Gargoyle Lubricants. They urge users not to risk production gaps by using inferior oils.

They know that Correct Lubrication means—

1. Maximum production from their machinery.
2. Protection against breakdowns and repairs with consequent shutdowns.
3. Minimum operating expense.

Their striking unanimity in endorsing the use of Gargoyle Lubricants has no parallel in the field of engineering.

The Engine Builders Book pictured above is the guide to Correct Lubrication. It is in the hands of all Gargoyle Lubricants sales representatives. It lists practically every type and make of machinery with the correct Gargoyle Lubricant for its efficient lubrication.

You owe it to yourself to find out what the Vacuum Oil Company can do to help you increase production in your plant. We are simplifying production problems every day for executives in every business where machinery is used.

Ask our nearest Branch to consult with you on your problem.

GARGOYLE

Lubricants

A grade for each type of service

Domestic Branches: New York Boston Philadelphia Pittsburgh Detroit Chicago Minneapolis Indianapolis Kansas City, Kan. Des Moines

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery Obtainable everywhere in the world.

NEW YORK, U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 154)

require a very considerable outlay of money and time. The artesian possibilities had never been tried. That possibility should first be proved or disproved.

Boyd shared none of these conclusions or speculations with his son. He did not even confide to the young man that in his opinion the experiment at the bungalow had succeeded. Why, he could not have said, except this was opening out as a big thing, and his strong instinct in big things was to work close-mouthed until the plan was fully formed. Therefore Kenneth was still in ignorance that his father was convinced. Boyd moved slowly and cautiously in order not to rouse any suspicions. The chance was too good to share with anybody. He had worked it out for himself, and he intended that he—and his son—should reap all the benefits.

To accomplish that he would have to get hold of the land before anybody conceived the idea that it was good for anything but a cattle range. This part of it, he concluded, would not be too difficult. The country was sound asleep, and so Boyd was convinced—would not waken to its possibilities without considerable yawning and stretching. There was all leisure to move safely and slowly. Through his talks with Kenneth, and by virtue of his position in the bank, he was thoroughly familiar with the situation. Corona del Monte was lately managing to get along, but it skirted the ragged edge. Unless methods were to change fundamentally these small economies and retrenchments would suffice only in calm weather. Come a time of stress, or another bad year, and the craft would founder—or could be made to founder. Boyd knew that a man like Colonel Peyton would never change methods fundamentally.

It was, in his opinion, merely a question of waiting the right moment.

For it had reached this point in Boyd's mind. The vision of the possible millions to come to the man who inaugurated the new era had roused the wolf in him that had been sleeping since its full meal in traction.

The immediate question, however, was whether artesian water existed below the ranch, or whether irrigation would have to come from the Sur. In the former case there was no hurry about doing anything. In the latter, however, there would be the necessity of quietly acquiring the necessary rights and rights of way before the idea became public.

From the scientists he got little satisfaction. This country had never been geologically surveyed.

The only point of value he learned was that if the dip was such that artesian water existed in one place it probably would be found almost anywhere. This was satisfactory. But evidently the only thing to do was to try.

The task of inducing Colonel Peyton to drill was a delicate one. The colonel was not looking for a chance to make new expenditures. Boyd reached him through Kenneth. It was another delicate task to keep Kenneth from knowing that he was used. Fortunately for Boyd, the succession of dry years had shortened the supply in the surface wells. His secret ownership of the Western Construction Company enabled him to tip the balance of decision. They offered the colonel absurdly low prices and easy terms, with a proviso that he should pay nothing if no water was found. To anybody but the colonel this would have shown on the face of it as absurd.

The construction company had to invest in well-boring machinery and some expert assistance, but Boyd did not grudge that. As for Ephraim Spinner, if he suspected anything queer in this haphazard way of doing business he gave no indication. He had hitched his wagon to an Eastern star of the first magnitude, and he could see no reason for cutting the traces. A rig was erected halfway down the knoll, just out of sight of the house, and the operations began.

The rest of Arguello was exactly where it had been two years before. Some of the children had grown up; some had gone away to school or college. Mrs. Carlson's highbrows continued to monkey with the sacred art of poetry. Carlson continued to drink a good deal, play rough games and frequent company just to prove that he was not a poet. The *Sociedad* came over the mountains and went back again at irregular intervals. The mountains and the sea slumbered on, as did the inhabitants of the little village.

XXVIII

BUT for California herself these two years had meant the changing of the gray dawn to rose. She was stirring from the sleep that had fallen upon her after her hectic carouse in the days of Forty-nine. The reason might have been sought and found in the little bungalow farm on which Brainerd had spent so many years. The sagebrushers had ceased living on jack rabbits and wild honey. They had discovered the value of irrigation; the fact that fruit trees grew better out of the bottom lands, because in the bottom lands the water level is too variable; that values are to be found in apparent desert or gravel wash; that improvements are possible in the quality of fruit; that there are moisture-conserving possibilities in plain cultivation; in short, that the land responds to intelligent treatment. Southern California was beginning to be dotted with little settlements. The old, careless, dusty, lavish days were everywhere passing. These discoveries, simple as Columbus' egg, had rarely been made by the older inhabitants. They were made by the immigrants.

These immigrants were of a class never seen before. They were mainly people with considerable or even abundant means who had come to California for a change of climate. They had invalids in the family, or they were plain sick of bad weather and saw no reason why—having retired from business or sold their farms—they should continue to live in it. These people bought places and small farms or orange groves, not primarily with the idea of making a profit out of them, but simply to have pleasant and beautiful places in which to live. They made of them bowers of blossom and vine; and incidentally they experimented in fine fruits or especial crops of some sort or just to see whether anything would grow in the most unlikely places. In this, the most favorable atmosphere for leisurely experiment, grew finally a great body of information and accomplishment. The thick-skinned, dry, sour California orange and the overgrown, spongy lemons had been improved until at the New Orleans Exposition they took premiums from the world. The dried-fruit industry had been invented, and then proved. And so, still uncorrelated, still scattered, the elements of modern California were being worked out. Actual profits were being made here and there. Moreover, they were large profits.

The news of these things began to trickle back to the East. Tourists came, looked, saw, returned and boosted. Of those who listened the many smiled and murmured something about California liars, but the few took a trip for themselves. The rumor thus grew rapidly. The despised cattle country of Southern California took on a new interest. People who were not tourists actually began to come out, not to spend the winter but to look round. They made the astonishing discovery that the summers also were pleasant. Heretofore the tourist had fled home on the approach of spring. If the winter was warm the summer must be intolerably hot. Nobody but bookish experts knew anything about a cooling polar current. After they had looked round and acquired much knowledge and statistics they returned home. And whereas the Simon-pure tourist had noted and told about the birds and flowers and sunshine, this new type of visitor had bestowed most of his attention on acreage and costs and methods and profits.

Thus in these two years the travel to California had wonderfully increased. The old regulars were augmented by the professional tourists, who abandoned Europe for a season to see this newly talked-of land; by the wealthy business man who had heard so much of the new country that he thought he might as well combine business with pleasure and take a little jaunt to see if there was anything to be picked up; by the one-time visitor who had liked it and had gone away reluctantly in the dream of coming back if he could afford it, but who now plucked up hope of coming back to make a living; by invalids and climate seekers following the glowing stories; by hundreds of farmers who had long been sick of the uncertainties and discomforts of their lives and were now pursuing the rumor of heaven; and also, just a trifle later, the big capitalists and the little sharpers who followed the scent of prosperity to see what could be done about it.

Such movements come to notice suddenly, though they may have been in process and under way for some time. They resemble in this the dropping of stones into a puddle. One may drop in a great many without the slightest visible result. Then all at once they appear, and every pebble adds to the size of the pile.

By fortune the season in which the rock pile began to show was one of early rains. Never before had the land been lovelier. From the Mexican border north the country was green and moist and warm. The orange groves were heavy with yellow fruit. The clear, sparkling streams from the mountains ran bank full. The air was like crystal, and through its unbelievable clarity one could see the ranch and farm houses standing like toys amid the greenery of their trees and vines. There was in this air an exhilaration, an infusion of optimism. The most staid and grumpy old banker from the East would listen, with tolerant amusement to be sure, to the enthusiastic prophecies of the new species called the booster. People drove about in fringe-topped surreys, or rode abroad on horseback, and were invited in to pick as many as you can use, in the lavish, hospitable habit of the day.

They saw evidences of fertility and evidences of comfort and a pleasant life. It was only natural to inquire as to values, to talk things over, finally to figure on such matters as how many people the Los Angeles Valley could support. It was a dull imagination that could not foresee the time when the demand for land would be very much greater than it was then. People gradually ceased thinking so much of what the soil could produce, and began to figure what someone would be willing to pay for it next year. From that to speculative buying was a short step. The wealthy tourist, or rather the tourist with a little means, took a flyer for the fun of it. The man who thought himself shrewd, and was always willing to make his pleasure trips pay for themselves, looked about to see what was likely to rise. Everybody agreed that there was surely going to be a big population. The world would not be able to resist.

The average man bought town lots rather than country property, because that was something he thought he could understand. Demand created supply. In orange groves and wheat fields outside the towns a crop of little white stakes began to appear. The prices were low as yet. Your winter visitor bought a few lots on spec, much as he might buy a handful of white chips. The small real-estate men were happy in a small way—nothing serious, however.

But now another element of the complex situation developed and showed its strength. The transcontinental railroads began to fight each other. Within the past two or three years, as has been shown, the passenger traffic had greatly increased. The railroad heads began to see possibilities on an unhoped scale. Naturally each wanted to hog it all, and as naturally each began to cut into his rivals by every means in his power. The word "propaganda" had not yet come into general use, but the thing itself was done to the limit. In every wayside station, almost in every country corner store, of the blizzard-ridden East hung vivid lithographs showing mammoth clusters of fruit, a dazzle of flowers to put your eyes out, and invariably a young lady of rich, glowing complexion, toothful smile and a redundant figure.

Small circular inserts round the border depicted bathing in January and the ocean at the same time; showed small snapshots of the future life labeled "Ranching in California," and invariably offered a snowscape with a muffled, shivering, red-nosed, belly-deep person shoveling a path to the barn. This last was labeled in large type, "Yourself," and you were urged to come to California, where perpetual summer reigns.

These vivid posters were backed up by tons of patent insides distributed gratis to the country newspapers. They were of course a balderdash of superoptimism.

Read to-day in the light of our accurate knowledge of what is possible and what is not; what the country will do, and what it will not; what the climate is, and what it is not, these perfervid booster articles sound ridiculous enough. But it must be remembered that then California was considered so remote as almost to be outside the United States. It carried an overload of romance from the time of the Forty-niners, vigilante days, the period of the bonanza kings. People will believe anything that is far enough away. Besides which, this advertising was helped by the constant publication of silly letters.

Most people had in those days never been far from home. California was so different, her winter climate offered a contrast so heavenly, her beauties were so unbelievable to one accustomed only to sober landscape, that the visitor became rhapsodical. He—or she—wrote reams of silly, sloppy, sentimental stuff, mostly adjectives and adverbs. Probably he—or she—had rarely before left a pavement, and certainly had no basis on which to found the enthusiastic judgments so blithely passed out. Hundreds of these private letters were printed, as letters from the Front were printed during the war. And they carried great weight because the writers were disinterested—save the mark!

But the railroads went much farther in their bid for custom than mere propaganda. Propaganda might stimulate travel, but it would not necessarily stimulate travel over your particular road. Naturally we are not considering maps where your own blood-red line darts straight as an arrow to its objective, while your rival's thin black thread goes all round Robin Hood's barn and finally snarls itself up so badly you can't tell it from a river or a state boundary line. Everybody can have them. The road had to do something the other roads could not do—for example, sell cheaper tickets.

Thus began the great rate war of the eighties. It is now forgotten by the public, but at the time it attracted a lot of attention. The thought seemed to be if you got people to going on your line, at no matter what present cost, they would forever after continue to do so, and your rival would always run dark trains. It was a nice, spirited contest while it lasted. We have not space to go into details. Suffice it to say that it took six months to hammer its futility into the heads of the railroad chiefs; that fares went down to five dollars for a round trip from Missouri River points, and, on one day only, to one dollar!

They traveled by thousands, people who had never been a hundred miles from home in their lives. They packed their carpetbags and put up cooked provisions in boxes and hied them forth. If the railroads really wanted volume of traffic they got it. Most of these new tourists did the usual tourist things, but a certain proportion looked upon the land and found it so much better than they had known back home that they raked and they scraped and they bought. Indeed, so large was the crop of investors that year that away back in Chicago the professional boomers heard of it. And as the Chicago boom of that period was on the ebb, they in turn packed their grips and their methods and came West.

Undoubtedly they hoped and expected to make a tidy little clean-up on a carefully nursed rise. They could hardly have anticipated the effect of the climate on their tender plant. It shot up like Jack's bean stalk.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Well, Dan, no Sherlock Holmes is needed to find the quality printing in that folder!"

PRINT it on the

"I have it, Watson!"

Leaning forward with his long thin forefinger tapping the folder held in his left hand, my old friend Holmes continued eagerly—

"There's no real mystery about this case. Like most problems, it yields readily to careful reasoning and analysis.

"You know, my dear Watson, although the printing situation has become uncommonly acute, many business houses are still working along the old established lines, and so have to accept the excuses, annoyances and delays too often incident to the production of printing, and to swallow their indignation, while many times paying prodigious prices for the finished job.

"But *these* people are *different*. They sensed a market condition that meant big money to them *if taken advantage of at once*. But to do so they must get out sales literature *over-night*. And, Watson, that's *exactly* what they did.

"When their travellers called on the trade two days later every purchasing agent knew all the facts, and Messrs. Salesmen could devote their entire energies to landing the orders. Result—a magnificent clean-up, with all their competitors wondering how it was done.

"You know, Watson, quick work like that would be impossible with the old printing methods. There is only one possible solution—this job was *printed on the Multigraph.*"

A Clue! It Prints!

There's a fine clue for *you*, brother. And if you follow it *promptly*, it won't require any great amount of sleuthing to run to earth *dozens* of ways the Multigraph can help *you* turn the trick.

When you think that the Multigraph *prints*, actually PRINTS, from *real* type and printer's ink, in colors and with illustrations, if desired, such a wide variety of business helps as—

Office forms	Cards
Office stationery	Notices
Factory forms	Imprinting
Tags	Typewritten form letters
Labels	Printed form letters
Wrappers	Illustrated form letters
Stickers	Restaurant menus
Sales bulletins	Theatre programs
House organs	Bank checks
Booklets	Deposit slips
Pamphlets	Order blanks
Circulars	Subscription blanks
Folders	Price lists
Dodgers	Statements
Blotters	Memorandum pads
Small posters	Post cards, etc., etc., etc.

—when you've read this list you begin to have *some* idea of how it can be used by a live business man like yourself.

Inside Stuff!—It Prints!

Of course you'd rather have "inside stuff" *applied to your particular business*—and that's *exactly* what you *can* have. One of our representatives will be glad to give you complete information, not meaningless generalities but *facts and figures* that cover exactly *your* problems.

He'll show you how the Multigraph will *save 25% to 75%* on *every one* of your printing jobs—except the big complicated ones. That it will *save time* (and that means *money*) in *every* department in your business by cutting out *all* the delays caused by inability to get necessary printed matter to carry through the work.

He'll show you how the Multigraph will *save salesmen's time* by doing the missionary work for them. That it will help them—and you—to earn more money with less work.

How it will help you keep your trade, your sales force, and your entire organization posted, interested and enthused—and *that* means *money*, doesn't it?

The Real Dope! IT PRINTS!

And you'll learn that the Multigraph is not merely a duplicating device, but an *honest-to-goodness, rapid rotary printing press*, which occupies small floor space, and does *not* turn your office into a printing plant.

That in addition to *printing* it turns out more and better multiple typewritten letters than you can get any other way. That the equipment includes an *easily-operated typesetter*, that sets typewriter and several other type faces.

But you want a *personal* story tied up tight to *your* business, don't you? Then why not ask for it?

You can't buy a Multigraph unless you need it

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO., Cleveland, Ohio

Offices in Principal Cities

THE INTERNATIONAL MULTIGRAPH CO. (Britain) Ltd.
London, England, 15-16 Holborn Viaduct, E. C. 1

THE MULTIGRAPH SALES CO., Ltd
Toronto, Canada, 84-88 Bay St
Offices in Principal Canadian Cities

THE INTERNATIONAL MULTIGRAPH CO
Paris, France, 34 Boulevard des Capucines

MULTIGRAPH

THE MULTIGRAPH SENIOR This is a complete, compact equipment that turns out high quality printing and form typewriting at very low cost—averaging a saving of from 25% to 75%. It is simple and easy to operate; rapid and convenient. Electrically driven, with printing ink attachment, automatic paper feed, signature device, automatic platen release and wide printing surface.

THE MULTIGRAPH JUNIOR This is a wonderfully efficient equipment for concerns which have a limited amount of work. It does both form typewriting and office printing and produces the same high quality of work as the Senior Equipment, but it is hand-operated only and cannot be equipped with electric power, automatic feed and signature device attachments as can the Senior.

The Multigraph, 1800 E. 40th St., Cleveland, Ohio:

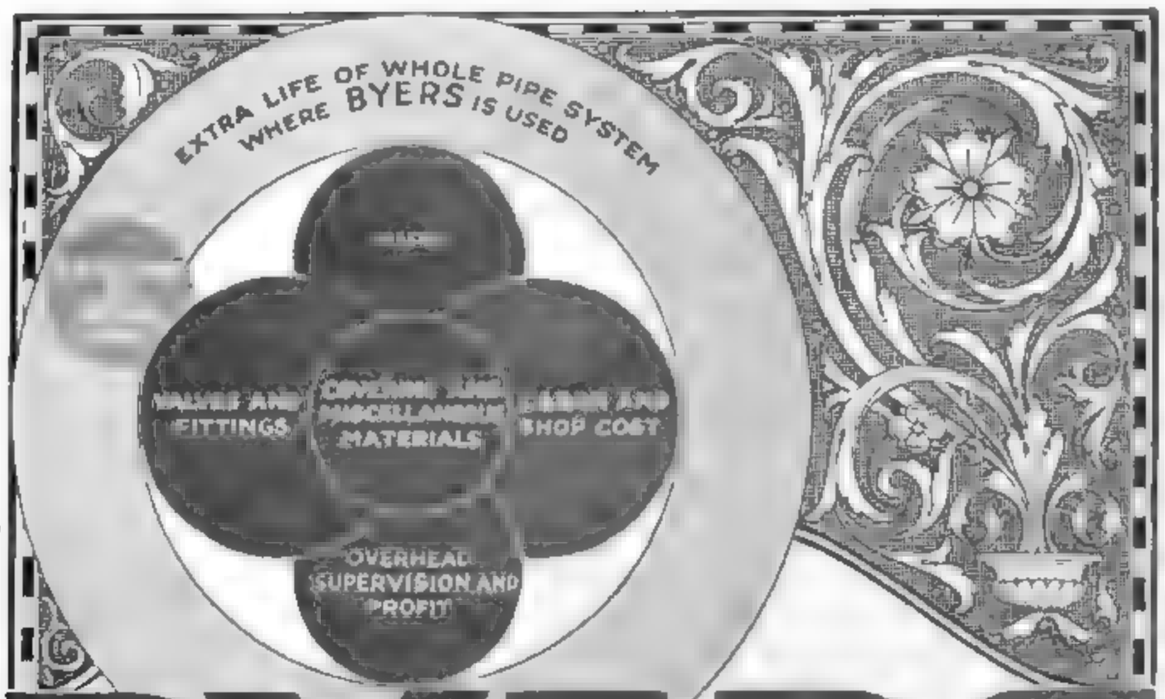
"Inside stuff" and the "real dope" about the Multigraph are just what I'm looking for. Tell me more about how it PRINTS.

Firm_____ Our Line is_____

Name_____ Official Position_____

Street Address_____

Town_____ State_____ S.E.P. 9-4


EXTRA LIFE OF WHOLE PIPE SYSTEM WHERE BYERS IS USED
VALVES AND FITTINGS
MATERIALS
LABOR AND SHOP COST
OVERHEAD SUPERVISION AND PROFIT

BYERS

GENUINE WROUGHT IRON
FULL WEIGHT GUARANTEED

PIPE

"In a New Light"

"*THIS information has put the whole question of pipe in a new light,*" is a remark frequently heard about Byers' new Bulletin No. 38, entitled "The Installation Cost of Pipe."

"The cost analyses certainly opened my eyes to the folly of cheap pipe," is another comment.

"In all my experience as a plant engineer I never dreamed that the installation cost was relatively so high or the pipe cost so small."

"I always considered pipe failures costly, but I never really knew half the truth."—These are but a few characteristic comments made by those who have seen Byers' Bulletin No. 38.

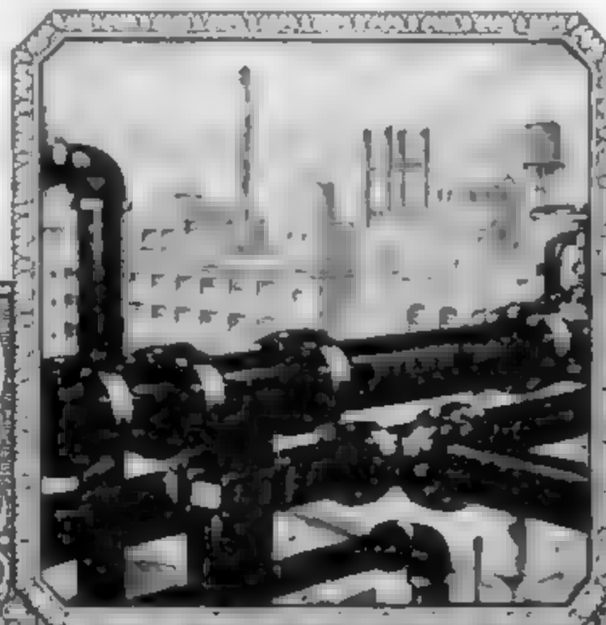
This Bulletin contains cost analyses of a large variety of plumbing, heating, power and industrial pipe systems, with notes on corrosive conditions, renewal expense and salvage. Send for a copy today.

A. M. BYERS COMPANY, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Established 1864

New York Philadelphia Chicago Boston Dallas Cleveland

Distributors in all large jobbing centers



Look for the Name and Year rolled in every length

Some Decisive Quarrels and Jealousies in American Politics

(Continued from Page 7)

with a great flourish of trumpets, did not make the same appeal as did Lincoln's more quiet and poetic "A house divided against itself cannot stand," as announced later during the contest for senator with Douglas. There was somehow always a doubt of Seward's sincerity. In the jargon of the day, it was feared that he would not always stand without hitching. Though his ability was conceded, his prudence was doubted.

But Weed was tireless. He spread his net outside New York, and for the four years preceding the convention of 1860 a campaign was carried on the like of which had not then been seen. It promised well, and when the convention met there was the utmost confidence in the result. In all our history there has never been so deep a disappointment. Here was a political ambition that had been nursed not quite so long but almost as sedulously as that of Henry Clay, and at the same time with much greater intelligence and system.

But there was never a jar of political ointment, whatever its odor or curative properties, that did not have a fly in it. Considerably younger than either Weed or Seward, Horace Greeley had been useful to them and to their plans from the day when in the flashy, falsetto campaign of 1840 he had been the editor at Albany of the first really influential temporary newspaper, designed only for use in an emergency. The Log Cabin had all the faults that could belong to such a publication, but it gave Greeley a hearing and a chance, and his own commanding genius did the rest.

The Power of The Tribune

A year later came The Tribune, which, during another of those long periods of political calm always common in our history, was to become perhaps the most potent single newspaper force that we have known. Started and carried on under many discouragements, without money, without patronage, with nothing but genius and energy behind it, it slowly made its way until it could stand on its own feet, and then with swift and assured progress, within ten years, it made its editor more nearly a dominant force in politics than any unofficial man had ever been. It was only natural that the Seward-Weed combination should make up to such a man. He was too powerful to be neglected or overlooked, and yet weak and dependent enough so that a series of small crumbs thrown to him might be deemed by them sufficient to insure him as a follower. These were cast out in that patronizing way so common throughout all the avenues of human life, especially in politics. So Greeley and The Tribune gradually became the main representative in the forum of public opinion of the new combination made necessary in New York politics by the organization of the Republican party. What Seward said and Weed did soon obtained most of their currency and acquired their weight through Greeley's newspaper. The paper did not become an organ. Nobody could control Greeley to this extent, and they perhaps obtained more ideas and suggestions from him that he was ever to get from them.

Greeley had an ingenuity that was purely personal—his own gift. He knew next to nothing about formal management outside the influence incident to his mind expressed day by day in his paper. He was devoted to certain principles, and his net was cast so wide and so far that few ideas could escape. He had to be nimble who could keep up with him. This wide casting of the net was the secret of his success. It was the outcome of that capacious nature, that untiring industry, that unsatisfiable curiosity, which made nothing alien to him. This led him sometimes into the study and often temporarily into the advocacy of ideas and policies lying wholly outside the confines of the conventional. But if he found he had started on a wrong road or a misleading path he would turn round and try to find a right or safe way out. He never worshiped the straw idol known as consistency.

It was this inclusiveness which in the end was to give him the commanding influence that was to be his reward. Through it his appeal was extended to more and more people and into new and strange quarters, because he was obviously trying honestly to find the real truth that—in his words—needed to be told. So while Seward and Weed and most of the new reforming element were seeking to help themselves, Greeley was gradually broadening his own outlook and the scope of his paper, until almost before he himself knew it, and long before his coworkers could realize it, he had grown out of the narrow New York or Eastern view, and The Weekly Tribune was not only finding its way but forcing itself upon thinking people everywhere.

In the West, by the middle of the fifties, Greeley's name was a household word and his paper a new gospel. Even in the South, where it was hated, it had even more circulation than any like paper published there.

All this had come without Seward and Weed ever thinking that this erratic figure had at last so grown out of recognition that their little contempts, their neglects and oversights, their cheerful patronage, no longer counted against him. Without their help he had blazed a way until he had become a national figure. He had his vanities; he liked office and recognition; he preferred notice to neglect; but when he could not command attention from others he found himself in a position to go on and force his ideas upon the country and his party.

He recognized, almost as if it had been revealed to him by a lightning stroke, that he knew the mind of his countrymen as no other did or could, and that he had in some mysterious way found his way into it. His measuring rule enabled him to check the conditions and the changes of public sentiment and, while he was doing this, to make it subservient to his own nature and gifts.

About this weekly newspaper of his, the true history of seven days, he had no illusions. With that vigorous style of his, with a knowledge of his country that comprehended everything that was doing, he could stab a pretender with a paragraph or impale a useless ambition upon a column editorial.

He knew that not a line could be printed in his paper with which he was not credited or debited, and this sense of responsibility made him the first of our careful, overseeing, responsible editors.

Dissolution of Partnership

Prone to seek rather than shirk a quarrel, he tired in due time of being the neglected figure, the Cinderella of the New York combination. He knew that he had long before outgrown the state and city in which in name he operated, and that his appeal lay to an eager human public lying outside, especially to that great farmer element, then the dominant force in American life and politics. He had supported Seward, had measured Weed, and found that without his help neither of them, nor both together in their really dual capacity and despite their cunning, could travel very far along the road of practical politics.

So in November, 1854, he wrote that memorable letter, one of the classics of American politics, worthy of the study of every reader who wants to understand where lie the springs of events. Its opening paragraph was impressive as both a notice and a warning. It ran:

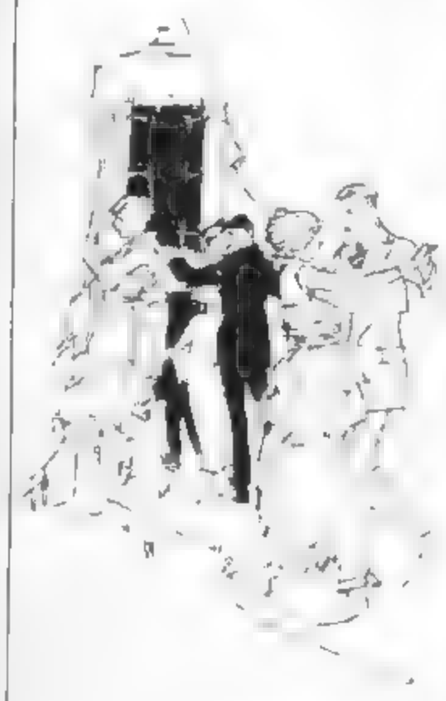
"*Governor Seward:* The election is over and its results sufficiently ascertained. It seems to me a fitting time to announce to you the dissolution of the political firm of Seward, Weed and Greeley by the withdrawal of the junior partner—said withdrawal to take effect on the morning after the first Thursday in February next."

By one of those mistakes, unaccountable in aspiring or managing men, no notice, public or personal, other than a whisper in certain circles, was taken of this utterance which was to have such a profound effect upon the fortunes of an aspirant for the presidency. The campaign of 1856 came and went, and Seward's name was not even presented, though always kept to the front. The exciting events of the next four years passed without any reference to this letter, which was not published until June, 1860—and then at Greeley's instance—after Seward's ambitions had been permanently

(Continued on Page 162)

GULBRANSEN
Player-Piano

(Pronounced Gul-BRAN-sen)

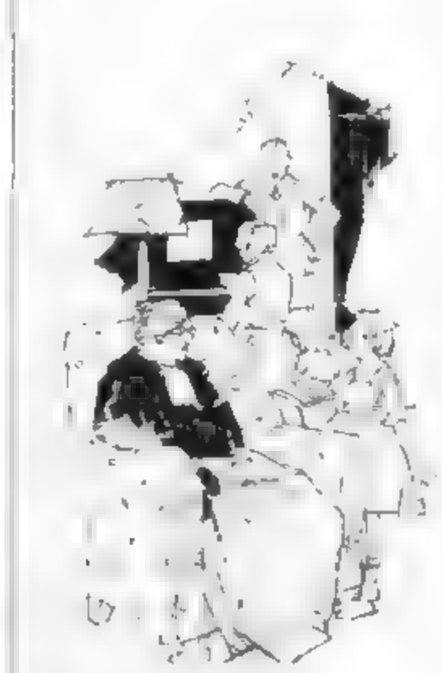


Home Dances Without Preparation

With your Gulbransen in your home you can have a dancing party any time. Good music and dancing. Every kind of dance piece is ready for you on the Gulbransen—including the latest dance songs which everybody is singing—and the words are on the player roll so you can sing them. No music as good as piano music for dancing. And who can play as well by hand as any one can play a Gulbransen?

Tuners, Attention

When you tune a Gulbransen you are sure to get credit for good work. The instrument responds to intelligent tuning and regulating as few player pianos will. Write us for Gulbransen chart, mentioning your business connection, and we will send it free.



47 Kinds of Music for Gulbransen Owners

Every kind of music is explained and illustrated by example in our new book for player-piano owners. Music of every description, for every purpose or mood, is provided. Send coupon below for your copy of

Good Times With Your Gulbransen

This is the name of our new book, which every player piano owner and prospective owner ought to read. The variety of entertainment offered by the Gulbransen can only be understood after reading this book. It is a library of information on high class player music. It is a story book which tells what music is available for every kind of music and how a manufacturer's role in the player industry can be played. Use coupon below and we will send it free.

© 1920, G. D. Co.

The Exquisite Pedal Touch of the Gulbransen Made Possible this Childhood Incident —Now Our Trade Mark

Years ago a tiny baby crept up to dad's Gulbransen and gleefully pushed down a pedal, as shown in the picture. Hearing the music invited more pushing—it was so easy—and thus the baby played the Gulbransen.

This childhood incident—since repeated in thousands of homes—was so impressive of the easy action of the Gulbransen that we photographed the Baby at the Pedals and adopted it as our Trade Mark.

Everywhere you see it, it tells you the Gulbransen is Easy to Play. In our dealer's window, it tells where you can try the Gulbransen. Imprinted on the rubber pedal surfaces, it identifies the Gulbransen for you. All the world of music now knows this famous Baby.

The exquisite "pedal touch" of the Gulbransen is also easy to recognize. It demonstrates itself the moment you begin to play a Gulbransen. You find it is not necessary to push hard—a surprise indeed! You must actually restrain your impulse to "work."

Gulbransen Trade Mark

Also you do not pedal *fast* when playing a Gulbransen. In spite of their easy action the pedals will not die away under your feet, nor tremble when you pedal slowly. They are firm, yet easy; yielding, yet offering comfortable resistance. In pianissimo (very soft) passages the Gulbransen is a delight.

Try a Gulbransen at our dealer's store. You can locate him by the "Baby at the Pedals"—actually playing the Gulbransen—in his window. And send coupon below for our free book, "Good Times With Your Gulbransen." Tells about the music available and the fun you can have.

NATIONALLY PRICED

Three models, all playable by hand or by roll, sold at the same prices to everybody, everywhere in the U. S., freight and war tax paid. Price branded in the back of each instrument at the factory.

White House Model	$750
Country Seat Model	660
Suburban Model	595

GULBRANSEN-DICKINSON CO., 3232 W. Chicago Avenue, CHICAGO

FREE BOOK COUPON

The new book, "Good Times With Your Gulbransen," sent free if you mail this coupon to GULBRANSEN-DICKINSON CO., 3232 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago

☐ Please check this square if you now own a Gulbransen Player Piano

☐ Check this square if you own a player piano of some other kind.

☐ Check here if you own a piano which is not a self-player

Use the margin below, writing your name and address plainly

VITANOLA

The Phonograph of Marvelous Tone

The Vitanola Motor—a quiet, wonderfully efficient mechanism.

VITANOLA FOURTEEN

The Vitanola Motor *is* Noiseless

If you were to hold a watch near the Vitanola you would hear its tick more plainly than you could hear the running motor.

The music from the Vitanola is marvelously toned—clear and sweet; lifelike in its reproduction.

Vitanolas are made in many models—in every wood and finish. From the standpoint of either music or appearance, every Vitanola is an unusual phonograph.

SEND FOR BOOKLET

Send your name and address and we will forward handsomely illustrated booklet which will prove of real value in helping you to make an intelligent and satisfactory phonograph selection.

The Vitanola is Distributed by Good Dealers Everywhere

VITANOLA TALKING MACHINE COMPANY

Executive Offices: CHICAGO, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 160)

buried at the Republican national convention in Chicago. The sore had been permitted to fester, and no effort was made—even by such a clever political maneuverer as Weed—to heal it.

Greeley had helped to bring Lincoln to New York, in spite of the fact that he had no attachment for him. He came out for Edward Bates, of Missouri, a preposterous and impossible candidate, supported no doubt because he illustrated these qualities. Greeley was not sent as a delegate from his own state, and was therefore left free to make such arrangements and combinations as his own somewhat simple idea of practical politics rendered possible or necessary.

Nevertheless he went to the convention, not as an editor but as a substitute delegate from the far-off and then newly admitted state of Oregon, and thus attained a recognition that made him one of the potent figures in that historic body. His attitude there was characteristic. He was the best-known figure in his party the country over. It soon became known that he had been denied recognition in his own state; so he was left to get it for himself from the whole country, and he proceeded to use his power with a vengeance that has seldom been equaled in great conventions. He became the center of interest.

Known everywhere, he was sought by men from all quarters, and he talked with the utmost frankness and—as always—with interest. Not content with this, he was the first man in our history to go from delegation to delegation and to make known his opinions and conclusions.

The burden of his story was: "William H. Seward cannot carry New York."

As Frémont had carried it four years before by an overwhelming majority, no argument so strong as this could have been addressed by such a man to a new party, which realized that failure in that state meant defeat before the race began.

The Bates candidacy was never pushed beyond the narrowest limits, the ambitions of Chase, with the peculiar jealousies incident even then to Ohio politics, were soon seen to be futile, and the nomination of Abraham Lincoln was easily made on the third ballot.

Thus another interparty quarrel had shunted the Presidency of the United States. But for this action of Greeley, the natural incident of neglect by a manager and an overconfident candidate, in all probability Abraham Lincoln would never have been heard of in a great and commanding way, and would have settled down into the quiet and the obscurity of the Vice Presidency, which was the real goal of himself and his friends.

It is thus easy to see how easily the currents of history are defeated by obstacles that lie hidden behind the decrees of fate.

Careers Marred by Discord

From many points of view the long-drawn-out quarrel between Roscoe Conkling and James G. Blaine was the most idle and useless, though at the same time it was in other respects the most effective of all those that have influenced our history. It was one of those hopeless disputes which had no right to existence, and yet it was the foundation for a series of events, each more important in its negative results than its predecessor.

It marred the careers of two men who might have been ornaments to our history in adding to the constructive forces that then, as always, needed recruits.

All that either could do was to feed fat the grudge that each owed the other, to devote their fair but not great abilities and their unusual opportunities for service, in the most active period of our history, to an effort to balk one another's aspirations or ambitions.

Differing in their methods, they were constantly in agreement in their desire and determination to keep back peace and understanding after the war, in which neither was a participant. When it came to the test both were bent upon using their party, which for them bounded the limits of their activities, for the hardest and most rigid of exactions. It would seem that neither ever cast a vote or did an act which could be construed as being statesmanlike in the sense that we speak of Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Jackson, Webster, Lincoln, Cleveland or Hay, and thus history is forced to look for a record of their doings only to that story of intrigue which enters into conventions or on back stairs or in those quarters where men seek to outwit each other.

So in considering this bitter quarrel, which was to dominate our politics through five Presidential campaigns and was to be accompanied by the commonplaceness of Hayes, the betrayals incident to Garfield and his murder by a madman, the impotence, in spite of good intentions, of Arthur, and in spite of large abilities in inconclusiveness of Benjamin Harrison, we have to look behind the scenes at these bickering figures and to ask: Is this the best that a great and free country can do in a crisis of its fate? Has such a people nothing better to do than to bend its ear during a whole generation in order to listen outside the keyholes of politics for the angry words that two bitter-tongued men can throw into each other's teeth?

During this period the majority party listened with bated breath to these men and then acted upon what it might think they would stand and still give it even a chance for success. The minority party was finally to come back into a power only temporary by the grace of these political marionettes. History is filled with many jealousies, it is often weak and futile, but seldom does it permit itself to become the victim of disputes that would discredit schoolboys. Generally in such cases mankind has the good sense after a year or so has passed to say to such men, "A plague on both your houses," and then to turn again to its own business.

The Conkling-Blaine Collision

This is the only purely personal quarrel that has ever been permitted so to intrude itself upon our politics as to become dominating, and so a few words may be given to its genesis. Roscoe Conkling, a young man of thirty, imperfectly educated but of good natural parts, an Apollo in physique, entered the lower house of Congress from the Utica district of New York in November, 1858, just as the vital events preceding the Civil War were unraveling themselves. He served two terms, when in the middle of that great struggle he was defeated. Being new in service and young in years, he had made no definite impression either upon Congress or in the politics of his state. His record was respectable and nothing more. He was active as an ordinary political stump orator, but there was nothing to show him as a man of statesmanlike foresight or to reveal the possession of an idea outside the areas of his party and its management. He was reëlected in 1864 and in 1867 entered the United States Senate before he had reached his fortieth year.

During his two years' exclusion from Congress he did some work of a legal character for the War Department. Apparently it was well done. It was purely in the line of his profession. In the ordinary course of a man's life no account would have been taken of it. During its performance he had a difference with Gen. James B. Fry, who in due course was to become Judge Advocate General of the United States Army. When he returned to Congress he seems to have thought to use that body as a forum for the airing of a personal grievance, and so he proposed in 1866 the abolition of General Fry's place in the Army. In this, as a matter of public policy, he had the support of General Grant, then commander in chief of the Army. This connection was to hold a great place in Conkling's future career, and gave him the fulcrum with which he was to work.

In 1862 James G. Blaine was chosen from a Maine district to Congress, where upon its assembling he was to meet Conkling after his return from temporary exile. Blaine, though then only thirty-two years old, had already had an active career as a journalist and had seen service as a member of his state legislature and speaker of its lower house, a place to which he brought much more energy and ability than its narrow scope demanded. He had risen rapidly, and as far as he desired, even in a state where politics was a trade that attracted the best ability and highest character within its boundaries.

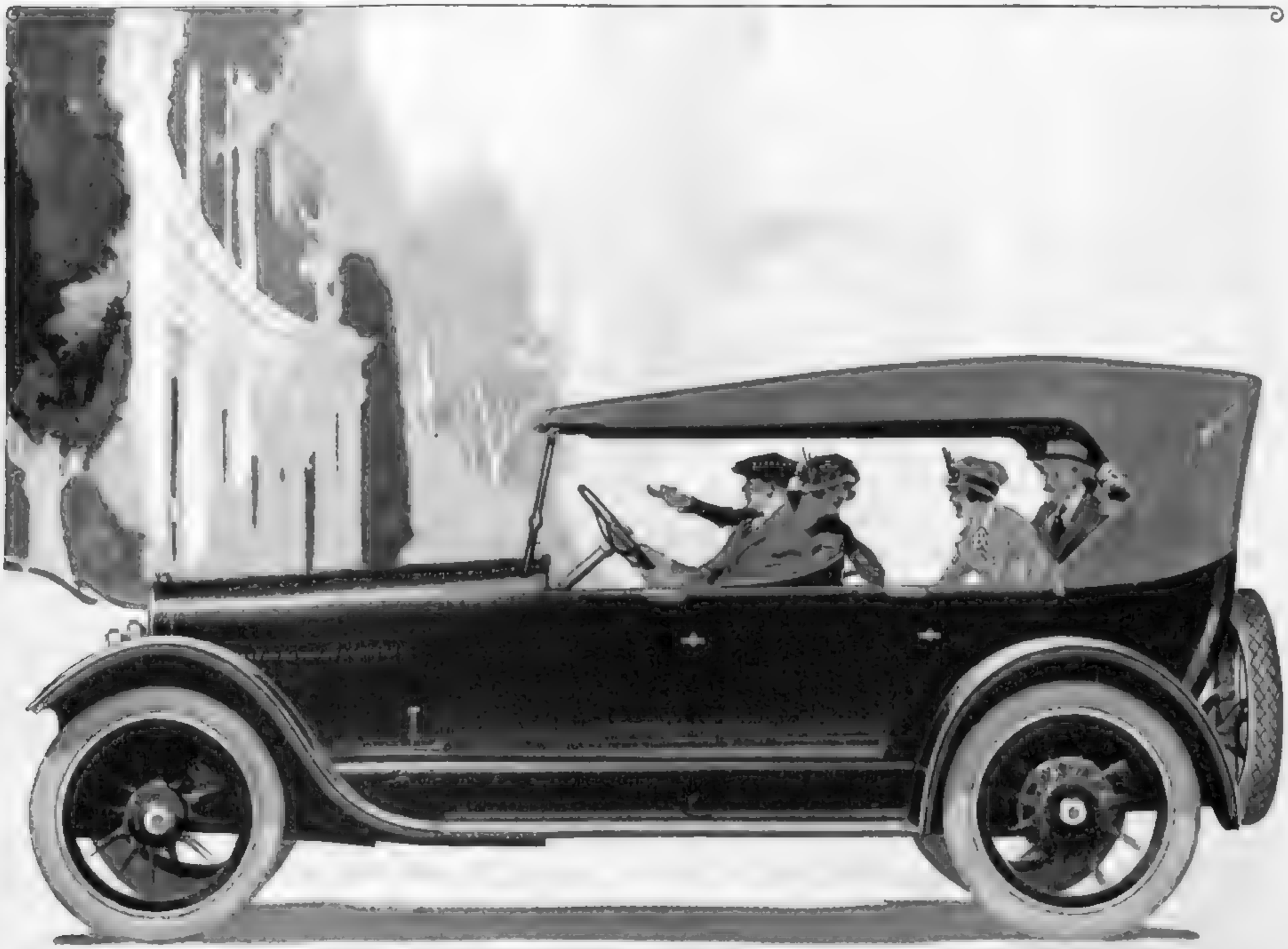
He thus entered Congress with a state reputation far beyond the average, and at once took a place as near to the front as age and experience would allow. His abilities, which were narrow but ample for his purposes, and his energy, which would have fully equipped a half dozen average men, brought him at once to the front. He was genial and adaptable, and thus made

(Continued on Page 165)

Emblem of Satisfaction

BUICK

Emblem of Satisfaction



STURDILY built—designed for power and dependability, possessing grace and beauty in every line—the new Buick Nineteen Twenty One series signally upholds the traditions that have made the name Buick a notable word in the automotive industry.

Two decades have more than justified the unwavering fidelity to the accepted engineering ideals to which Buick stands committed. The same rugged Buick Valve-in-Head motor refined is a distinguishing feature of every model.

In appearance, the Buick Nineteen Twenty One series is notable for the harmonious blending of low, graceful body lines; in appointments, for those added refinements that so materially increase the pleasure and comfort of motoring.

In addition to the general features of the new models the Buick Five-Passenger Touring Car (Twenty One Forty Five) possesses a roominess of tonneau and new arrangement of seating that afford occupants the utmost in riding comfort. For the business man or his family; for the needs of city driving or country driving, this model excels because of its capacity for varied service.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars

Branches in all Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

AMBITION

BEFORE each of us is the prospect of our ambition. It is our birthright. It proves our worth and our position. It is the test of our greatness.

Ambition is as essential to achievement as power is to mechanical operation. To all those with pride in progress it is a force more insistent than necessity.

The building of nations, the cultivation and unification of patriotic ideals, the advancement of mankind, the contributions of art and science, the increase of industrial effectiveness; all these come in answer to the call of ambition.

Modern leaders who have focused their ambition on the constructive problems of commerce see the indivisible relation between the economic state and the economic industry. They see the need of such harmony to the development of the social order.

In an effort to increase the strength and value of these co-ordinating interests, industry sought out a means whereby all the public could be made familiar with the ways and products of business. The effort resulted in the recognition of the educational force termed advertising.

Because of its capacity for showing results, advertising has become the most highly developed expression of an ambition to serve vast territories that has yet been made operative.

N. W. AYER & SON, *ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS*
NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CLEVELAND CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 162)

friends at every turn. He soon knew the routine business of the House better than its veterans, and hence was able to forge to the front with a speed almost without precedent.

From the first Blaine and Conkling repelled each other. There seems to have been no special reason for this outside the Doctor Fell theory of life. They were from widely separated states, so that no local issues could have entered into account. They were members of the same party, and neither was so fertile in ideas or so independent in action as to go outside its policies for inspiration. They were alike leaders within their respective water-tight compartments, with nothing to indicate that they would become rivals on a larger field. And yet the natural antagonism which showed itself openly and boldly in 1866 really began at their earliest meetings in December, 1863, when they came together in a new Congress.

Both men were highly trained, even thus early in life, in that game of public speaking which is often confused with the great art known as oratory. But though the former may be practiced without an idea, through the mere method of making popular appeals, the latter does bespeak knowledge, devotion to high principles, a careful study of language on the most comprehensive lines and a thoughtfulness consonant only with the utmost honesty and sobriety.

Few men were more glib than these two young members of Congress who thus met on that December day when the very existence of the nation was at stake. They were to become noted as public speakers; they were to be called in, or rather were to push themselves in, as the arbiters of their party, and through it the makers of Presidents and cabinets; each was to make thousands of speeches from every kind of platform as a forum, and yet it is only fair to say that less than a generation after both had passed away not a single speech of either has survived or exercised an influence that has been wholesome and permanent.

Far-Reaching Consequences

In spite of this fact, it was bitter and opposing accusations against each other that were to precipitate in June, 1866, a personal quarrel the effect of which was to blast any hopes they both might have indulged of the highest preferment, to make or mar presidencies and turn elections one way or another, until the death of the survivor nearly thirty years later. But it would be a mistake to assume, as the world has been prone to do during the period that has intervened, that the fishwoman attack upon Conkling, the sand-lot order of public speaking that called an opponent a turkey cock, that accused him of a new and peculiar strut, was the prime cause of all this political enmity.

They little know the satiric power or the ability of Roscoe Conkling to express himself in epigram or bitter retort who can hold the opinion that eighteen years of personal hatred or hostility to James G. Blaine was purely the result of that often-rehearsed verbal attack. It required something more serious than this so to upset his equanimity as to induce such a number of undignified exhibitions of rage as those which he showed, until it was finally sated by the defeat of the man whom he considered his unrelenting foe.

No, this was not an enmity that could be made by mere words. Whatever faults Conkling might have, however far vanity might carry him, no man could truthfully accuse him of anything that by any standard could be a blot upon his financial honor. He was scrupulous in a time when many politicians were secretly holding out their hands behind their backs or offering their influence openly in the market place.

So when this inconsiderate attack was made upon his honor he did not choose to reply to his opponent with one of those withering verbal replies; but he called at once for a special investigating committee, whose report soon branded as false these charges. When this brought no word of apology from the man who had made the charges, the battle was joined, and he chose to transfer it from the field of words into that of action, so that during all the chances and changes of politics from 1866 to the final defeat of Blaine in 1884, when that telltale vote in Oneida County told the story of how this revenge had been wreaked; and that though in other quarrels men have had to ask help to carry out their purposes this defeat of Blaine was the result of the ingenuity of Roscoe Conkling and done by his unaided efforts.

But this enmity did more than defeat a man. It made the Hayes administration of no effect; it promoted the Grant third-term movement, and in the face of the most bitter and determined opposition nearly drove it to success; it brought about the murder of Garfield by a madman and insured the success of Grover Cleveland, who had been called from an obscurity upon which the lights from this old quarrel were thrown with such effect as to revive a party long impotent. In the opinion of many thoughtful persons, its remoter effect was an entire revolution in the tendencies, and as a consequence in the institutions, of the United States. Thus, though neither Conkling nor Blaine was to become President, that undying, never-to-be-satisfied enmity of theirs had a more profound effect upon their country than that exerted by any series of friendships, however close or long, known to our history.

The Cleveland-Hill Clash

How all this was done, how determined and sleepless was the pursuit, how ingenious the methods, how the combinations were always renewed, with what zeal they hated each other, how relentlessly they remembered their quarrel—all these are recorded in our histories and have taken their place in the traditions that show how strong and potent are the lower motives in man's nature. This is the only quarrel of those five decisive ones herein dealt with that was purely and distinctly personal in its origin and all its developments, and yet in spite of this fact it was in some respects the most potent of them all.

If these men had had in them any capability for large things this overpowering and inextinguishable hatred would have rendered them impotent. Other men recovered from such a feeling. In the few remaining years of his life, after he had defeated Adams, Hamilton was the same outstanding character and patriot that he had always been. Jackson riveted his policies, whether good or bad, upon his country's history. Seward and Greeley proceeded on their way with great constructive work, while both Cleveland and Hill treated a jealousy that was to have a great effect as if it did not exist, leaving their blunders and weaknesses to take their due place as chance events or tendencies of their time. In the one case the quarrel was fundamental and monopolistic; in the other four it was only part of the day's work.

VOTE OF ONEIDA COUNTY—1876-1885

	REPUBLICANS	DEMOCRATS	MAJORITIES
1876 for President	14,867	12,844	*2,023
1880 for President	14,546	12,600	*1,946
1883 for Secretary of State	11,082	9,801	*1,281
1884 for President	13,790	13,820	† 30
1885 for Governor	12,596	11,693	* 903

* Republican † Democrat

The differences between Grover Cleveland and David B. Hill constitute less than a quarrel and more than a clashing of individual aspirations. They were the outcome not alone of different outlooks upon both life and politics but of the struggle between outworn ideas as to patronage and the purpose of parties, and recognition of the fact that such bodies had serious work to perform; in other words, that they had duties.

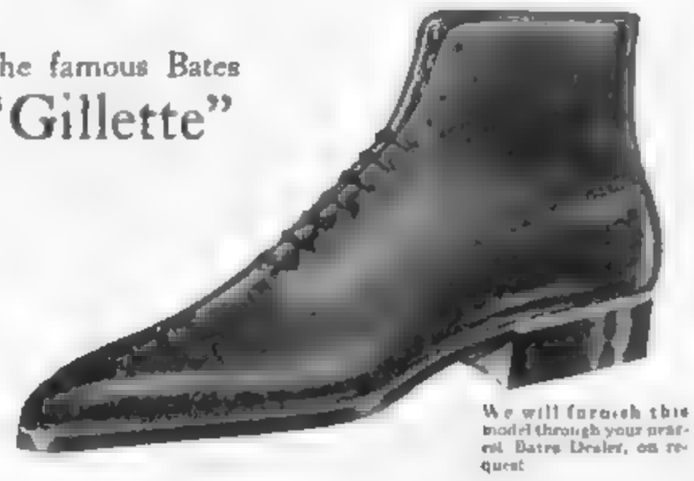
So far as these ideas were concerned, Cleveland reflected a return to the earlier conceptions of the responsibility of chosen leaders, and was thus representative, or republican, while the other school could not get away from the spoils policy.

Under one conception the machine was to be supreme and its leaders were to be the only beneficiaries of public power with serious responsibilities; under the other it was an agency for carrying out certain policies, with no more attention to pure patronage than was necessary to execute the expressed will of the electorate.

SIMONDS
SAW STEEL PRODUCTS
It's 50-50
When you favor us with your patronage, we favor you with Simonds Saw Steel Products
Quality — which will save you money.
Simonds Mfg. Co.
"The Saw Makers"
Fitchburg, Mass.
SIMONDS SAW STEEL PRODUCTS
MADE RIGHT SINCE 1832

BATES

The famous Bates
"Gillette"



We will furnish this model through your nearest Bates Dealer, on request

THIS "Gillette" model is bringing more new customers to more Bates Dealers than any other one style.

WHY? Because it strikes a tremendously popular chord among men who want *highest value at moderate price.*

A. J. BATES COMPANY

General Offices: Webster, Mass. Stock Distributing Headquarters: Chicago, Ill.

SHOES

WE HAVE BEEN MAKING THE Bates SHOE GOOD SHOES SINCE 1885

"SUEDE-LIKE"

A Raincoat of waterproofed "Suede-Like" consorts with the ultra-correct attire of the new season. This rich and [illegible] cloth is [illegible] form and proverbially serviceable.

[illegible]

HOWLETT & HOCKMEYER CO.

19 MADISON AVE NEW YORK

WATERSIDE MILLS LOWELL, MASS.

In dealing with this division of my subject I must enter the precincts of unwritten history and thus deal with unrecorded facts. It thus becomes more distinctly personal than the story of quarrels and jealousies which have preceded it. I am thus moved to give this part of my story such a turn that it shall illustrate the things I have seen and known.

At the Democratic state convention, held at Syracuse in September, 1882, Grover Cleveland and David B. Hill were nominated for governor and lieutenant governor respectively. Each was an aspirant for the particular office for which he was named, and not for that sought by the other, so that the elements of rivalry or compromise did not enter into account. They were lawyers in respectable, outstanding practice in widely separated communities. They had not met in court or any other place, though they had seen each other before the prenomination canvass opened. They knew nothing of each other's character.

Hill had been active locally in state politics on the Tilden side. He had been a delegate to state conventions, while Cleveland, so far as he had any party activities, belonged to the anti-Tilden element, and had never attended a state convention, even as an onlooker, until he was called into council for a few hours by Daniel Manning the night before the meeting of the convention which nominated him for governor.

They were elected by a phenomenal majority, not because of any inherent strength of either or of both together, but by reason of a scandal over the Republican nomination.

Here then were two men of ability, of unbending integrity and unusual character. Upon them, both as citizens and fellow partisans, was thrown, when elected, the joint responsibility of carrying on the affairs of their state and of so commending themselves to its people that they could court continued public confidence for the principles they represented.

If ever there was a time or an opportunity for men to work together, it was certainly found in Cleveland and Hill on January 1, 1883, when they entered office as the result of the same mandate. It would seem only natural that each should have said to the other: "We must so unite our forces, so use our abilities and the power which has come to us, so appeal first to our common party and then to the people of the state from whom its membership is drawn, so direct and influence the executive and legislative departments of the state of New York, that economy may be enforced while progress is maintained. It is not our business to use our present places to push ourselves into other and higher ones, but so to devote ourselves to present urgent duties that we may promote the objects we have thus outlined."

It would have been a natural policy for men so situated to throw aside personal ambitions, at least until they could learn the duties and measure the power of the places to which they had both been chosen so unexpectedly.

A House Divided

If this rational policy is measured by what really happened—and taking into account, as we can now, the evil results that ensued—it is clear how shortsighted both were, and how much easier it would have been to do the obviously right and politic thing. The governor, full of his new task, so ignored his associate and presumptive successor that he neither knew nor cared to know what assistance he could render. He did not consult him, as he might easily have done without any loss of dignity or power. He showed him only those social attentions which were strictly official or conventional, and even these were grudgingly received. He made his appointments without any thought that his associate might have views about the right men or order of men to be chosen for given duties. Thus, though his policies were what he would have called his own, in reality they had been initiated in consultation with somebody else, when in fact there would not seem to have been any reason why he should not ask the advice of the wise, far-seeing man placed by his side by his party and the people for this purpose.

What was the natural effect of this neglect upon the lieutenant governor? It was what comes to every heir apparent to power or responsibility. He set up in business for himself, and soon had a machine of his own, qualified power of his own and friends of his own, none of them of the smallest help to the governor in carrying on his difficult task.

Within a year it became pretty clear that the governor would be nominated for President, with at least a chance of election. This came to pass with the shortest delay possible. During all the time that the chief was promoting his ambitions, the subordinate or coördinate had an equal amount of time on his hands, and perhaps greater opportunities, because of the narrowness of his field, to make his own plans when he should succeed and come to what would then be his own. It was as much his right and his duty to be ready for the emergency that would bring him to the governorship as it was for the chief to be ready for the contingency under which he might become President of the United States.

The mistake of both was not so to have solidified the forces behind them in New York that with their power and that of the Federal Government behind them they would be impregnable in both. They could then have indulged their separate ambitions, and both could have been ready for their own responsibilities.

The result of the situation, as it unrolled itself, was that on the first of January, 1885, when David B. Hill became governor, he had a certain personal power, while the state of New York and the Democratic Party, which was the sponsor of both, found the tares of jealousy and distrust full grown. Discord was everywhere, and its volume was increased when the governor began to put his men on guard in the state, while the President persisted in putting his supporters into the Federal offices.

A Record of Fatuity

When, in a few months, the time came for nominating a candidate for governor, the President took his own time—in effect, made his own terms—before he was induced, with delay and some difficulty, to declare for his associate on the ticket three years before and his own heir apparent during the two years that he had held the same office.

From that time forth, in spite of all efforts to command peace in the Democratic Party, there were discord and suspicion, and finally a condition of armed neutrality. Hill was elected governor, and Cleveland's friends continued to build up in the state a machine of their own. Two hostile forces were thus arrayed against each other in every county, each of which formed a new political battle ground. Thus matters went on until in 1888 Cleveland was renominated for President and Hill for governor, each with practical unanimity.

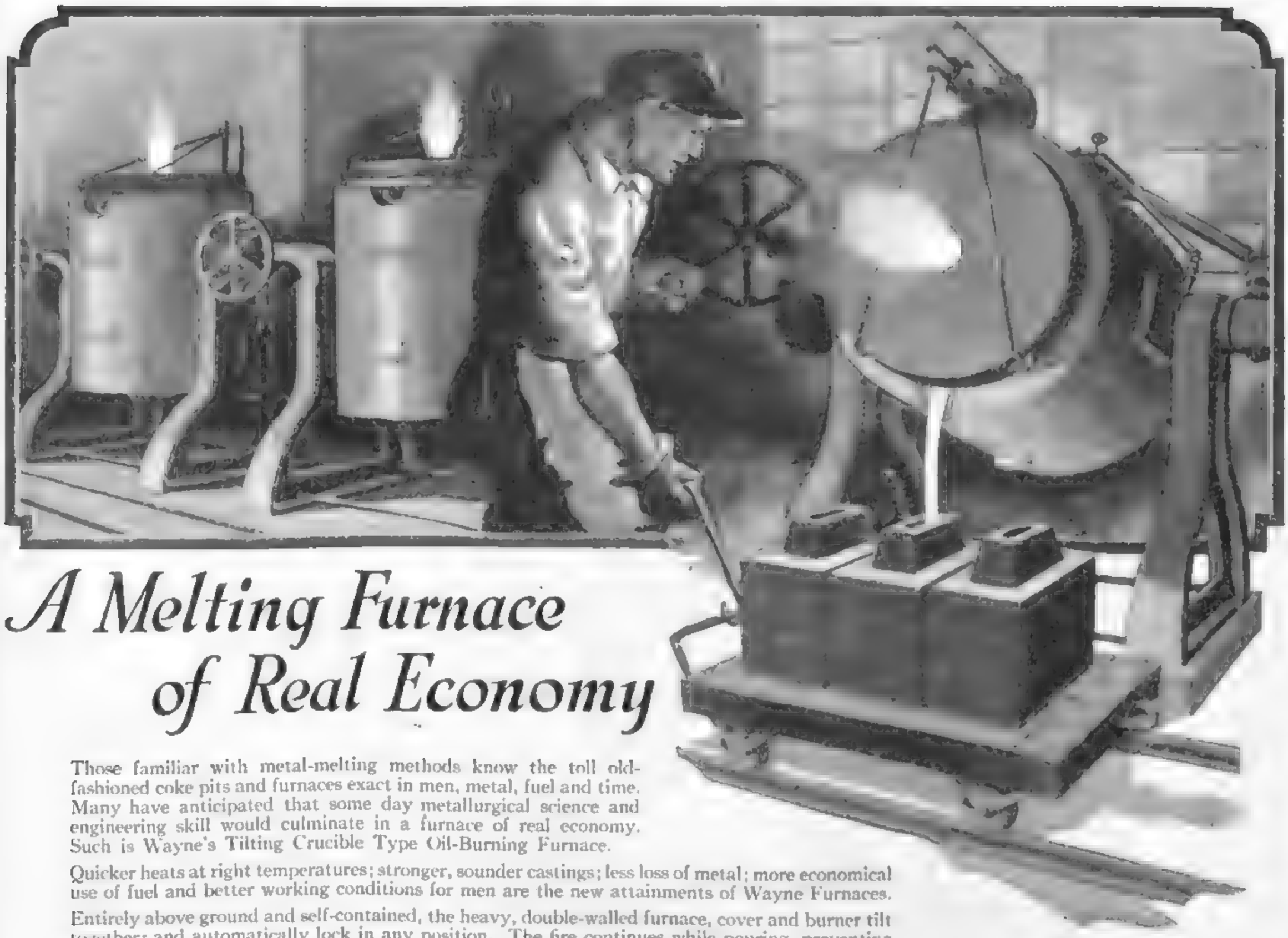
But this policy of divide and rule was not likely to prove the best possible when it came to carrying elections all along the line. So in November, 1888, what with clashes between the futile, almost useless national committee and the live, active New York state committee, that state was lost for the presidency and held for the governorship. The greater had been sacrificed, not to the partisans of the smaller but because, for one reason and another, by one method or another, enough of the latter had been subtracted and added to the opposing party to give it the state and with it the presidency.

Mr. Cleveland never believed that he had lost the state by treachery, but that local conditions had brought about the curious result. The truth is that by reason of his own shortsightedness, both as governor and President, a state of party anarchy had been created, and he himself was the first to suffer from it. I have always been convinced that he had only himself to blame for his defeat: first in permitting the growth of the conditions named, and then in so neglecting the coördination of the national and state committees that he was wholly powerless to overcome these untoward facts.

In spite of blunders and shortcomings in management he ought to have been reelected upon his deserts. The country needed eight consecutive years of an administration of such strength and wisdom instead of having his authority broken up in the middle and free play given to faction.

There now follows a record of fatuity on the other side which was to cast into the shade anything done or thought of by Mr. Cleveland and his followers. The fact that, without known fault on his part, Hill had

(Concluded on Page 169)



A Melting Furnace of Real Economy

Those familiar with metal-melting methods know the toll old-fashioned coke pits and furnaces exact in men, metal, fuel and time. Many have anticipated that some day metallurgical science and engineering skill would culminate in a furnace of real economy. Such is Wayne's Tilting Crucible Type Oil-Burning Furnace.

Quicker heats at right temperatures; stronger, sounder castings; less loss of metal; more economical use of fuel and better working conditions for men are the new attainments of Wayne Furnaces.

Entirely above ground and self-contained, the heavy, double-walled furnace, cover and burner tilt together; and automatically lock in any position. The fire continues while pouring, preventing cooling or oxidation of metal. Minimum loss of metal, and comfort for the operator are the result.

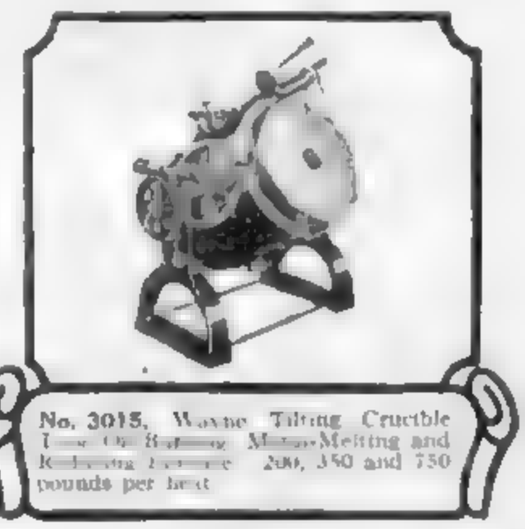
Crucibles last longer! They are protected from direct blast of the flame. Not being removed from the furnace, the wear caused by sudden temperature changes and handling with tongs is eliminated.

The improved, scientific design of furnace and oil burner makes possible quicker heats, accurate valve-controlled temperatures and perfect combustion of fuel.

These are but few of the many striking advantages and improvements of Wayne Furnaces for melting brass, bronze, copper, nickel, aluminum, gold, silver and other non-ferreous metals, as well as reducing cyanide precipitates.

You'll find Wayne Furnaces—furnaces of real economy.

Wayne Oil-Burning Furnace Engineers are ready to advise and plan, without cost or obligation, the best answer to your present metal-melting problems.



No. 3015. Wayne Tilting Crucible Type Oil-Burning Metal-Melting and Holding Furnace. 200, 350 and 750 pounds per heat.

Wayne Oil Tank and Pump Company

Fort Wayne, Indiana

A national organization with sales offices in thirty-four cities. Representatives everywhere. Repair stocks and service at your command.

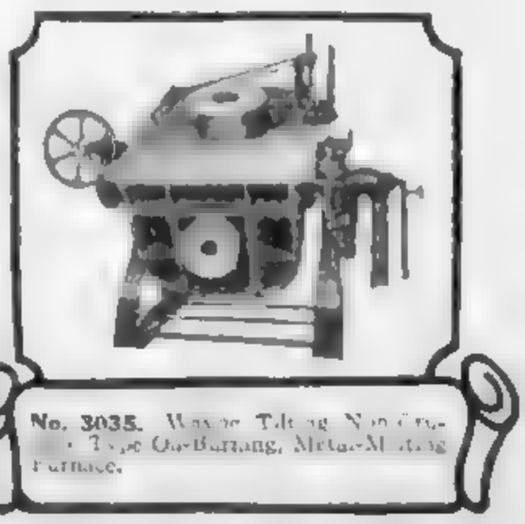
REG. U.S.

Wayne

TRADE MARK

Tilting Crucible and Non-Crucible FURNACES

Oil Burning Systems for Industrial Furnace Use



No. 3035. Wayne Tilting Non-Crucible Type Oil-Burning, Metal-Melting Furnace.

Gasoline and Oil Storage Systems | Oil Filtration Systems | Oil Burning Systems | Furnaces for Metal Melting Forging and Heat Treating

The Extra Miles in Mohawks

The reason why Mohawk Tires are today favorably spoken of everywhere is because they almost invariably give more mileage than even the most exacting buyer expects. We know this to be a fact. Mohawk users know it. But a statement such as this requires proof in order to be convincing.

No secrets, mysterious methods, or strange sounding manufacturing processes are involved. Mohawk extra miles are solely a question of ideals and business management.

When we organized this company seven years ago, we decided to build a tire which would give such a good account of itself that the buyer would naturally come back and buy more.

We knew that by organizing and operating efficiently enough to buy and put into Mohawk Tires a superlative quality of workmanship and materials and never deviating from this policy, the superior quality of the tires was the foregone conclusion.

Every phase of the organization was planned to accomplish this. The capitalization was nominal, providing only an adequate cash working capital—no water. A nominal margin of profit was agreed on. A plant which is a model of efficiency was secured. Hand-workmanship was decided on as permitting the most accurate control over quality.

And because of these simple reasons—because throughout this entire seven-year period we have been able to put a greater percentage of the purchase price into good materials and workmanship than most makers—we have been able to produce tires that run on and on, mile after mile, after ordinary tires are in the scrap heap.

And remember this method of building extra mile tires is not a mere future promise but a plan we have actually carried out for the past seven years

MOHAWK RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

KANSAS CITY DALLAS SAN FRANCISCO LOS ANGELES NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO ATLANTA

MOHAWK "Quality" HAND MADE CORD AND FABRIC TIRES

(Concluded from Page 166)

been elected, while the President had been defeated, made the latter an inevitable candidate four years later. There was a suspicion—unfounded, as I have said and believe—that there had been some kind of unfairness in New York, but most of all there was general resentment against the open, unconcealed use of money by the opposing party. When to this was added the practical failure of the new administration, demand for the renomination of the man thus injured was sure to become irresistible. The existence of a strong sentiment among the people was obvious, and nothing was necessary but so to evoke it as to give it a voice. I saw this as clearly after the nineteenth of November, 1889, the date of Cleveland's Boston address—really the first important utterance after defeat—as I did, after years of work, in June, 1892, when upon leaving for the Chicago convention I put Mr. Cleveland's vote at seven hundred and sixteen on the first ballot, being more than the necessary two-thirds and only one and one-third votes less than he actually received.

There was every reason why David B. Hill, in spite of his ambitions, should have known this far better than I, because he had a political astuteness that was natural and commanding. If he saw it he hoped apparently by deceiving himself and his followers to overcome it by shrewd manipulation—that is, by setting up his little machine, backed by Tammany, which—wholly discredited—really distrusted him, against that big country-wide sentiment which, when roused, is always irresistible. When, in February, 1892, he and his henchmen, having the pins set up, called and held a convention on short notice, another grievance was added to the Cleveland list, and the weight of all of them was so great that the movement for Hill's nomination broke down of its own weight.

Governor Hill, soon to be senator, took this course in the face of his own conviction that he was attempting the impossible. After his election in 1888, and the defeat of the Cleveland electors, he said to one of his closest friends: "The Democrats will never nominate or elect me to the Presidency. While, as you know, I am in nowise responsible for this defeat, I shall never be able to convince the people that I did not both order and promote it. I shall never be forgiven for what is supposed to be my sin and fault."

Holding this opinion, it is difficult to fathom his motives in holding the snap convention as he did, and ordering it to instruct its delegates for him. It can only be accounted for upon the theory that he could use it with other disgruntled leaders for trading purposes. If, even after this convention had been held, he should have bent his head to the storm and frankly withdrawn his name, it is clear that in spite of his own prediction he would have become the inevitable candidate in 1896, thus averting Bryan and Bryanism.

Hill's Thankless Task

The scene now shifts again from the supporting to the chief actor. When Mr. Cleveland returned to the Presidency in 1893, the one thing he most needed was the backing of his own party in the United States Senate. He was attached to two policies, predominant in his mind and vital to the country and the world—namely: The repeal of the Sherman Silver Purchase Law, and the extra session, called within his first year, and the passage of a tariff law that would redeem the promises made by himself and his party.

That body contained, among members nominally accredited to his own party, his most conspicuous and mischievous enemies, who were as unfriendly and indifferent to him as they were to the principles and policies he represented. The preservation of the public credit was at stake in the one policy, while the future of his party was involved in the other. He had to have help, and this could only be obtained by the pressure of public sentiment or by the use of patronage—or both.

David B. Hill was nearing the middle of his term in the Senate, in which he had risen by sheer ability almost to party leadership. He was not amenable either to pressure or to patronage, and neither was used or suggested. So without either he put himself at once to the front as a supporter of the President's policies, defending them at every turn and attacking their enemies with power and resources that seemed to be inexhaustible.

He was not asked to see the President—never received from him a word or a note of thanks, was not taken into his counsels, inner or outer, and yet in spite of this neglect he was kept perfectly in touch with everything that was proposed or done. His advice was accepted, his suggestions or his strategy approved and carried out, and his ingenuity, which never failed to find a way, was used. He was in nightly conference with Colonel Lamont, then Secretary of War, through whom, as an intermediary, he and the President worked during the long, weary weeks when these policies hung in the balance. He insisted from the beginning that this was better and safer for him than to put himself into direct relations with the President.

Thus he became the one efficient leader of the administration forces in the Senate, without asking for an office for a follower, without seeing the man for whom nominally he was executing this great task, and without receiving upon his retirement at the end of his term, which coincided with that of Mr. Cleveland himself, one word of recognition either from an official source or from any public sentiment, or from the friends and supporters of these measures, important and almost vital as they were to the existence of the country itself.

If Both Had Pulled Together

When Colonel Lamont told me this story he insisted that it was the most valuable as well as the most unselfish service he had ever known to be given by any public man, and that, too, under circumstances which made it next to impossible that it should be told during Senator Hill's lifetime, because he had forbidden that this should be done. It was his way not only of working out a revenge for neglect, but of doing penance for the serious blunders into which he had been led by ambition or jealousy or other motive.

All of this is very manly, very satisfactory from the point of view of our better human nature, but one may form a judgment upon the relations of two such fine characters, men of lofty patriotism and unflinching honesty, and yet be impelled to wonder, when he sees that such men could do so much by working apart and at cross-purposes, how much more they might have been capable of if time, ambitions, circumstances had only so drawn them together that instead of being two men they had acted as a unit.

Few more powerful reminders of what might have been—discussion of which is generally unfruitful—can be imagined than when one thinks that Bryanism might never have come into existence; that in all probability the Spanish War might have been averted permanently, as it was with success for three years; that the floodgates of waste and useless expenditure might never have been opened to the extent that they have been; and—most important of all—that the form or substance of our institutions, since revolutionized at least for a time, might never have been subjected to a strain which may yet prove dangerous.

These quarrels and contentions, which show so badly in our national life, are probably the inevitable result of free government.

Though they occur everywhere, they have perhaps less power to do harm in courts and kingly cabinets than they have under republican institutions. It will have been seen, however, that nearly all the movements called factions that have come up in our history have circled round the ambitions and contentions of individuals, showing that movements of this contentious order do not as a rule gain their force from among the people themselves.

Another interesting feature incident to these disputes is that every one circled round the politics of the state of New York. The Jackson-Calhoun quarrel would seem not to have been open to this claim, but it really was, because of the fact that it was probably fomented and certainly brought to the front by Martin Van Buren, and was thus to find a more perfect development in the same state movements that have been everywhere emphasized herein than if its principal characters had been found there.

In any event, it seems to me that these quarrels and jealousies are worthy of study, and I have done nothing more than point out in as brief a way as possible the principal features in them. I hope that even this treatment, necessarily surface in its nature, may have the effect of sending eager students to the history of their country.

$4,000 in Cash Prizes

GOULD STORAGE BATTERY

Endurance Contest

FOR the twenty-three oldest Gould Automobile Starting Batteries still in serviceable condition four thousand dollars in cash prizes will be awarded in the Gould Endurance Contest beginning October 1st, 1920. The purpose of this Contest is to demonstrate conclusively the long life of the Gould Automobile Starting Battery.

Open to All Gould Owners

If you have a Gould Starting Battery in your car, enter it in this Contest. Go at once to the nearest of the 2,500 Gould Sales and Service Stations and ask for complete details. Don't miss this chance to compete for the twenty-three cash prizes:

First Prize $1,000
Second Prize $600 Third Prize $400
20 District Prizes of $100 each

In the event of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be paid to each of the contestants tied for that prize.

Contest opens October 1st and closes October 31st

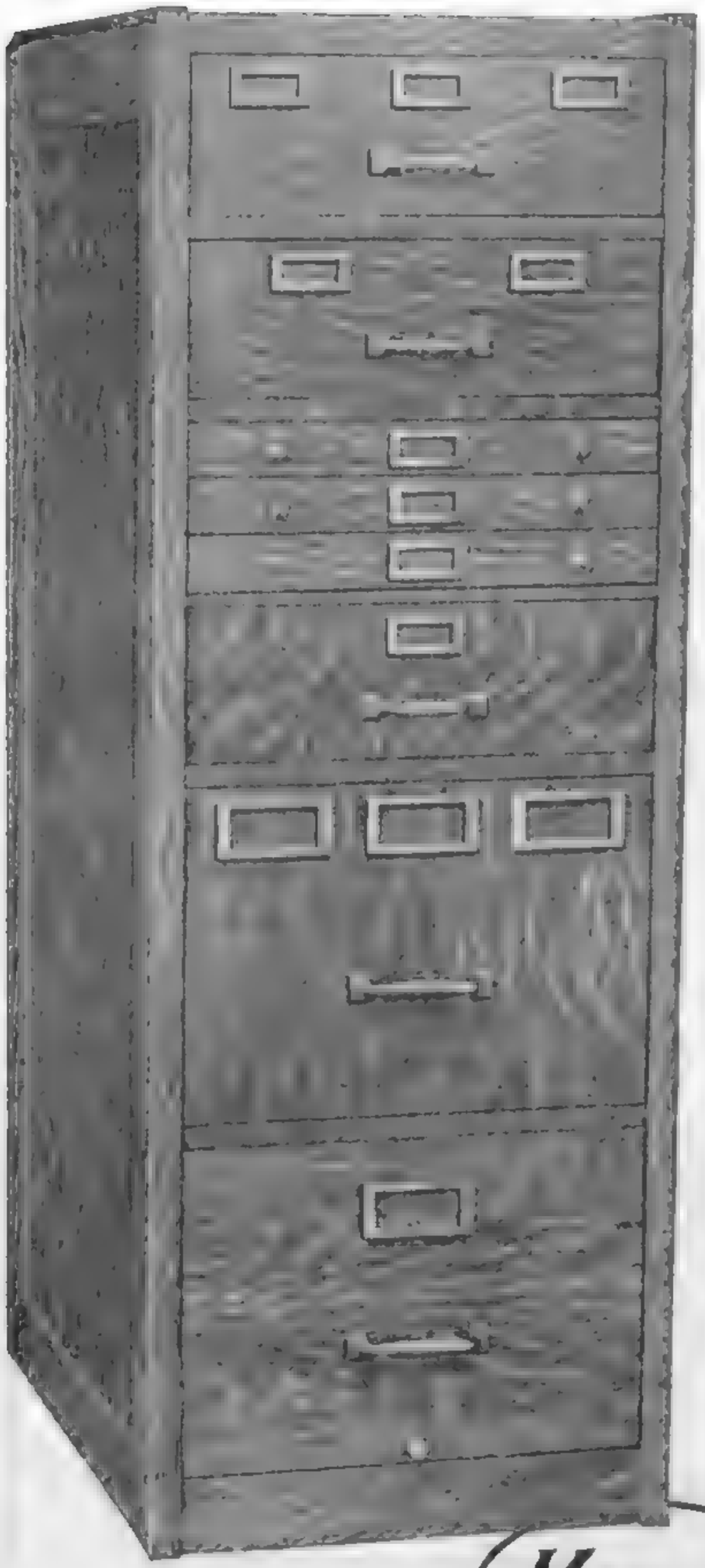
It costs nothing to enter. There is no guessing to be done—no interfering with the use of your car. All you have to do is to supply a few facts about your battery.

Don't wait until October 1st. Get a free entry blank now from any Gould Sales or Service Station—or from us—and have it filled out and ready to enter on the opening day.

Gould Storage Battery Company
30 East 42nd Street, New York
CHICAGO DETROIT SAN FRANCISCO
Plant: Depew, N. Y.

Makers of

The Automobile Battery With *Dreadnaught* (TRADE MARK) Plates



Behind the established high quality and usefulness of Macey Filing Equipment stands the free personal service of over a thousand authorized distributors able to understand and competent to advise regarding your filing problems. Such national service requires years to build, and contributes directly to simplicity, speed, accuracy, and economy.

The Macey line consists of Filing Cabinets in wood and steel, Filing Supplies, Steel Safes and Sectional Bookcases. Separate catalogs of all lines are mailed on request.

The MACEY COMPANY
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Manufactured in Canada by
The Canada Furniture Manufacturers, Ltd.
Woodstock, Ontario

Distributors in Great Britain and Europe by
The Macey Co., Ltd., 65/74 Houndsditch (Bishopsgate End)
London, England

THE PETROLEUM PROBLEM OF THE UNITED STATES

(Continued from Page 30)

In tabular form the three estimates show as follows:

	ORIGINAL QUANTITY AVAILABLE	TOTAL QUANTITY EXTRACTED	REMAINING TO BE PRODUCED
1908			
Barrels	11,800,000,000	1,800,000,000	10,000,000,000
1916			
Barrels	11,200,000,000	3,600,000,000	7,600,000,000
1911			
Barrels	11,300,000,000	4,600,000,000	6,700,000,000

As already stated these figures may or may not be accurate; that is entirely beside the point. Increase them four times, and from a national standpoint they would still be inadequate in the light of the rapidity with which our requirements are increasing and will continue to increase. Noting these future requirements, there is but one policy to pursue: The encouragement and assistance of petroleum companies by the Government in their search for additional reserves throughout the world.

We are already fairly well fortified in Mexico, Central America and South America, but there is yet much to do. So long as there is one known spot upon the globe that is suspected of containing oil we should not be satisfied until we have a strategical position in that spot or a position elsewhere to compensate.

The Great American Fields

To the query, Where are the oil fields of the United States located and what has been their production? there is no more authentic answer than the following table compiled from United States Geological Survey records, showing the known oil fields of the United States, with an estimate of their original content, present production and relative importance:

	ORIGINAL CONTENT	USED, UP TO 1920	PRODUCTION IN 1919	PERCENTAGE OF TOTAL PRODUCTION (1919)
Appalachian	1,772*	1,251*	29*	7.78
Lima-Indiana	489	472	3	0.92
Illinois	474	3.1	12	3.30
Oklahoma-Kansas	2,716	1,107	1.5	50.00
North Texas	479	146	67	17.84
North Louisiana	191	104	13	3.60
Gulf Coast	1,054	324	20	5.44
Rocky Mountain	440	53	13	3.62
California	3,364	1,215	101	28.00
Totals	10,979	4,863	373	100.00

* Quantity in millions of barrels of forty-two gallons; 000,000 omitted.

Supplementing the foregoing table it will be of interest to note the year of maximum production in each of these fields as showing possibility of increased output for the future.

The Appalachian field, the scene of the first production of oil in the United States, reached the zenith of its productivity in 1891, with an output of 35,000,000 barrels, and has declined steadily since, reaching a low point of 22,000,000 barrels in 1915. Its recent increase is due to flooding with water to drive out the remaining oil and to an increase in price making possible the extraction of oil that would otherwise be unprofitable. It is useless to hope for any greatly increased output from this source. It is true of this field as it is of all others that high prices will stimulate the production of oil which would remain in the ground at prices ruling prior to the war; every ten cents a barrel rise in price will undoubtedly make available oil that otherwise could not profitably be produced, but the quantity in the aggregate will be insignificant as compared with the requirements of the nation.

The Lima-Indiana field produced its maximum in 1904, with 24,000,000 barrels. Its production since then has shown a steady decline. The peak production in the Illinois field was reached in 1908, with 36,000,000 barrels.

The oil pools of Oklahoma-Kansas reached their climax in 1918, with a production registering 149,000,000 barrels. In 1919 the output of this important field dropped to 115,000,000 barrels—a sharp and startling decline, though an increase is not unlikely at any time.

The decline in the Oklahoma-Kansas field was offset in 1919 by the rapid development of Central and North Texas, whose pools jumped from a production of 17,000,000 barrels in 1918 to an output of 67,000,000 barrels in 1919; but the production of these pools reached their apex in the middle of 1919 and has been steadily declining ever since.

The Northern Louisiana field came into prominence in late 1919, but attained an output of only 13,000,000 barrels in that year.

The deposits of heavy asphaltic petroleum in the coastal portions of Texas and Louisiana, comprising the so-called Gulf field, reached a high point of 36,000,000 barrels in 1905; and though many new localities are constantly being brought into production the output in 1919 had fallen to 20,000,000 barrels.

The Rocky Mountain field, centering in Wyoming, has its life largely ahead of it, and has to date produced 53,000,000 barrels. In this field is included much of the public oil-bearing lands which have been recently opened to private development under the oil-leasing bill.

California has just reached the high-water mark with an output of 101,000,000 barrels in 1919. It will probably exceed this figure, but notwithstanding this enormous production this state has been drawing on stored supplies since 1914 and has reduced the oil in storage from 58,000,000 to approximately 25,000,000 barrels; it is now drawing from storage almost 1,000,000 barrels a month. The future holds promise of production in excess of that now being secured, while on the other hand the demand requires a considerably greater quantity, especially in the form of gasoline, which would find ready export if additional supplies were available.

Though petroleum is produced in minor quantities in a number of other localities, there are no other fields of special importance now developed in the United States holding any prospect of materially changing the situation. It is possible, of course, that any day another Cushing Pool may be struck, just as the Burkburnett Pool was developed in 1918. We may even have periods of overproduction of short duration, but the general tendency will be an increasing acuteness of shortage. In the light of past events any attempt to prognosticate with any degree of exactness the rise and decline of production is not likely to be crowned with success except over a long period.

Production Year by Year

Of all the oil-producing states California has been the most prolific in production per acre, its wells the longest lived, and its future production most likely to be of long duration. But California cannot to-day supply the demands of the Pacific Coast and adjacent territory. Its products would therefore reach the great centers of population only in case of higher prices, and to the detriment of local consumers on the Pacific Coast. As a source of future supply to offset declines in the Eastern fields, California cannot be counted upon; it is as though California were a separate country, so far as the requirements of the Eastern United States are concerned.

The Oklahoma-Kansas field is at the present time the most prolific source of petroleum in this country, but it is carrying a burden that should be distributed over newly discovered fields, the hope of finding which springs eternal in the breast of the optimistic prospector, to whose venturesome spirit is largely to be credited the discovery of our oil fields; just when and where and how large, no man may say.

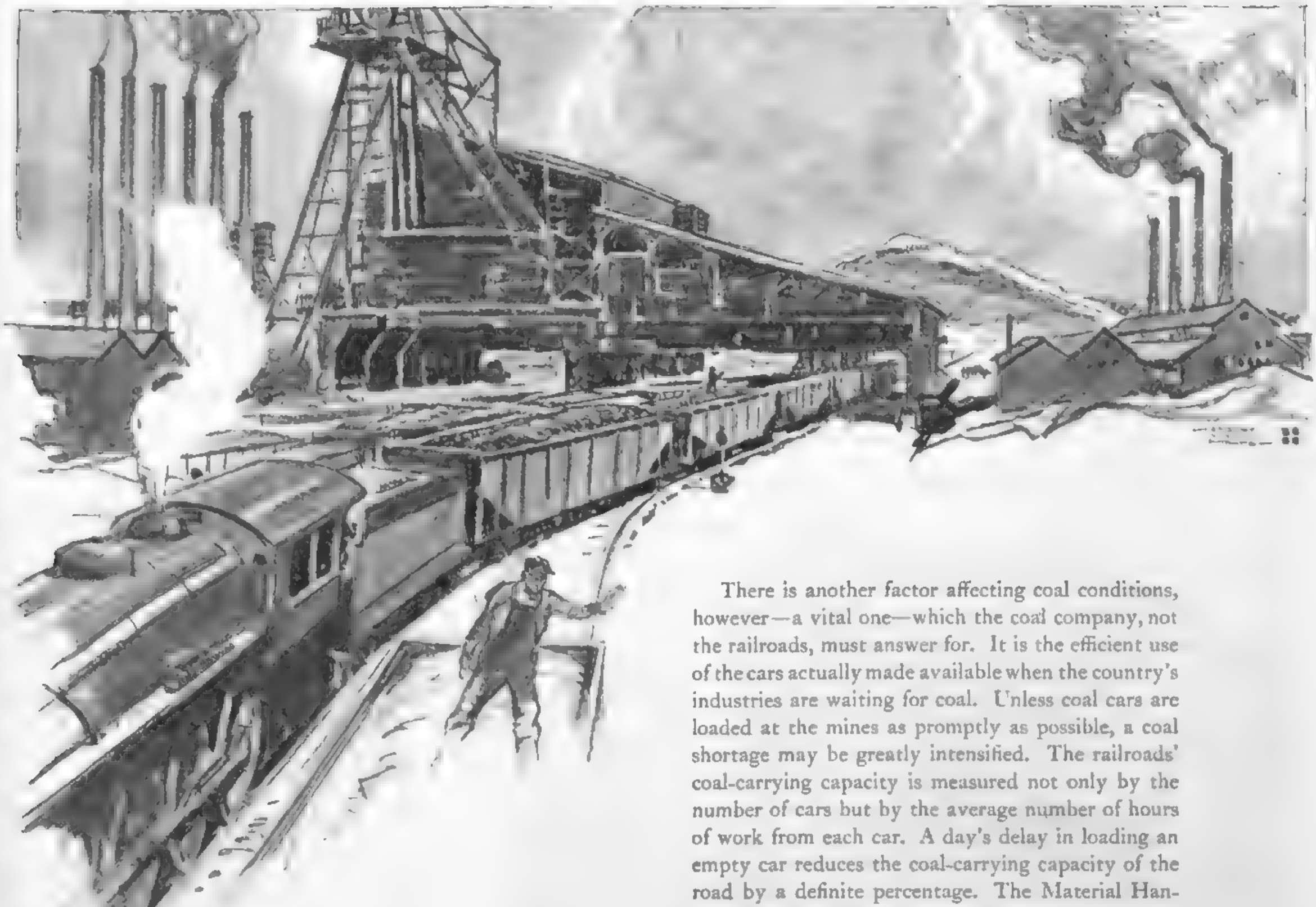
The tabulated production for the past few years for the most important fields stands as follows:

OUTPUT OF PRINCIPAL OIL FIELDS OF THE UNITED STATES
(In barrels of forty-two gallons)

	APPALACHIAN	MID-CONTINENT	GULF	CALIFORNIA
1914	24,000,000	76,000,000	13,000,000	90,000,000
1915	22,000,000	101,000,000	20,000,000	86,000,000
1916	23,000,000	116,000,000	21,000,000	90,000,000
1917	24,000,000	144,000,000	24,000,000	93,000,000
1918	25,000,000	149,000,000	24,000,000	97,000,000
1919	29,000,000	115,000,000	20,000,000	101,000,000

The most recent publication bearing upon the petroleum reserves of the United States is a paper by David White, of the United States Geological Survey, entitled

(Continued on Page 173)



Sharing a Burden with the Railroads

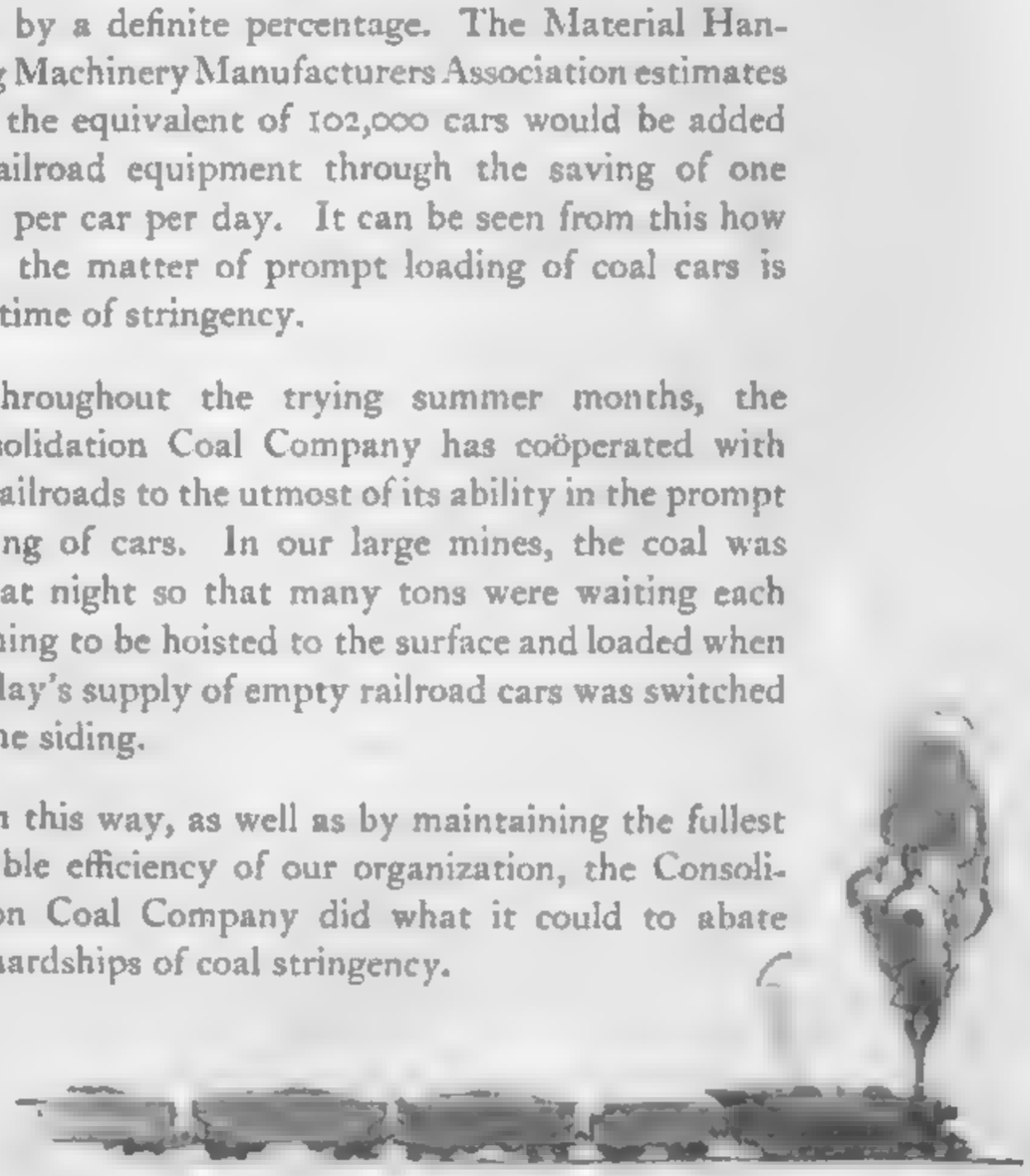
IN the shortage of industrial coal due to car stringency, the Consolidation Coal Company has exerted itself to obtain the utmost in efficiency from the cars available.

Neither the Consolidation Coal Company nor any other coal company can produce coal faster than cars are supplied it. A narrow mine shaft brings the coal to the mine mouth almost as fast as it is dug, and the mine must shut down very quickly if empty cars are not there daily to receive it. In that respect, the railroads are masters of the coal situation.

There is another factor affecting coal conditions, however—a vital one—which the coal company, not the railroads, must answer for. It is the efficient use of the cars actually made available when the country's industries are waiting for coal. Unless coal cars are loaded at the mines as promptly as possible, a coal shortage may be greatly intensified. The railroads' coal-carrying capacity is measured not only by the number of cars but by the average number of hours of work from each car. A day's delay in loading an empty car reduces the coal-carrying capacity of the road by a definite percentage. The Material Handling Machinery Manufacturers Association estimates that the equivalent of 102,000 cars would be added to railroad equipment through the saving of one hour per car per day. It can be seen from this how vital the matter of prompt loading of coal cars is in a time of stringency.

Throughout the trying summer months, the Consolidation Coal Company has coöperated with the railroads to the utmost of its ability in the prompt loading of cars. In our large mines, the coal was dug at night so that many tons were waiting each morning to be hoisted to the surface and loaded when the day's supply of empty railroad cars was switched on the siding.

In this way, as well as by maintaining the fullest possible efficiency of our organization, the Consolidation Coal Company did what it could to abate the hardships of coal stringency.



THE CONSOLIDATION COAL COMPANY

INCORPORATED

Bankers Trust Building *New York City*

Big Retail Grocers Post Over 4500 Items Daily on Elliott-Fisher Machines

The Mitchell-Fletcher Company of Philadelphia, which recently consolidated with the famous Finley Acker stores, use the Elliott-Fisher system and have eliminated all trial balance troubles and have reduced their bookkeeping costs by 50%

IN March, 1917, the officers of the Mitchell-Fletcher Company realized that they had one of the most burdensome and exacting accounting problems that could bother a retail establishment.

They set out to simplify and bring their accounting methods up to date.

The Mitchell-Fletcher Company, as everyone in Philadelphia knows, operate a chain of retail grocery stores dealing with a first-class trade. Recently they consolidated with the well-known Finley Acker stores.

Two views of bookkeeping department in the 18th Street Store of the Mitchell-Fletcher Co., where all work is proved as written.

They have over 6500 charge accounts, the majority of which are active purchasing names.

At this time the Company were handling their bookkeeping by pen methods. They had a large force of bookkeepers and billers, and two auditors to help out at every month end; but they had difficulty in getting their trial balances, statements were often delayed in going out, and it was the exception rather than the rule for the accounting department to close on time.

This state of affairs may well be imagined when you consider that practically every purchase made in every one of the Mitchell-Fletcher Company's stores is composed of a number of items—some purchases running up as high as forty or fifty items.

It was in April, 1917, that the Mitchell-Fletcher Company first installed Elliott-Fisher bookkeeping machines.

Today they have eight machines in operation covering the retail bookkeeping work of all their stores and one machine on the wholesale work.

The operators post an average of from 400 to 600 orders a day, or an approximate total of over 4500 items. Every one of these items and every total is proved as it is written, so that all doubt is removed as to the correctness of not only every statement but of each individual entry.

The ledger account, the customer's statement, and the proof sheet are written at one operation—and written correctly. In addition to the charge accounts handled on the machines, 100 to 150 cash entries are posted and proved daily.

There is a great contrast between the conditions at the end of the month in the bookkeeping department of the Mitchell-Fletcher Company today and what they were previous to the installation of the Elliott-Fisher system. Today the statements are ready to be mailed by the first or second of every month.

Every statement that a customer receives from this big retail grocery concern is a neatly typed, legible communication that does credit to the concern sending it out.

In addition to the correct handling of the accounting situation, the Elliott-Fisher system also produces audit details and totals which facilitate checking up on profits and sales.

Hundreds of small retail stores require but one machine to handle their accounting.

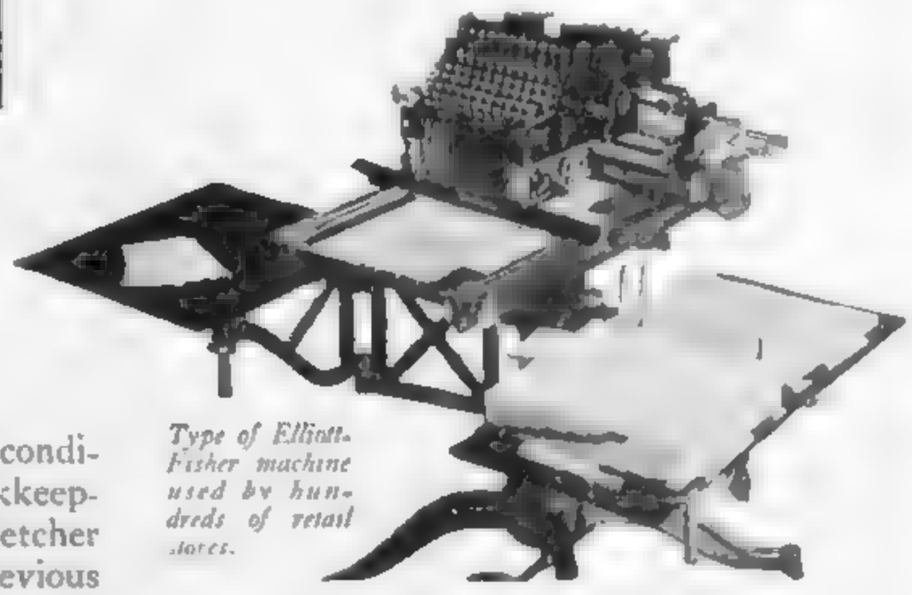
What the Elliott-Fisher system has accomplished for this concern, it is also doing for a wide range of manufacturers, wholesalers, retailers and public service corporations.

The flat writing surface of Elliott-Fisher machines assures easy handling of every size and character of card and loose-leaf systems; carbons are always clear and in perfect register.

There is an Elliott-Fisher system that will not only simplify your bookkeeping problems, but will also prove the work as it is done. This is a unique feature of this mechanical bookkeeping system—it proves everything as the work is done.

We will gladly send you a booklet on the application of Elliott-Fisher to your business.

Our nearest representative will be very glad to call on you—without obligations.



Type of Elliott-Fisher machine used by hundreds of retail stores.

ELLIOTT-FISHER COMPANY

Harrisburg, Pa.

Branches in 100 Principal Cities

Elliott-Fisher

Flat-Bed System of Accounting—Bookkeeping—Billing—Recording

(Continued from Page 170)

The Petroleum Resources of the World. He states: "On the basis of 6,740,000,000 barrels available in January, 1919, there should now remain—February, 1920—in round numbers 6,325,000,000. . . . Oil is now being taken out of the ground at a rate very closely approximating 400,000,000 barrels per annum. This is five times the rate in 1901 and twice that of 1909. . . . All the oil that has been mined in the United States in sixty years would be taken out in thirteen at the present rate of production."

Assuming for the sake of this presentation that the figures presented by Mr. White are correct, our oil reserves will last from seventeen to twenty-three years provided the rate of consumption does not increase. The question of the accuracy of these figures is quite immaterial. Double or quadruple the estimate, and the situation is still unsatisfactory. Oil enough for forty or eighty years at our present rate of consumption is but a meager pittance when measured by our life as a nation, and calls for the wisest exercise of statesmanship in meeting the issue.

But this forecast, pessimistic as it is, does not present the true picture, for the reason that the figures are based on the false assumption that the output will remain stationary at, say, 400,000,000 barrels per annum, while a careful analysis of production figures—made by the Oil Division of the United States Fuel Administration—shows that the annual increase in production is 8.54 per cent of each preceding year. Over the life of the industry the figures of production and consumption may be taken as identical, so that our annual consumption may be said to have increased at the rate of 8.54 per cent of the previous year; in other words, we face compound interest. Apply this figure to the future and we have a total requirement in 1930 of well over 900,000,000 barrels per annum, a quantity which the oil territory of the United States is probably incapable of supplying.

Automotive Needs

An interesting check on this figure is an estimate by a prominent member of the automobile industry who states that within fifteen years there will be required 250,000,000 barrels of gasoline annually to meet the demands of the automotive industry alone, to say nothing of the requirements of other industries.

Assuming a fifty per cent conversion of crude oil into gasoline, we shall require 500,000,000 barrels of oil; and if we assume the present ratio of something over twenty per cent we shall require more than 1,200,000,000 barrels to supply gasoline for this one industry alone. Of course the technology of refining must improve, and present practice will in all probability be largely revolutionized, with consequent recovery of more gasoline, the product most acutely in demand.

It is well to consider in barrels of crude production the increase over the decades since 1870; it will serve to show the rapid and continuous growth of consumption and give a glimpse of what the future is likely to demand. It has already been shown that over the life of the industry the annual increase has averaged 8.54 per cent and it is in order to state that this figure has been remarkably constant. Reduced to actual figures, the increase in production shows as follows:

	BBLS. OF 42 GALLONS
1870	5,200,000
1880	26,300,000
1890	45,800,000
1900	63,600,000
1909	209,000,000
1919	378,700,000

In the production of this oil it has been necessary year by year to develop new fields, and in doing this the center of production has moved farther and farther West, and drilling has been deeper and deeper, with constantly mounting costs for both drilling and production, until to-day the wells of Texas are on the average more than 3000 feet deep and are costing round $50,000 or more to complete, as compared with wells of 1000 feet or less a few years ago which cost perhaps $3000 to $5000.

The enormous increase in production has brought with it two problems: One, the drilling of new wells to offset the decline of wells already drilled; the other, drilling new wells to meet increase in consumption over the previous year. In order to understand the vital importance of the first contingency it will be necessary to consider the rate of decline in production of oil wells. This varies with the different localities, being least in California and greatest in the new Ranger district in Texas. An average of several hundred wells in California showed that thirty per cent of the production was exhausted in the first year, fifty per cent by the end of the second year, seventy-five per cent by the fifth year, and ninety per cent by the tenth year, with the remaining ten per cent over perhaps twenty to thirty years or longer. The Ranger field shows for some 240 wells a total life of only eight months to the well. These are the two extremes, with the vast majority of the production of the United States in between.

These facts illustrate graphically the necessity for drilling new wells to offset this decline. It has been estimated that it is necessary to produce at present not less than 30,000,000 barrels of new oil annually for this purpose, and some authorities very greatly increase this amount. If we add to this another 30,000,000 to meet the normal present rate of increase in consumption, we have a grand total of 60,000,000 barrels of new production annually necessary to care for these two items, a quantity almost equal to our total production in 1900. In that year the new production necessary to be found did not probably exceed 12,000,000 barrels, or one-fifth of the quantity of new annual production now required.

Oil From Mexico

It is important to note also that the decline curve of our oil wells means that after we have attained our maximum production, whatever it may be, we shall for many years gradually decrease our production; rapidly at first, then slower and slower as the years go by. Wells drilled forty and fifty years ago in Pennsylvania are still producing oil, but in insignificant quantity—a quarter of a barrel or less per day. The United States in perhaps a hundred years hence will be producing some oil from oil wells, but in quantities so small as to be negligible.

The problem of the future may in some measure be visualized by consideration of the foregoing figures, taken in connection with the tremendous increase in demand for fuel oil; an increase in demand entirely unprecedented by anything in the past. The program of the shipping board, including ships retained and sold, contemplates an annual consumption of not less than 60,000,000 barrels within two years, of which 40,000,000 are now being consumed. This increased demand for fuel oil is new, is entirely separate and apart from the demand for gasoline, and can be met only by importation of large quantities of oil from Mexico.

In view of the geographic position of the Mexican oil fields, their proximity to tidewater, pipe lines and other transportation facilities already available for the movement of large quantities of Mexican oil, and in view of the character of Mexican oil as compared with that of the United States, there is little possibility of successfully meeting the demand for fuel oil except by drawing very largely upon Mexico. That the Mexican petroleum production has met an economic want can best be demonstrated by quoting figures of production in Mexico, beginning in 1901:

	BBLS. OF 42 GALLONS
1901	10,345
1905	251,250
1910	3,634,000
1915	32,910,000
1918	63,824,000
1919	92,462,000

The total imports into the United States of crude oil and petroleum products, practically all from Mexico, for the last few months have been as follows:

1919	BBLS. OF 42 GALLONS
October	5,860,000
November	4,030,000
December	4,560,000
1920	
January	6,280,000
February	4,360,000
March	6,500,000
April	5,402,000

The demand for Mexican oil is limited only by the transportation facilities available. Ships have been the controlling

ORDER by MAIL
"The South's Most Famous Confection"
ORIGINAL
CREOLE PRALINES
(GRUNEWALD)
If you have ever visited New Orleans then, of course, you have tasted this famous candy which the Hotel Grunewald Caterers have made and sold for years.
The demand has become so great that we are now supplying Original Creole Pralines (Grunewald) direct by mail, parcel post insured, in specially constructed mailing cartons, carefully packed.
Absolutely pure, made only of pure Louisiana Cane Sugar and Louisiana (whole half) pecan meats.
Scrupulous care is maintained throughout in producing these delicious candies. Cleanliness and purity are Grunewald watchwords. That's why Original Creole Pralines (Grunewald) are regarded everywhere as the highest quality Creole Pralines made. Do not accept substitutes!
A delightful confection, dessert, or after dinner dainty.
Mail orders filled anywhere. P. O., or Express money orders, or personal checks received
BOX OF 7 (Sample) $1.00
BOX OF 12 . . . $1.50 BOX OF 24 $3.00
THE HOTEL GRUNEWALD CATERERS
(DEPARTMENT P)
NEW ORLEANS LOUISIANA

There's Music in the Air—
'Feist' SONG HITS!
Wherever, Whenever Music is Played, Ask to Hear these NEW FEIST SONGS
"Hits!"
HERE are the songs they're singing and dancing and loving everywhere—from the merry-making throng on the Gay White Way to the little group of fun lovers in Home Sweet Home. You—with your piano, phonograph or player-piano—can enjoy the charm and delightfulness woven into every line of these wonderful new "Feist" Song Hits—bring them into your home!
"Feist" Songs on Sale at all Good Music Stores—and at Kresge, Kress, McCrory, Grant, Kraft and Metropolitan Stores
Get these New "Feist" Song Hits
"A Young Man's Fancy" (The Music Box Novelty)
"Polly" "Honolulu Eyes"
"Mystery" "Alice Blue Gown"
"Peggy" "Rose of My Heart"
"Vamp" "Linger Longer Letty"
"Irene" "Castle of Dreams" "Oh"
Feist Songs on Sale wherever music is sold at 30c a copy, postpaid. Band or Orchestra, 25c each.
Published by LEO FEIST, Inc.
Feist Bldg., New York
Canada 193 Yonge St. Toronto
"I'm In Heaven
When I'm In My Mother's Arms"
By Howard Johnson, Cliff Hess and Milton Ager
The most beautiful ballad you've ever heard—a rare, unforgetable melody that is unlocking the door to America's heart. You hear it everywhere—theatres, dance floors and homes. Get it for your piano, phonograph, or player-piano.
Get a Record for your Phonograph
Get a Roll for your Player-Piano
I'M IN HEAVEN
See "Feist" full page ad in this month's Ladies' Home Journal.

ARROW
COLLARS

THE quality that won for Arrows the premier place is exactly the same quality that you get today when you buy an Arrow

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC. TROY, N Y

Gordon Vests

IN GLOVE LEATHER, combined with appropriate fabrics.

EVERY male man can do things better in a Gordon glove-leather vest—warm yet wieldy, whether at work or play. *A style for every activity, at reliable dealers'.*

SAINT PAUL GORDON & FERGUSON MINNESOTA

factor, but, even so, conditions in Mexico have been such as to discourage the large investments necessary in pipe lines, storage and loading facilities. It has been estimated that the demand is such that an amount equal to 100 per cent increase in production could be marketed this year provided transportation facilities were available and the drilling program had not been interfered with by the Mexican Government.

The gravity of this Mexican oil is lower than the oil of the United States and it does not contain so great a quantity of gasoline and other light products. It is topped for gasoline, which is sold largely in the United States, and the residuum is sold for fuel oil principally. It is this latter product that is of such vital interest to the United States at the present time.

The position of Mexico is unique in that the production to the well far exceeds anything known in this country.

Wells of 5000, 10,000 and even 20,000 barrels a day have been drilled and are still producing, and wells with a production greatly in excess of this have been brought in occasionally. Compared with this, the average production of about four barrels a well a day in the United States seems insignificant.

The encroachment of water in some of these Mexican wells has seriously affected production and has put the American oil industry on notice that it must seek oil in other localities as well as in Mexico if it is adequately to serve the future needs of American consumers. Mexico will yet produce enormous quantities of oil, but again assuming this production to continue forty or fifty years or even longer the period is insignificant as compared with the life of this nation.

The Domestic Situation

Unfortunately, owing to political conditions in Mexico, it has not been possible during the past several years to calculate with any degree of certainty the output of oil from that source. Demands upon the part of the Carranza government that American oil companies surrender their old titles and take new ones under Article Twenty-seven of their constitution caused endless confusion and delay. Quite rightly the American companies refused to surrender their titles, and as a consequence drilling permits were refused to practically all the important petroleum companies. This difficulty was finally overcome by the Mexican Government's issuing temporary permits that made it possible for the companies to drill without surrender of the original titles held by them.

Practically all the increase in the consumption of fuel oil must in the immediate future be supplied from Mexican crude, and it is therefore of paramount importance that an understanding be had with Mexico at as early a moment as possible, assuring the continuity of this supply.

In the discussion of the importance of Mexico as a source of supply it is necessary to consider several factors relating to our own domestic situation.

By far the greater part of our domestic oil must be refined before being sold as fuel oil, and the fact must not be overlooked that our domestic oil is, in most efficient practice, run to coke or cylinder stock, extracting all the by-products, and from this process there remains no fuel-oil residuum.

It is merely a matter of time until much oil that under present practice would be sold for fuel oil will be converted into gasoline or lubricants. We are to-day burning as fuel oil products containing as much as twenty-five per cent of lubricating stocks for the want of which we shall, of course, suffer some day.

At the present time stocks of oil above ground in the United States are decreasing and it is with difficulty that normal requirements are being met. Any attempt to add to the present heavy demands upon the petroleum industry by calling on it to supply from our domestic resources an additional quantity equivalent to any large portion of the oil now coming from Mexico would simply result in inability on the part of the industry to perform the service demanded.

Rising Oil Prices

There is ample oil in Mexico and in Central and South America. American companies have large holdings there and will produce tremendous quantities of oil provided the Government of the United States harmoniously coöperates and sees to it that American companies are accorded proper governmental protection in their foreign activities.

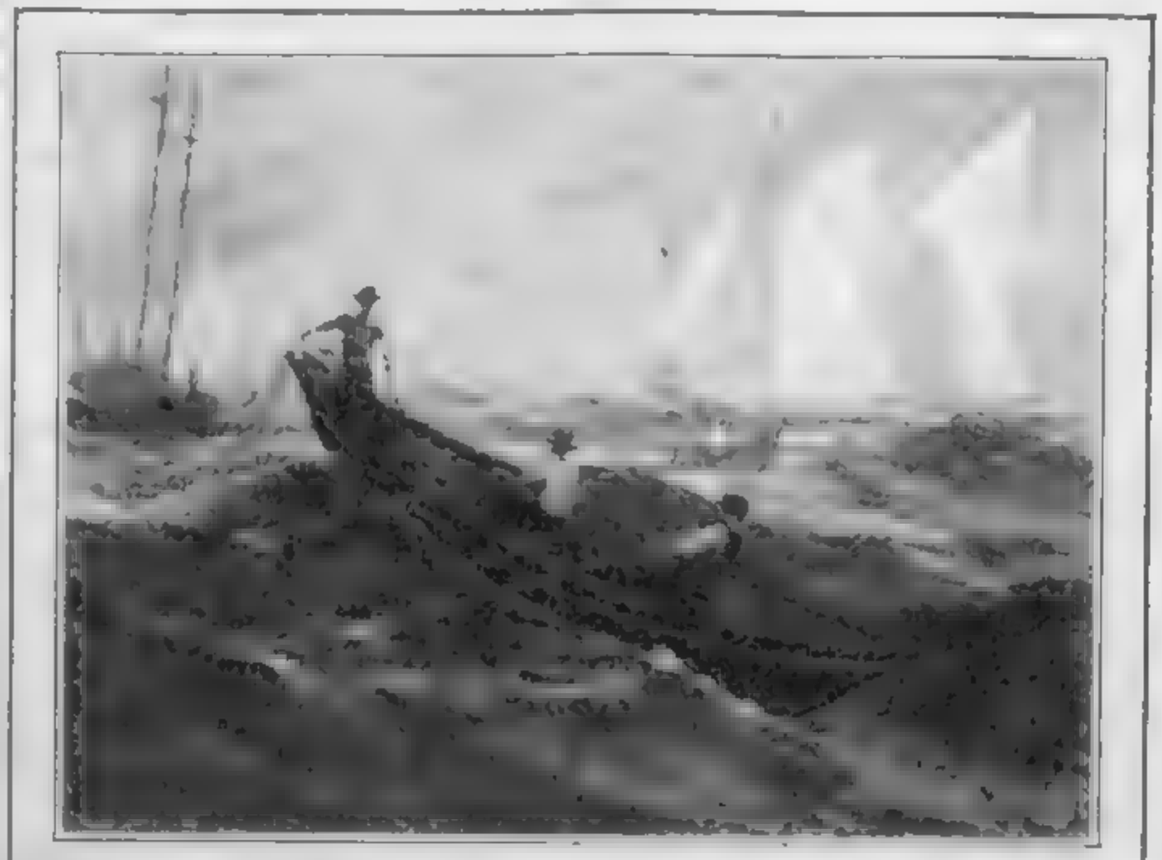
The price of an article is always an indication of the adequacy of supply, and it is significant to note that the wartime base price of crude in the mid-Continent fields, of $2.25 a barrel, has been advanced from time to time until it now stands at $3.50; while the price of Pennsylvania crude has risen from $4 to $6.10.

In view of the abnormal decline of the new Texas fields it is questionable whether the producing industry in that territory, upon which we have been relying for a large part of our future reserves, is making as a whole a profit commensurate with the risk, even with oil at the above figure; and if this is true additional price advances are inevitable.

It must not be forgotten, however, that this picture may change overnight. Another Cushing or Midway-Sunset field, intensively drilled, might quite conceivably create a temporary oversupply. Even so, we must still plan for the future—not from the standpoint of any oil company but from the national standpoint where twenty or thirty years are of small moment.

The great strain upon our petroleum resources has come about since the development of the internal-combustion engine. Consider, for example, the increase in our output of gasoline, a petroleum product that but a few years ago was a drug on the market and was upon occasion burned by refiners in order to rid themselves of a by-product entirely unmarketable. To-day

(Continued on Page 177)



"The Pride of Possession"

A REALLY fine housekeeper loves to share her secrets. With justifiable pride she shows her friends how she is able to entertain on a Tuesday—her ironing day. With her wonderful Simplex, the week's ironing is done in a short hour without labor, with ease, and at a cost of a few cents.

You, too, would appreciate the joy of a Simplex and be just as proud. It is operated simply by a touch of the fingers, and *you sit down* to iron—an exclusive Simplex feature. A sound investment, saving time, strength and money. Dependable household appliance dealers in every city are pleased to demonstrate the Simplex.

American Ironing Machine Company, 515–168 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Factories at Algonquin, Illinois
Eastern Sales Office: 70 W. 45th St., New York City Pacific Coast Sales Office: 431 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.
We also make Ironing Machines and Laundry Equipment for laundries, hotels, institutions and factories

We will gladly send further information upon request

SIMPLEX IRONER
"THE BEST IRONER"

"It Is a Mark of Intelligent Housekeeping to Possess a Simplex Ironer"

"The Motor's the Thing"

Herschell-Spillman Motors

NO "Time Out."——When a motor enters the world of commerce, it should respect the working day.

A balky motor wastes the time of your men, slows up your delivery service, and costs you money in repair bills.

The motors on your pay-roll should go to work regularly and quit only when the whistle blows.

Such a motor is the Herschell-Spillman.

Builders of high grade motors since nineteen hundred

Four
3 ½" x 5"

Six
3¼" x 5"

"The Pick of the Field"

The HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN MOTOR CO.
North Tonawanda, N.Y.

(Continued from Page 174)

the acute demand in petroleum products is for that same gasoline which a few years ago was treated as a nuisance. More than forty-five per cent of the entire value of manufactured petroleum products is represented by the gasoline fraction. The increase in this demand is shown by the following table of United States gasoline output:

UNITED STATES PRODUCTION OF GASOLINE
(In barrels of forty-two gallons)

1910. . . .	15,000,000	1915. . . .	42,000,000
1911. . . .	20,000,000	1916. . . .	48,000,000
1912. . . .	24,000,000	1917. . . .	62,000,000
1913. . . .	30,000,000	1918. . . .	82,000,000
1914. . . .	36,000,000	1919. . . .	94,000,000

In other words, in nine years we have increased our output of gasoline more than sixfold, and have about doubled it in the last three years. There was no diminution of output with cessation of hostilities; on the contrary the demand for 1919 was greater by 12,000,000 barrels than 1918. And there is no reason to doubt that this demand will not only be maintained but increased if the prognosticated demand for internal-combustion engines does not prove disappointing.

We have long since passed the point where the crude oil of the United States will yield by ordinary old-line distillation methods sufficient gasoline to meet the demands and needs of the times. In order to make up this deficiency three sources of obtaining this supply have been made available:

Casinghead gasoline, compressed from the oil-well gases, formerly a waste product but amounting to about 12,000,000 barrels in 1919; pressure distillation of certain grades of oils, making so-called cracked gasoline, amounting to about 14,000,000 barrels in 1919; and importation of gasoline, chiefly from Mexico, amounting to about 277,000 barrels in 1919. Of our 1919 total of 94,000,000 barrels of gasoline, therefore, 28,000,000 barrels—or twenty-nine per cent plus—came from sources formerly entirely neglected; a clear saving of products heretofore allowed to go to waste for the reason that there was no market for them and therefore no incentive to invent methods for extracting and utilizing them.

Oil From Shale

The oil industry is primarily concerned with the manufacture of a few staples and numerous by-products. The staples are gasoline, kerosene, gas oil and fuel oil, lubricating oil, wax and asphaltum. The following table shows the quantity of each product in 1918 and 1919, with the value of the output for 1918:

PRODUCTION AND VALUE OF PETROLEUM PRODUCTS IN THE UNITED STATES

PRODUCT	1918		1919
	PRODUCTION (BBLS.)	VALUE	PRODUCTION (BBLS.)
Gasoline	85,000,000	$684,000,000	95,000,000
Kerosene	44,000,000	136,000,000	56,000,000
Gas and fuel oil . .	175,000,000	385,000,000	182,000,000
Lubricating oil . .	20,000,000	152,000,000	21,000,000
Wax	1,500,000	44,000,000	1,900,000
Asphaltum	3,400,000	14,000,000	5,000,000

Considering the past and the estimated future increase in demands for gasoline and the fact that kerosene is even now fast being utilized as a substitute for gasoline, especially in tractors, and keeping in mind the demand for lubricants, it follows that we must in the interests of national welfare keep our domestic stocks of petroleum for use in the form of these products, so far as possible, rather than for sale in the form of fuel oil.

With the exception of some Gulf Coast oils and some California oils, the oils produced in the United States are of high gravity and particularly rich in the gasoline and kerosene fractions; they must be refined before being suitable for fuel-oil purposes. After the removal of the gasoline and kerosene they offer splendid inducement for further treatment for the manufacture of lubricants, cracked gasoline and wax.

With growing realization of the increasing demand for crude petroleum in the United States greater interest is being displayed in the deposits of oil shale in this country. In the past few years it has been definitely determined by geological investigations that thousands of square miles of the country are underlain by beds of bituminous shale capable of yielding oil when subjected to heat. The richest deposits of this character are found in the States of Colorado, Utah and Wyoming, where beds twenty-five to fifty feet in thickness have enormous areal extension. Much of this material is capable of yielding upon distillation between one-half and one barrel of oil, 3000 cubic feet of gas, ten to seventeen pounds of ammonium sulphate to each ton of shale.

The oil-shale beds occur for the most part close to the surface and part of them may be reached by open-cut methods of mining. In the past year or so considerable activity has been directed toward the oil-shale areas of Colorado in particular, and there are now no less than forty legitimate companies and many additional stock-promoting concerns actively engaged in preliminary work looking to the exploitation of these deposits for oil.

The Future of Shale Oil

Shale as a source for oil is by no means new. Before the oil fields of the United States were developed there was a small industry in Pennsylvania and West Virginia engaged in the manufacture of oil from shale, and this activity explains the origin of the term coal oil, which was applied to kerosene after the discovery of the oil fields of Pennsylvania put an end to the early oil-shale industry and supplanted that product with the extraction of illuminating oil from petroleum. In Scotland the production of oil from shale has been carried on for the past seventy years with more or less profit, but since the recent development of oil fields in Egypt, Persia and India the refineries of the Scotch oil-shale regions are said to be running imported petroleum because the labor costs of mining shale have become prohibitive.

American oil shales are now very much before the public as one of the possible sources from which to meet the increasing demands for petroleum products. Though the production of oil from shale will probably become important in this country in years to come, the development of a vast industry competent to make any significant impression on the tremendous demands for oil must of necessity be of slow growth. Methods of extracting oil from shale on a profitable commercial scale are yet to be thoroughly established.

It must be remembered also that the production of oil from shale involves not only the development of a refining industry and the upgrowth of suitable transportation equipment, but it necessitates the establishment of a mining industry of enormous proportions. To replace the petroleum now obtained from the oil fields of the country with oil manufactured from shale would require a mining activity comparable in size to the coal-mining industry. In view of the fact that hundreds of thousands of men would be needed as labor alone, it would seem that in a country faced by a dearth of unskilled labor such a development must be a matter of years. On the whole, it may be said that the solution of the petroleum problem lies in other directions.

From an economic standpoint there are no substitutes in sight available in sufficient quantity to replace gasoline, so enormous is the demand for this product of petroleum. There are plenty of chemical compounds, of course, capable of yielding good service in the internal-combustion engine, but the limiting factor in all these is the inability to gain a supply sufficient in quantity and low enough in price to meet the requirements of automotive transportation. Considerable attention has been devoted of late to the possibilities of benzol and alcohol, and various mixtures of these substances with other products have come to the market as alternate motor fuels. The present production and prospective output of all such materials are extremely limited when the stupendous requirements of the automotive industry are taken into account. Both benzol and alcohol are interesting minor additions to our supply of motor fuel

Triple Knee and Double Sole
make this stocking durable

Iron Clad No. 17 is a stocking which has been made to resist the extra hard usage to which stockings are subjected during school days.

It is a fine-rib, good-looking black stocking for boys and girls. Made of the best grade of combed lisle yarn, with its *triple* knee and *double* sole, heel and toe, it is unusually durable.

It is not high priced—sizes 6 to 7½ are eighty-five cents per pair, sizes 8 to 10 are one dollar, and sizes 10½ and 11 are one dollar and a quarter (east of the Rockies).

If there is no Iron Clad dealer near by, order direct from us, enclosing remittance and stating size. Your order will be shipped promptly, postage paid.

Cooper, Wells & Co.
212 Vine Street **St. Joseph, Michigan**

Eight Cracked Cylinders Repaired with "X" Liquid

WHILE in a repair shop in Salt Lake City, Mr. W. C. Grant saw an eight cylinder car and, to quote his letter, "There wasn't a cylinder but what had a crack in it between six and eight inches long."

Mr. Grant offered to repair the engine without welding. He used "X" Liquid and writes that the car is still running with no sign of a leak.

Besides doing a job in an hour that would ordinarily take a week, he saved the owner a $400.00 repair bill.

That's the biggest repair job of its kind possible. But "X" Liquid made good as *efficiently* as it does with smaller leaks in the radiator, pump, connections, or anywhere else in the cooling system.

Eliminates Rust and Scale

And "X" goes beyond making a *permanent scientific* repair of this kind. It *improves* cooling and engine performance by eliminating Rust and Scale. When poured into the water "X" loosens the Rust and Scale now present and as long as it is kept in the system no *new* Rust or Scale can form.

Not a Radiator Cement!

"X" is not a flaxseed meal but a *scientific liquid* process that repairs and improves all water cooling systems. Be safe, see that the big "X" is on every can.

Large Size $1.50

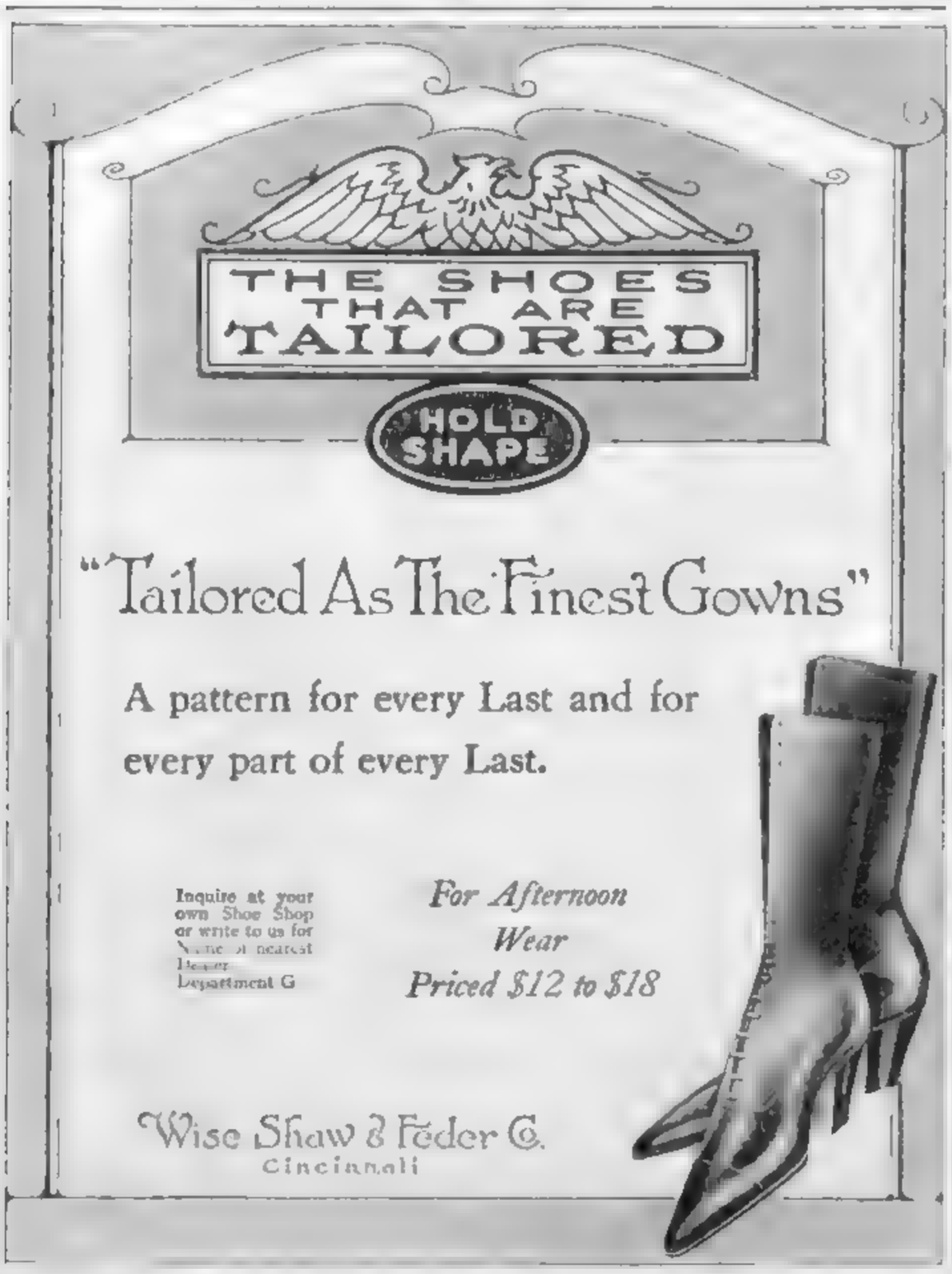
Will do a $25 repair job!

Ford Size 75c

Get the genuine at your dealer's or direct on receipt of price.

"X" LABORATORIES, 25 West 45th St., New York City

"X" Liquid makes all water cooling systems LEAKPROOF · RUSTPROOF · SCALEPROOF


THE SHOES THAT ARE TAILORED
HOLD SHAPE
"Tailored As The Finest Gowns"
A pattern for every Last and for every part of every Last.
Inquire at your own Shoe Shop or write to us for Name of nearest Dealer
Department G
For Afternoon Wear
Priced $12 to $18
Wise Shaw & Feder Co.
Cincinnati

but they cannot be counted upon in sufficient quantities to be highly significant.

The production of benzol is limited by the quantity of coke manufactured in the by-product coke oven, which in turn is bounded by the requirements of the iron and steel industry, the chief user of coke. At the present time the output of benzol in the United States is only about 1,200,000 barrels per annum, with the chance that this quantity may be doubled in the course of the next few years.

Power alcohol has interesting possib lities, but this substitute also is limited in present output and its production can be increased but slowly. It has an especial appeal, however, because of the fact that it can be manufactured from vegetable products which reproduce themselves from year to year, and in consequence makes no drain upon a resource fixed in quantity. The present output of alcohol in the United States, however, is only about 1,200,000 barrels a year, and a widespread development of new industrial activity must intervene before this quantity can be very significantly increased. Though many statements have come into prominence to the effect that the output of alcohol ultimately attainable in a country such as the United States has no practical limits, the fact must be faced that there is no definite assurance that a highly important production of alcohol could be attained without making serious inroads upon products otherwise useful as human food and cattle feed. Undoubtedly a slow advance can be made toward enlarging the output of alcohol from the waste products of our farms, cities and industries, and all efforts in this direction should meet with full encouragement; but again the rapid increase in demand far outstrips the probable rate of increase from this source, leaving gasoline still as the only adequate answer.

On the whole, it would appear that both benzol and alcohol, though interesting as small contributors to our fuel supply, have serious economic limitations that render them unavailable for outstanding assistance. The chances are that all the available benzol and alcohol not requisitioned by other requirements will continue to be gathered and worked into the country's general supply of motor fuel, augmenting this to the extent of two or three per cent, but not materially changing the character of the situation.

The Board of Trade Bill

All this leads up to the question of what constructive measures Congress should pass to meet the condition as it exists. It is entirely obvious that Congress itself cannot legislate with sufficient promptitude to meet the constantly changing requirements of the oil industry. The history of the Leasing Bill sufficiently and graphically illustrates this point; it is almost ten years since this measure was introduced in Congress, and it is only within the last few months that it was passed and signed.

If we are to deal adequately with the problem of raw materials, including petroleum—the most vital of all—new methods must be found, and these methods must be based upon coöperation, not antagonism, between Government and industry. The Oil Division of the United States Fuel Administration prepared a bill to meet the condition, but this measure was never introduced because of the obvious absorption of Congress in other matters; it is entitled An Act to Create a United States Board of Trade, to Define Its Powers and Duties, and for Other Purposes. Paragraphs three and four are the significant features of this suggested legislation:

"*Section 3.* Upon application of any person engaged in trade, the Board shall issue a license in such form and under such regulations as the Board may prescribe. As a condition of the issuance of such license the person applying therefor shall agree to comply with all regulations, orders, and directions of the Board with respect to the conduct of business by the licensee. The Board shall exercise general supervision over the business of all licensees, and shall issue such regulations, orders, and directions as may be necessary and proper to promote the national welfare. Upon the failure or refusal of any licensee to comply with all regulations, orders, or directions of the Board, the Board may suspend or revoke the license of such licensee. Any licensee may at any time surrender his license.

"*Section 4.* No action or agreement of any licensee shall be held to be in violation of any of the provisions of the business laws of the United States when such action or agreement has been taken or made in pursuance of any regulation, order, or direction of the Board. After the surrender or revocation of any license, the acts or agreements of such licensee which shall be taken or made thereafter, or which shall continue in force thereafter, shall be subject to all the provisions of said business laws to the same extent as if no license had ever been issued."

We must face facts frankly. Complex modern civilization constantly encounters and creates new and serious problems. National contentment is synonymous with a healthy and harmonious industrial life, and the prompt execution of such constructive acts as will promote this is of the highest national importance. The so-called antitrust laws, including the Sherman Law and the Clayton Act, were proved during the war inadequate to control while at the same time permitting that coöperative effort necessary to the nation's progress. The old theory of unrestricted competition is recognized by most as having caused the evils that the Sherman Law attempted to correct.

The doctrine of the survival of the fittest has been proved unacceptable in industrial practice, and attempts are being made to substitute rational coöperative effort. This is impossible without government support. The proposed United States Board of Trade may be the machinery through which this support can be given. Under the supervision of that board all actions would be tested by the formula: "Is the proposal in the interests of national welfare?"

Government Aid Needed

A precedent for such a method is found in the Shipping Act—Act of September 7, 1916—which submits to the shipping board all agreements between common carriers by water, including those "controlling, regulating, preventing, or destroying competition; pooling or apportioning earnings, losses, or traffic; . . . or in any manner providing for an exclusive, preferential, or coöperative working arrangement," and authorizes that board to disapprove, cancel or modify any such agreement, and then provides that every such agreement shall be excepted from the provisions of the antitrust laws.

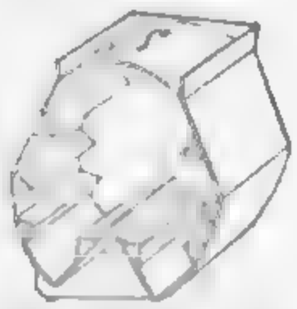
The so-called Board of Trade Bill abovementioned will, it is believed, afford adequate machinery for the carrying out of the proposal; it at least has the merit of in no way altering existing antitrust laws; it simply affords means whereby corporations may in coöperation with the Government be licensed to do certain things now prohibited, so long as their activities are satisfactory to the Government. So long as they desire to remain under the protection of a Federal license they are immune from antitrust laws; should they elect to surrender their license, or if the license is canceled, they again become amenable to all existing laws.

It is futile on the part of Congress to shut eyes to plain economic laws and conditions in the hope that responsibility for meeting the situation may be shifted elsewhere or be corrected by some miracle. Past events often foretell the future with unerring accuracy, and if we heed the happenings of the past we shall without a moment's delay plan those constructive acts without which satisfactory solution of this problem is impossible.

The rapid increase in demand for petroleum has created a problem that calls for the closest and most harmonious coöperation—Government can no more solve it than can the petroleum industry. Attempts at government ownership and operation would end in dismal failure and would precipitate a crisis that might well shake the industrial foundations of the nation. The problem is not one with which we can temporize or experiment. The nation needs and must have the products of petroleum. These products exist in ample quantity throughout the world.

The American petroleum industry asks no special privileges; it has the talent and ability to compete with the nationals of any country, but it does ask the aid of its Government in protecting and assisting it in its search for petroleum in foreign lands.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr Requa on the petroleum situation.



The APEX tub is a feature originated 12 years ago. Note absence of moving mechanical parts to cause wear or tear. It cleanses safely by vacuum suction.

APEX DOMESTIC IRONER

The APEX makes each step of washday lighter

The APEX Washer will save you the three R's of washday—no more Rubbing, Ringing or Rinsing by hand. After your clothes come spotlessly clean from the APEX oscillating tub, the swinging wringer does the rest. It wrings them into the rinse water, then into the bluing, then out ready for the line. This is the modern way of washing everything from gauziest fabrics to heaviest blankets—so quick, so easy and so saving of your strength and clothes.

The APEX Ironer saves the last step of washday work. It does dresses, petticoats, shirts, rompers, flatwork, and all except frilliest things. Hand or foot control; heats by gas, gasoline or electricity at very small cost. Ask an APEX dealer to demonstrate.

Your nearest APEX dealer's name sent on request—also interesting new booklet, "Washing, Ironing and Cleaning Helps," FREE. Write for it.

APEX APPLIANCE COMPANY, 3223–3263 West 30th Street, CHICAGO

For Canada, RENFREW REFRIGERATOR COMPANY, *Limited Head Office and Works, Kitchener, Ont.*

The first paper mill in New England was established about 1717 at Milton, Massachusetts

New England's Contribution to the Manufacture of Paper and Pulp

IN RETROSPECT, New England has played an important role in furthering the expansion of this industry. Her spruce forests in the north contribute an immense quota of sulphite pulp. Her mountain rivers provide cheap and abundant power. Her population centers furnish rich markets both for skilled labor and the necessary rag supply.

Today there are more than 170 large paper and pulp establishments in New England. Their marvelous machines produce annually an amount of paper exceeding $110,000,000 in value. In all, over 30,000 wage earners are employed, the variety, quality and quantity of their work establishing this industry in its pre-eminent position.

Yet New England's vast resources are not, in any sense, fully exploited. Manufacturers in other lines wishing to benefit by her many natural advantages will find in the Old Colony Trust Company a financial institution with international connections and every facility for complete banking and trust service. Correspondence is cordially solicited.

We shall be glad to send you our booklet, "*New England—Old and New*"—issued in commemoration of the First Pilgrim Landing. Address Department A.

Visit New England during the coming Tercentenary celebrations, and while here we shall be pleased to have you make this Company's office your banking headquarters.

Old Colony Trust Company
BOSTON

A TURN OF THE WRIST

(Continued from Page 36)

The stenographer gave it to him, together with her address, and the trial proceeded.

"You remember this man Bimberg here?" asked Hilary of the girl.

"I know him very well," responded the witness with an affectionate glance toward Bimberg.

"Since when?" demanded Gabriel with a scowl.

"Ever since the accident," smiled the witness. Gabriel got the affectionate smile this trip.

"You remember the accident?" went on Hilary.

"Very well," returned the girl.

"See him hurt?"

"I saw everything," nodded the witness.

"Where was Bimberg when it happened?" queried Hilary.

"Just where he said he was," responded the girl. "Up in front, on the left-hand side, right next the window, on a Ridge Road car."

"And where were you?"

"Right behind him," said the girl.

"Next to your window?"

"Yes."

"Was his window open or was it closed?"

"Open," said the girl.

"And yours?"

"Also open," said the girl.

Gabriel rose.

"While you're about it, young woman," he suggested with a note of malice in his tone, "just tell this jury all about the bars."

The girl looked at Hilary.

"I was just about to ask that question myself," lied Hilary.

"On those cars," the girl explained to the jury, "there are three brass bars running along outside the windows."

"So," suggested Hilary, "that you can't stick your head out of the window."

"Not very conveniently," returned the girl; "but there's room above the bars and room below the bars."

Gabriel, wholly out of order, interposed himself again.

"So that a man," said Gabriel, "could easily stick his arm out if he wanted to."

Hilary smiled a wide smile.

"Let's clean up on that while we're about it," he remarked. "Every passenger is warned, isn't he, against that very thing?"

"Yes," said the girl; "there's a wonderful safety-first sign stuck up in the car telling every passenger what not to do."

Gabriel sank back in his chair, well satisfied. He was very well satisfied. He had caught enough of Hilary's opening to remember now that Hilary had said to the jury that the man's arm had been struck while outside the window. Bimberg's testimony had been a cipher—for all that Bimberg had told he might have been the target for the spent bullet from a rifle or a cobblestone heaved into the car. And now the girl had clinched it. The bars were there; the warning sign was there. Gabriel didn't have to worry any more.

But Hilary wasn't through.

"When you boarded the car," went on Hilary, "was Bimberg already in his seat?"

"He was," returned the girl.

"Did you notice him?"

"I did, particularly," nodded the witness. "My companion directed my attention to the man."

"What was there about Bimberg that attracted you?" asked Hilary.

The girl hesitated.

"I don't know just how to put it diplomatically," she floundered. "There was nothing about him that attracted me."

"Slaughterhouse perfume," grunted Bimberg, rousing himself.

"You noticed him, then?"

"Much," nodded the girl.

"Did you observe his attitude?"

"I did," said the witness. "He seemed to be tired and sleepy. He rested his head on his hand. Like this."

"His elbow?"

"Just as I've got mine," nodded the girl. "His elbow resting on the window sill, his head resting on his hand."

"Is the window sill inside or outside the car?"

"Inside, of course. Next comes the casing that holds the window. Then some trimming. Then the outside of the car. And then, across the middle of the window, and farther out than anything—the bars."

"Ever seen people resting their elbows on window sills in cars before?"

"Many, many times."

"See anything unusual about this man's attitude in doing so?"

"Nothing."

Hilary stiffened perceptibly. He looked the girl in the eye as though to hypnotize her.

"Now—tell the jury just what happened," he demanded.

The girl, as though sensing the arrival of a critical moment, sat up very straight.

"Along about Virginia Street," she told the jury, "there was a sudden, violent, extraordinary jolt of the car."

Gabriel was on his feet. His arm was in air. A tired feeling was upon his face.

"Oh, dear, dear, dear!" he exclaimed sadly. "Words pilfered bodily out of the court-of-errors reports. Sudden. Violent. Extraordinary. Technical terms. Highly technical terms. Put into the mouth of this misguided witness by a lawyer. By some negligence lawyer—I decline to say by whom."

The court smiled at Gabriel, smiled at the young woman on the stand.

"Let me see just where we stand," nodded the court, fixing things up to suit himself. "Now you say this was a jolt?"

"It certainly was," returned the girl.

"Sudden?" mused the court.

"Unusually sudden," said the girl.

"Violent?"

"Absolutely."

"Extraordinary?"

"The most extraordinary jolt in creation," nodded the girl. "It was a terrific impact, judge."

The judge shrugged his shoulders.

"You see," he explained to Gabriel quite blandly, "the more she talks the stronger her language gets. You should call the attention of the court of errors to that phrase 'terrific impact,' gentlemen. That's a new one, remarkably expressive. I think, counselor," he said soothingly to Gabriel, "I'll have to let her answer stand."

Gabriel in secret removed the court's rosebud from his buttonhole and trod it underfoot.

"Proceed," said the judge complacently to Hilary.

"What next did you notice?" queried Hilary.

The girl shuddered involuntarily. "Something came in from outside my window," said the girl, "and hit me on the arm."

"Some object," cried Gabe.

"Yes," faltered the girl.

"Hit you violently?" queried Hilary.

"Yes."

"What was that object?" queried Hilary.

The girl shuddered again.

"It—it was Mr. Bimberg's hand," she whispered.

"Came into your window?" cried Hilary.

"Yes."

"From outside the car?"

"Yes."

"Explain that if you can," said Hilary.

The girl fixed her eyes upon the foreman of the jury.

"Just before the jolt," she said, "my companion was whispering to me about Mr. Bimberg. And I was looking straight at Bimberg—I had my eyes upon him all the time. When the jolt came the man's head was jolted off his hand. And then his hand and arm flew out of the window through the space underneath the bars. Then he yelled and immediately became all twisted up like some contortionist. Then his hand came in from outside my window and hit me—very hard. And then the other car went on."

"What other car?"

"The car that passed us, on the other track," nodded the girl.

"Oh," said Hilary; "then another car was passing at the time upon the other track?"

"Yes."

"What became of that car?"

"It went right on."

"What became of your car?"

"It stopped at Paul—next corner."

"How long did it wait?"

"Long enough," returned the girl, "to get the man off and to allow the conductor to get names."

"Did the conductor take your name?"

"I got off before he got my name," returned the girl.

"What did you do when you got off?"

"The first thing we did," nodded the girl, "was to take a walk round the car."

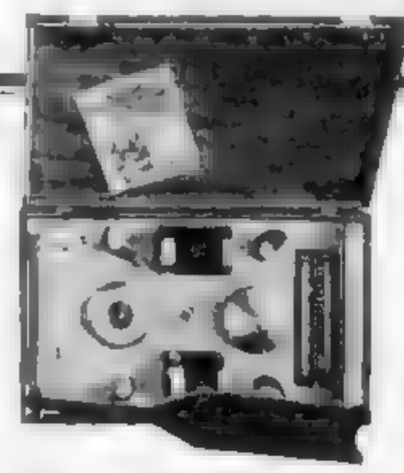
Regal Patrician "Cravenetted" Caps

Because they're tailored from "Cravenetted" fabrics, Regal *Patrician* Caps don't shrink or get out of shape when rained on. They wear much longer and their smartness lasts. In any style or fabric you favor at 20,000 good stores. $3 to $6.

425 Fifth Ave., New York THE REGAL-SPEAR CO. 647 S. Wells St., Chicago

Largest Cloth Headwear House in the World

GILBERT TOYS



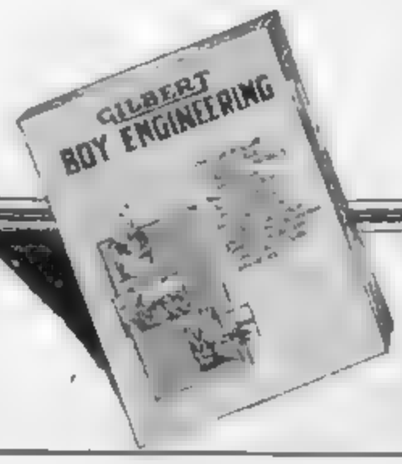
Weather Bureau for Boys

Interest your boy in scientific study. Help him build his future. Gilbert Weather Bureau outfits enable him to establish a real weather bureau station of his own and have no end of fun while he is teaching himself.

Other scientific outfits for boys include practical chemistry sets, sets for sound, light and magnetic experiments, surveying, hydraulic and pneumatic engineering, electrical sets, etc.

GILBERT BOY ENGINEERING—A wonderfully interesting and helpful boy's book—sent postpaid for 25c. Use the coupon below.

THE A. C. GILBERT COMPANY
119 Blatchley Avenue, New Haven, Conn.
In Canada:—The A. C. Gilbert-Menzies Co., Limited, Toronto
In England—The A. C. Gilbert Co., 125 High Holborn, London, W. C. 1



The A. C. Gilbert Company
119 Blatchley Ave., New Haven, Conn.
Please send your book, "Gilbert Boy Engineering," for which I enclose 25c, to
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE

Chats with an EXPERT on FORDS

No. 1

HERE'S about the best advice I can give the man who wants a sweet-running Ford: Watch your *timer*—use the best you can get—and oil it regularly.

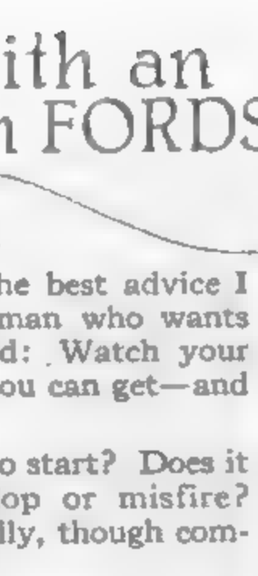
Is your engine hard to start? Does it pull unevenly, gallop or misfire? Does it carbonize badly, though compression is O. K.?

Don't tell me the trouble's in the magneto, piston rings or coils. Put on a new timer—a good one—and see if your troubles aren't over!

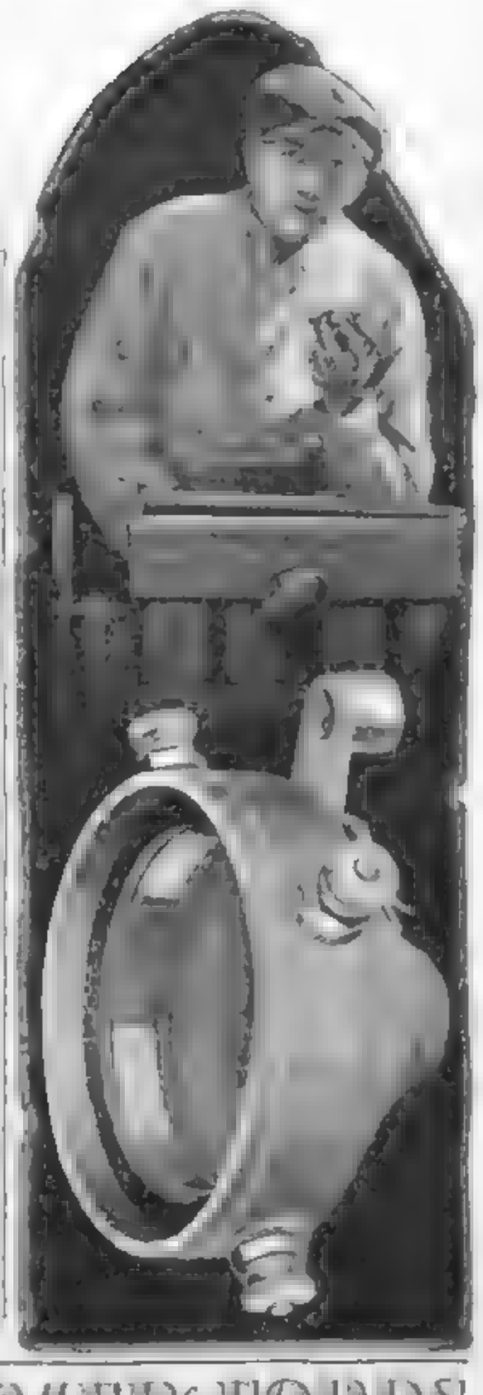
I recommend the ***Milwaukee Timer;*** it's the standard. The design's right—3,000,000 Ford cars use the same type—and it's by far the best made and most dependable on the market.

Most dealers sell the Milwaukee Timer.
(500,000 *sold in* 1919—1,000,000 *for* 1920)

MILWAUKEE AUTO ENGINE & SUPPLY COMPANY
MILWAUKEE, WIS.
(Also Manufacturers of Guardian Bumpers)



BRUSH ASSEMBLY—guaranteed to outwear any other made. Finished, assembled and fitted with watch-like precision

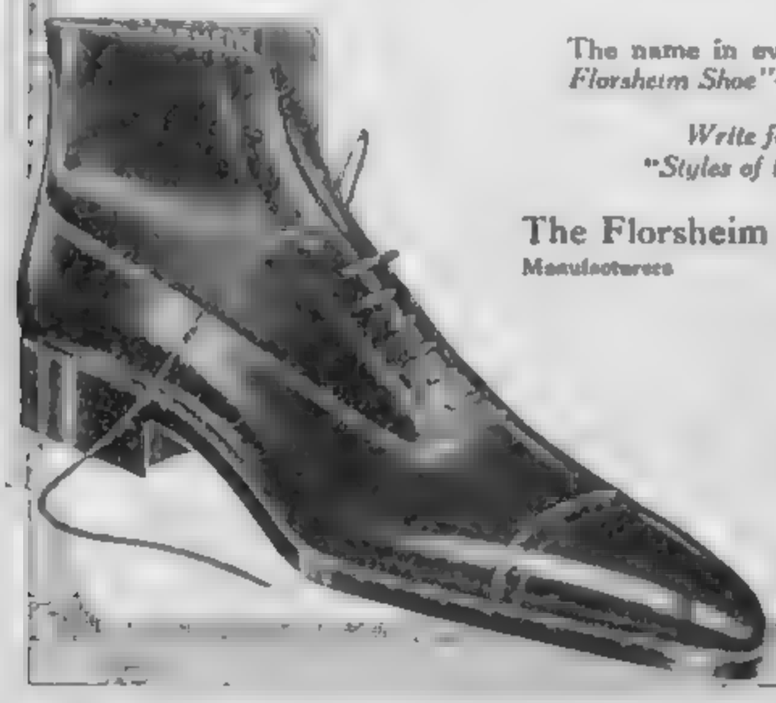


MILWAUKEE TIMER for FORDS

"From the Man with Cares"

The Florsheim Shoe

WE cannot afford to make disappointing shoes, and you cannot afford to buy them. Our reputation is worth too much to us; and your comfort, satisfaction and money are worth too much to you. We've kept on turning out Florsheim quality—you can keep on enjoying it.



The name in every pair—"*The Florsheim Shoe*"—look for it.

Write for book "Styles of the Times".

The Florsheim Shoe Company
Manufacturers Chicago

The Rainbow
Style M-55

"Why did you do that?"

"Merely because my companion asked me to."

"What else did you do?"

"Waited with the crowd until the City Hospital ambulance arrived."

At the word "ambulance" Gabriel pricked up his ears. The River County Bar Association for several years now had been frowning at the pernicious activities of several of the younger members of the bar. It was disbarring lawyers right and left. And it came to Gabe that this case might prove young Hilary's undoing in more ways than one. Gabe felt that he himself was about to kill two birds with one stone. He would win this case on the evidence. He would see to it that that evidence tainted this young Hilary sufficiently to bring him to the notice of the bar association. Two birds—there were three. It was on the cards that he would effectually prevent this slick young man from getting any future verdicts.

"After the ambulance came and took Bimberg," nodded Hilary to the girl, "what did you do then?"

"I didn't do it," said the girl. "My companion did it."

"What did he do?" smiled Hilary.

"He got me to walk back half a block or so," went on the girl. "Then he excused himself and went into a store, leaving me to stand upon the curb."

"What kind of store?"

"A hardware store."

"Did he come out again?"

"Inside of five minutes," said the girl. "When he came out he had a length of cord, a folding foot rule and a spirit level."

"Was he a carpenter?"

"No," said the girl.

"What happened then?"

"Then," said the girl, "we all went out into the middle of the street."

"How many of you?"

"Three of us," said the girl. "Myself, my companion—and another friend of ours who had been on the car."

"Man or woman?"

"Man."

"What then?" asked Hilary.

"We found the place," nodded the girl. "It was just this side of Virginia Avenue. We found the place, and my companion asked me to help him, and I did."

"Doing what?"

The girl leaned forward, explaining with her hands to the jury as she went along.

"We were interested in the southbound track," she said. "That was the track our car was on. Acting under instructions I took one end of the cord and held it on the right-hand rail of that track—the rail nearest the curb. My companion took the other end of the cord and stretched it taut, touching the other rail. Then he placed his spirit level on the cord. Then he raised his end of the cord until the cord was level."

"When it was level," queried Hilary, "how far was his end of the cord above his rail?"

"We measured with the foot rule," said the girl. "His rail—there was a joint there and something underneath had sagged—his rail was lower than my rail by six inches, maybe seven. Oh," exclaimed the girl, "I think that is the worst bit of trolley roadbed in the state."

"I move to strike out the last part of the witness' answer," yelled Gabriel.

"Read it to me," said the court. It was read to him.

"Not what you think," explained the court gently to the witness, purposely misconstruing Gabe's motion; "only what you know."

"I know," said the girl, "that it is the worst bit of trolley roadbed that I ever saw."

"Do you know," went on Hilary, "what is the distance between passing trolley cars? Normally, I mean."

"I saw a man crushed between two once," said the girl. "He was caught between them and couldn't get away. So the space is very small."

"From your recollection of this Bimberg accident, where was your car when the catastrophe occurred?"

"Just after we left Virginia Avenue," returned the girl. "And at just about the spot where the dip lay in the rail."

"What had that dip to do with the accident?" asked Hilary.

"How can she know?" cried Gabriel.

"Let's find that out," nodded the judge.

He didn't care a merry hoot in Hades who won this case, just so long as he could get this girl to look at him now and then.

"Now, madam," he said impressively, "just what would happen to two cars passing at that point?"

The girl fixed the judge with a glowing eye. "They would kiss each other as they passed," she said.

"They would—what?" exclaimed the judge, interested.

"Kiss."

"How do you know they would?" demanded His Honor. "How do you know they would kiss as they passed, madam?"

"Because," said the girl, "that's what they did in this case."

"Kiss?" insinuated His Honor.

"Yes."

"And how do you know that they kissed in this instance?" went on the judge.

"Because," returned the girl, "after the accident happened my companion and myself walked round the car, and the paint was all scratched off."

"Scratches as well as kisses," mused the court.

"And the bars were bent—and everything where the other car had sidewiped ours."

"Something more than a mere kiss, then," anxiously remarked the judge.

"A terrific smack," said the girl with a smile.

The judge leaned back in his chair. "Proceed," he said to Hilary.

Hilary hesitated for an instant. "There were two men with you when you made the measurements?" he asked.

"Yes," said the girl.

"One of them made measurements with you?"

"Yes."

"What became of the other man?"

"The other man," said the girl with the suspicion of a sniff, "just stood on the curbstone at a safe, respectful distance—and—just watched."

"He didn't help?"

"He said," returned the girl, "that it wasn't ethical."

Hilary sat down. Gabe rose with considerable fire in his eye.

"And who," he demanded, "was this companion of yours who got the implements and made the measurements?"

The girl's chin quivered.

"Mis-ter Hilary," she said.

Gabriel brightened.

"Oh," he cooed. "Mis-ter Hilary, the eager and assiduous young counsel in this case. He got you to help him get this evidence."

"He did," returned the girl. She spoke with the air of one having a chip on her shoulder.

"And," persisted the trolley lawyer, "how did you happen to be on the car with Mr. Hilary?" He said it with the air of a man having a personal grievance about the matter.

The girl shrugged her shoulders. "We all live in the north end of town," she explained. "We often meet on trolley cars."

Hilary laughed aloud. "You don't dispute her word?" he asked.

"Don't interrupt me," cried Gabriel.

He fixed the witness with his eye. He put her through the bitterest and most grueling cross-examination ever witnessed by a River County jury. With one result—the more he cross-examined the stronger her testimony got. The girl edged in cleverly everything she had forgotten to tell on the direct. Then Gabriel craftily, inch by inch, drew the stiletto from his sleeve.

"Now," he demanded of the girl, "tell me—how did this lawyer, Hilary, come to get this case?"

"If she knows," said the judge protectingly.

"Yes, if she knows," said Gabriel.

The girl brightened. "Oh, I do know," she said. She looked at Hilary. "Shall I—shall I tell?" she queried.

"Go as far as you like," said Hilary.

"You see," explained the girl, "I took some flowers to Mr. Bimberg at the City Hospital. I felt so sorry for him."

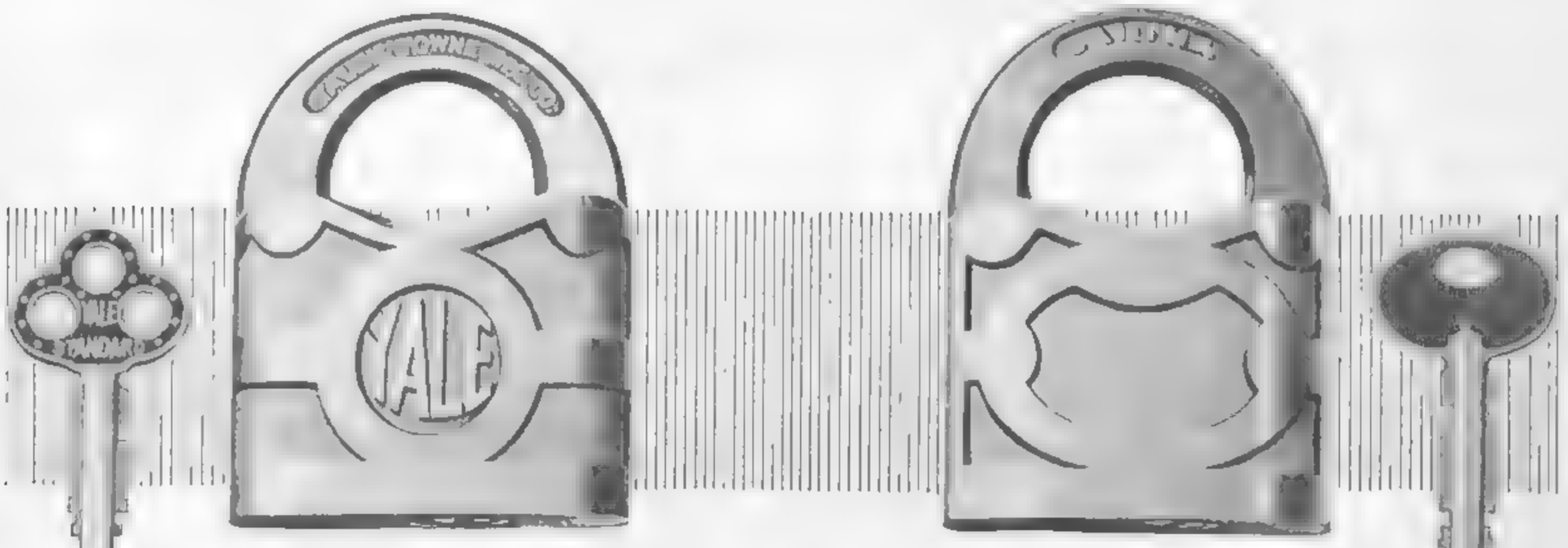
"You weren't allowed to see him?" demanded Gabriel.

"Oh, yes, I was," went on the witness blithely. "They took me right in to him. There he was, all nicely tucked in bed. He'd had his arm off and everything. And he was very grateful for the flowers."

Bimberg stirred in his chair. "She had them flowers all doctored up with smells," he remarked in reminiscent glee.

"And you talked about his case?" persisted Gabriel.

(Continued on Page 185)



One of these is a YALE lock -the other is not

At first glance they look alike.

The outside shape is very similar in both cases.

But the inside? Ah! Now you're coming to it.

Inside there is a big difference indeed—all the difference between a Yale Lock and a lock that is not Yale.

Without the name there would only be two ways of finding out.

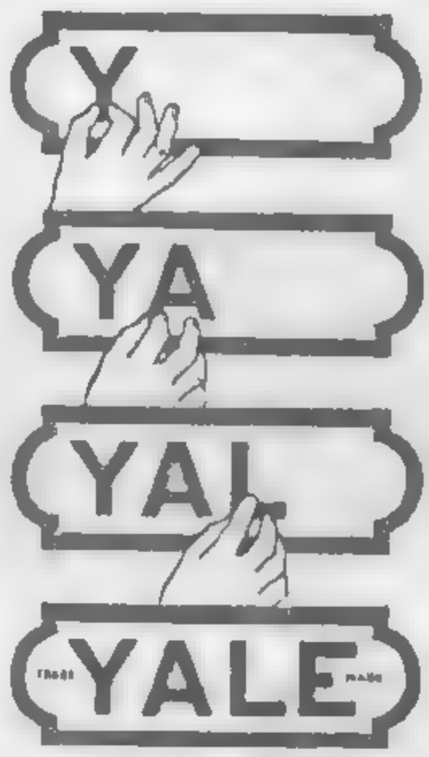
One would be to take the lock to pieces and look at its inside. The other would be by watching it at work, seeing how it stood up to every demand that a good lock is supposed to meet. Either way would satisfy you that Yale quality is very much of a reality.

But you don't have to do either of those things.

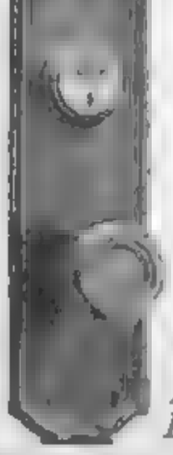
When you buy a lock, there's just one thing that you have to do to satisfy yourself that it's the sort of lock you really want—see the name Yale on it.

Without that name, a lock is not a Yale. But when that name is there you know that the inside of that lock has everything that makes a Yale Lock.

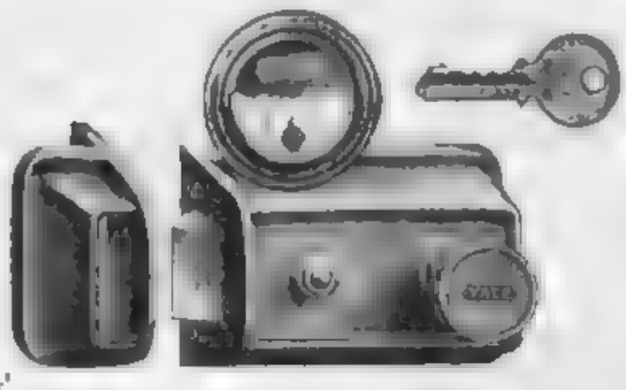
And it's the inside that counts.



Yale Made is Yale Marked

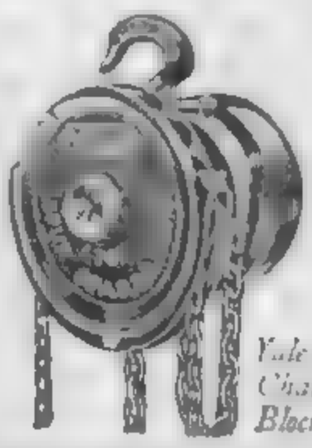


Yale Builders' Hardware



Yale Cylinder Night Latches

Yale Dial Locks



Yale Chain Blocks

Yale Door Closers

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co., *Makers of the Yale Locks*--General Offices & Works: Stamford, Conn.
New York Office: 9 E. 40th St. Canadian Yale & Towne Ltd. St. Catharines, Ont. Chicago Office: 77 E. Lake St.

STEP on the accelerator of the National Sextet, and the car sprints from two to forty miles an hour within a short city block. When the open road begs for the throttle, a speed of fifty miles an hour seems a leisurely thirty, so smoothly does the Sextet roll. Seventy-five miles an hour is no stranger to this car. Its high efficiency, overhead-valve engine develops more than seventy horsepower.

NATIONAL MOTOR CAR & VEHICLE CORPORATION, INDIANAPOLIS

National
20th
Successful Year

(Continued from Page 182)

"We did," confessed the girl. "I told him it was an outrage and that he ought to get a good live lawyer to get him damages at once."

"Mr. Hilary told you to say that?" demanded Gabe.

"Dear me, no," said the girl. "I thought [illegible]yself."

[illegible]ng woman," cried Gabriel, "do you [illegible]at ambulance chasing is?"

[illegible]irl's eyes widened with innocence. "I've heard of it," she said, "but I don't think it can be done. They go too fast."

"Do you know," went on Gabriel, with one eye on the jury, "that we are disbarring lawyers in this state for soliciting cases of this kind?"

"They can't disbar me. I'm not a lawyer," said the girl.

"Did you recommend Mr. Hilary to Bimberg?"

"I did," returned the girl, "in a sort of way. Mr. Bimberg asked me if I knew a good live lawyer. And I told him I'd give him the name of the first one I thought of. I thought of Mr. Hilary."

"Thought of him first, did you?" cried Gabe.

"Yes," nodded the young woman; "and I told him that Mr. Hilary was my lawyer."

"Your lawyer?" snapped the traction counsel. "Your lawyer? What law business have you got?"

Hilary rose.

"Sir," said Hilary to the cross-examiner, "I invite you to tell this jury what business it is of yours what law business she may have."

Gabriel didn't take the dare; he went right on.

"What law business," he demanded of the witness, "has this Mr. Hilary ever done for you?"

"Well, of course," faltered the girl, "I only wanted to convey to Mr. Bimberg that I had confidence in Mr. Hilary. As a matter of fact," she confessed to the jury, "I've never had any law business. But when I get any it will go to Mr. Hilary. I know that he treats everybody right."

"Treats you right, too, I suppose," yelled Gabriel, almost beside himself with outrage and offense.

"Treats me right, too," returned the girl.

"And that's the only reason why you sent Bimberg to Hilary?"

"Why not?" exclaimed the girl. "I wanted Mr. Bimberg to have a good lawyer and I wanted Mr. Hilary to have a good case. What harm in that?"

It was a question that Gabe didn't answer. He was there to ask questions, not to answer them. So he went on asking more.

"Now," he demanded, "who was this other man with you and Hilary that day—the man who stood upon the curbstone and looked on?"

"And who was so ethical?" smiled the girl.

"Yes," nodded Gabriel.

"Oh," smiled the girl; "that was just another lawyer. A good one too. Senator Flanders, said to be the best jury lawyer in the state."

Gabriel was speechless. The judge was not. "You mean our Flanders?" asked the judge.

"The trolley company's Flanders," said the girl.

"Do you see him here in court?" demanded Gabriel.

The girl sniffed. She kept her glance fixed upon the jury box. "I don't see him now," she said.

"That's all!" cried Gabriel Smith, flabbergasted, slumping into his seat.

The girl left the witness stand and tripped gracefully toward her place on the front-row bench.

Then Hilary rose. He rose to play the most cold-blooded trick of all his youthful career at the bar. Gabriel Smith waved his hand at Hilary.

"I suppose," said Gabriel with the suspicion of a sneer present in his tone, "you'll take the stand to corroborate this girl?"

Hilary stared at him aghast—stared at the court, stared at the jury.

"I?" he retorted in the tone of a man who hasn't heard aright. "I take the witness stand to help win my client's case?" He flicked the suggestion from him as a man flicks a bit of undesirable foreign matter from his coat sleeve. "I'll call Senator Frederic Flanders," he announced.

Flanders, debonair and unperturbed as usual, came forward. He was duly sworn and took the stand.

"I might ask you, senator," began Hilary, "whether you are the chief trial counsel in this circuit for the River City Traction Company, the defendant in this case."

"I am," said Flanders.

"And you are the gentleman who stood so ethically upon the curbstone?"

Flanders flinched. "When I shave tomorrow morning," he returned, "I'll think up an answer to that question. I can't think up any now."

"You are the gentleman who stood upon the curbstone?"

"I am," said Flanders promptly.

"And," went on Hilary, "you have been subpœnaed by me to appear here as a witness in this case?"

"I have."

"And you are here merely in obedience to that subpœna?"

"I am."

It was then that young Hilary played his low-down trick. The situation was unusual. On the witness stand before him sat a man who, according to the girl's examination, had been upon the trolley car in question. Nay, under cross-examination, she had testified that this very man, her second companion, was sitting alongside of Bimberg when the jolt occurred—his face toward Bimberg's window, talking now and then over his shoulder to the girl and Hilary. Here was the man who had left the car with the girl and Hilary—had trailed them politely but curiously to the decayed spot in the roadbed—had watched them politely, curiously and ethically as they made their measurements. The plaintiff's case so far depended not upon Bimberg's story, for Bimberg had no story. Hilary himself, a likely witness, had declined to take the witness stand. The girl alone had made the case for Bimberg. The court knew it, Hilary knew it, the jury knew it—and Gabriel Smith knew it well. And on the witness stand there sat the man, called by the plaintiff, who could make or break that story of the girl. Within this man's breast were locked up the facts.

Hilary, with a chuckle, turned his trick. He forbore to ask the witness further questions. He turned to the court.

"If Your Honor please," said Hilary, "I rest my case."

Gabriel Smith was on his feet again. "What's the matter with you?" he demanded of Hilary. "Aren't you going to examine this witness?"

"Not so you can notice it," said Hilary; "I never plow with the other man's heifer."

"Your Honor," said Flanders with dignity, "I am no heifer."

"Let it appear upon the record that Senator Flanders is no heifer," nodded the court.

"I am not going to examine Senator Flanders," said Hilary to Gabe Smith. "He is your man and not mine."

"I am no man's man," protested Flanders.

"You're going to rest your case on the testimony of one witness?" demanded Gabriel Smith. "This girl?"

"This girl," assented Hilary; "the testimony of this girl isn't going to be denied."

"You examine Senator Flanders," cried Gabriel Smith, "and see if he corroborates her story."

"You examine him yourself," said Hilary.

"I'll be dinged if I do," emphatically yelled Gabriel.

"You'll be dinged if you don't," said Hrlary, and thereupon sat down.

Late that afternoon, while Gabriel Smith sat in his private office in high dudgeon, smoking black cigars, word filtered in over the telephone that the jury in the Bimberg case had returned a twelve-thousand-dollar verdict, postwar prices, for the man whose hand and arm had been thrust outside the window of the car.

"Ding!" cried Gabriel Smith.

There was a knock on the door. Flanders sauntered in.

"You get out of here!" cried Gabriel Smith. "What are you doin'—comin' in here, crowing over me?"

"Not crowing," returned Flanders gently, holding out his hand. "Believe me—I know how it is."

"That dinged little upstart Hilary—and my own daughter—my own flesh and blood—running in circles all round me. Me—Gabriel Smith," cried Gabe.

"Chief," said Flanders, drawing a folded paper from his pocket, "I didn't come in here to crow over you. I came in here to do us both a favor. We don't swing well together, chief. You're getting testy—and I've gone stale. You can't handle a man whose mind won't go willingly along with

Money Can't Measure This Spotlight's *Extra* Advantages

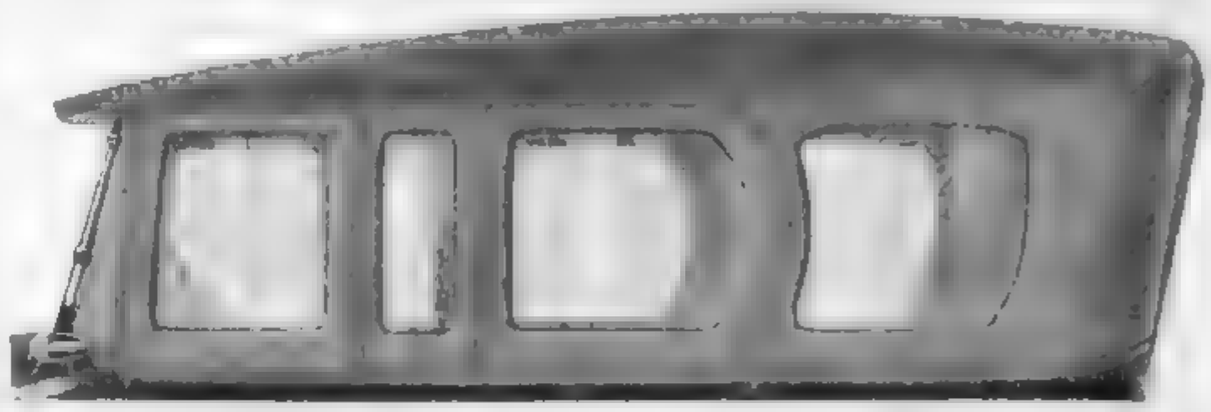
Consider Anderson Autoreelite solely as a spotlight and it will win your preference. And at night when a repair or tire change is necessary, who would be without its *extra* advantages for any consideration?

Two twists of thumb and forefinger and Anderson Autoreelite reels out any distance to twelve feet. Illuminates any part of the car, making repairs at night as easy as in the day. Yet it costs no more than ordinary spotlights.

Model B-6—6-inch diameter, [illegible] lamp $10.00.
Model B-7—7-inch diameter, [illegible] lamp $12.00.

These and other models have rear mirrors. At good dealers and supply houses. Booklet S. P. 301 upon request.

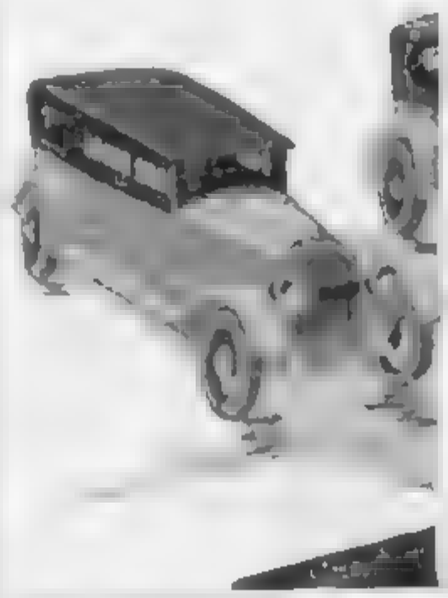
ANDERSON ELECTRIC & EQUIPMENT CO.
S. P. 154–160 Whiting Street
Chicago, Ill.



Badger DeLuxe All Season TOPS

IN late Summer or early Fall, when the weather is fitful and changeable, you'll find unusual comfort in your Badger DeLuxe Top with shower curtains up.

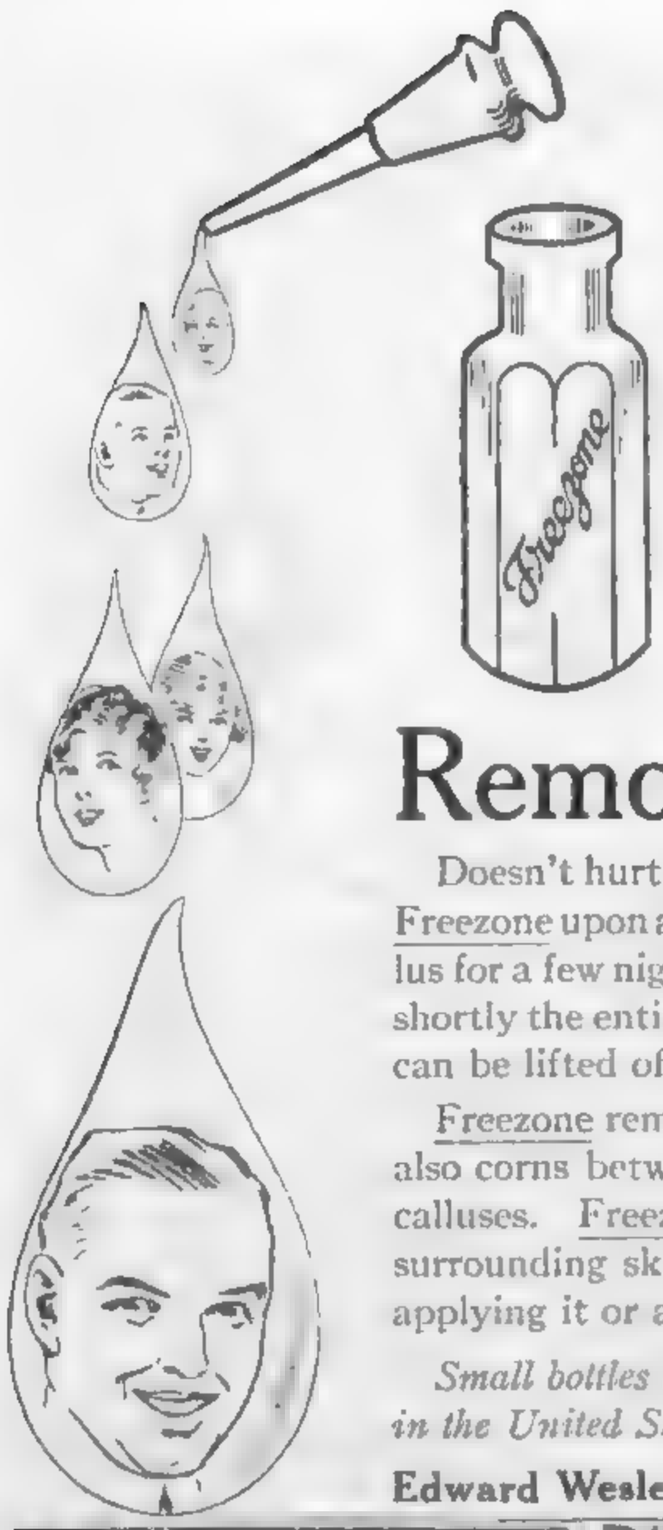
An open car in Summer, a closed car in Winter, a handsome, distinctive, comfortable car all year 'round. The Badger DeLuxe Top—California design—securely and permanently attached to your car provides you with a real closed car at a touring car price. Made of highest grade materials by expert workmen, it is strikingly beautiful.



Now ready for Buick, Nash, Studebaker, Hudson and Essex.

Write for descriptive literature and dealer's name.

McAVOY BROS. & CO.
Racine, Wisconsin
Makers of Fine Tops for Automobiles



Remove Corns!

Doesn't hurt a bit! Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus for a few nights. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the United States or Canada.

Edward Wesley and Co., Cincinnati, O.

WAKE UP

every morning with your trousers freshly and perfectly creased. Baggy knees and wrinkles removed while you sleep.

The Ford Trouser Creaser

[illegible] padded, will fold for the traveling bag. Lasts a lifetime. A moment to operate. Mailed parcel post, prepaid, $1.50.

Wisconsin Textile Mfg. Co.
Two Rivers, Wisconsin
Also Manufacturers of Infants' Underwear and Stocking Forms
Wood Specialties

PATENTS
BEST RESULTS
BOOKLET FREE
HIGHEST REFERENCES
PROMPTNESS ASSURED
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, 624 F St., Washington, D. C.

WRITE FOR OUR FREE BOOKS ON **PATENTS**
MUNN & Co.
620 Woolworth Bldg. NEW YORK
625 F Street, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Scott Tower Bldg. CHICAGO
[illegible] Bldg. SAN FRANCISCO

No finger pricking or slip-ups with the
ARGUS PAPER CLIPS

Vise-like form holds papers with Bull Dog grip. [illegible] shield *prevents* contact with

IMPROVEMENT

[illegible] economy [illegible] desk a box of ARGUS PAPER CLIPS.

Ask your stationer for ARGUS PAPER CLIPS or send us $1.50 for five boxes Prepaid.

ARGUS MFG. COMPANY
402 N. Paulina St., Dept. 61, Chicago

"We Have Three in Our Home"

"My mama says she couldn't keep house without them."

BENJAMIN **AMP-PLUG** PAT.

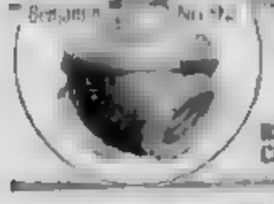
The Quality Plug

Gives double service from every single electric socket.

"Every wired home needs three or more."

At your dealer's

3 for $3.50
OR $1.25 EACH



Benjamin No. 2452 Shade Holders enable you to use any shade with your Two-Way Plugs.

BENJAMIN ELECTRIC MFG. CO.
Chicago, New York, San Francisco

Indian Summer and

Vogan's CHOCOLATES

If your dealer cannot supply you send $1.75 for our Fruits and Nuts Package. Wt. 1 lb.
Vogan Candy Co. Portland, Ore.

yours, and I'm cut out for a free lance, nothing else. Besides, believe me, I can make more money winning cases against you than I can losing cases for you. I resign."

Gabriel Smith turned pale. "You—you don't mean it?" he faltered.

Flanders shook his head. "The moving finger writes—and having writ ——" he said.

"But," spluttered Gabe Smith, "who the devil will we get to try our cases now?"

A sympathetic smile played round the corners of Flanders' fine mouth. "Turn of the wrist—you try 'em, chief."

"You go to thunder!" yelled Gabe Smith. "Now, look here. You're putting us in a hole, you understand. I want a man to try our cases. You stick to us until we get that man."

"I've got him," nodded Flanders.

"Who've you got?" demanded Gabe.

"Hilary," said Flanders.

"Not in ten thousand years!" cried Gabe.

"Think," said Flanders. "Do you know any other man that could have gotten away with a case like Bimberg's; and against you, one of the leading lawyers in the state? Think—the boy's got something. He's been winning jury cases against you. He's been costing you much money. Why not have him win jury cases for you? It will save that much money in the end. Besides that, the boy's been studying me—he's copped all the tricks I've got. Besides that, chief," went on Flanders, striking while the iron was hot, "the boy is just outside."

Gabriel Smith thought about it for an instant.

"Well, bring him in," he said.

Flanders went out. Hilary and his star witness swung into the room, side by side.

"You two whippersnappers, you!" cried Gabriel Smith indignantly.

"Yes, father," said Marjorie contritely.

"Yes, sire—I mean, sir," said Hilary.

"Sit down!" yelled Gabriel Smith.

They sat down. Gabriel looked Hilary over.

"Well, you did it, didn't you?" he said to Hilary.

"Did—what?" queried the young man wonderingly.

"Trimmed me in that Bimberg case," said Gabe.

"Oh, that," smiled Hilary with the air of a man who had forgotten that there was a Bimberg case.

"Look here," said Gabe; "has Flanders talked to you—about his leaving here?"

"He has," said Hilary.

"Flanders is stuck on you," went on Gabe. "He seriously recommends our giving you a trial."

"Father!" cried Marjorie ecstatically.

Gabe waved her to one side.

"For my part," said Gabe, "I think you're too young. There's something more to do here in this office than merely play-acting before a jury.

"We're in a hole—we've been losing cases right and left. Powers that be are raising a holler—and when they hear about this Bimberg case, good night!"

"Mr. Smith," said young Hilary eagerly, "you know I have a system of my own. You see, I try only cases that I'm sure I'll win. I settle all the others on the best terms that I can. And I get away with it. Now, why not try that system in your law department here?"

"H'm," mused Gabriel Smith, rubbing his nose and forgetting that Flanders had dinned this same doctrine into his ears year in and year out.

"Father!" cried Marjorie.

"Oh, you," said Gabe Smith.

"Father," went on Marjorie, "now you know that I know that you're worried stiff about this business here. What you've got to do to hold your job is just to get results. And getting results means that you've got to pay out just as little damages as you can. And I thought that, since we're all in one family—or will be soon—why, you and I and Dick Hilary could sort of put our heads together, days and nights and all the time, and keep on figuring to make things just come out right. That's what I think."

"Oh, you do, do you?" said her father.

"I think that too," said Hilary.

"Oh, you do, do you?" repeated Gabe Smith. Then helplessly and hopelessly he held out his hand. "Well, ding it, Hilary," he exclaimed, "we've got to do something and do it right away. It's a go. Suppose we take you on."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

IS fully protected by copyright. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

September 4, 1920

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
The Story That Ends Twice—*Irvin S. Cobb*	8
The Sequel—*Percival Wilde*	11
Man's Size—*May Edginton*	12
The Heroine—*Albert Payson Terhune*	16
Solitaire—*Hugh Wiley*	20
A Turn of the Wrist—*William Hamilton Osborne*	32

SERIALS

Four Flights Up—*Henry Payson Dowst*	3
As it Was in the Beginning—*Arthur Train*	24
The Rose Dawn—*Stewart Edward White*	26

ARTICLES

Some Decisive Quarrels and Jealousies in American Politics—*George F. Parker*	6
Caught Short—*Edward H. Smith*	14
Trial by Travel—*Kenneth L. Roberts*	18
As I Remember—*Jefferson Winter*	22
First Aid to Vox Populi—*Edward G. Lowry*	29
The Petroleum Problem of the United States—*M. L. Requa*	30
Taking the Dust Out of Industry—*Capt. H. P. Sheldon*	45

DEPARTMENTS

The Reformers—*Alfred Noyes* (poem)	19
Editorials	28
Everybody's Business—*Floyd W. Parsons*	38
Small Town Stuff—*Robert Quillen*	42
Sense and Nonsense	50

A Request for Change of Address must reach us at least thirty days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. Be sure to give your old address as well as the new one.

BEACON

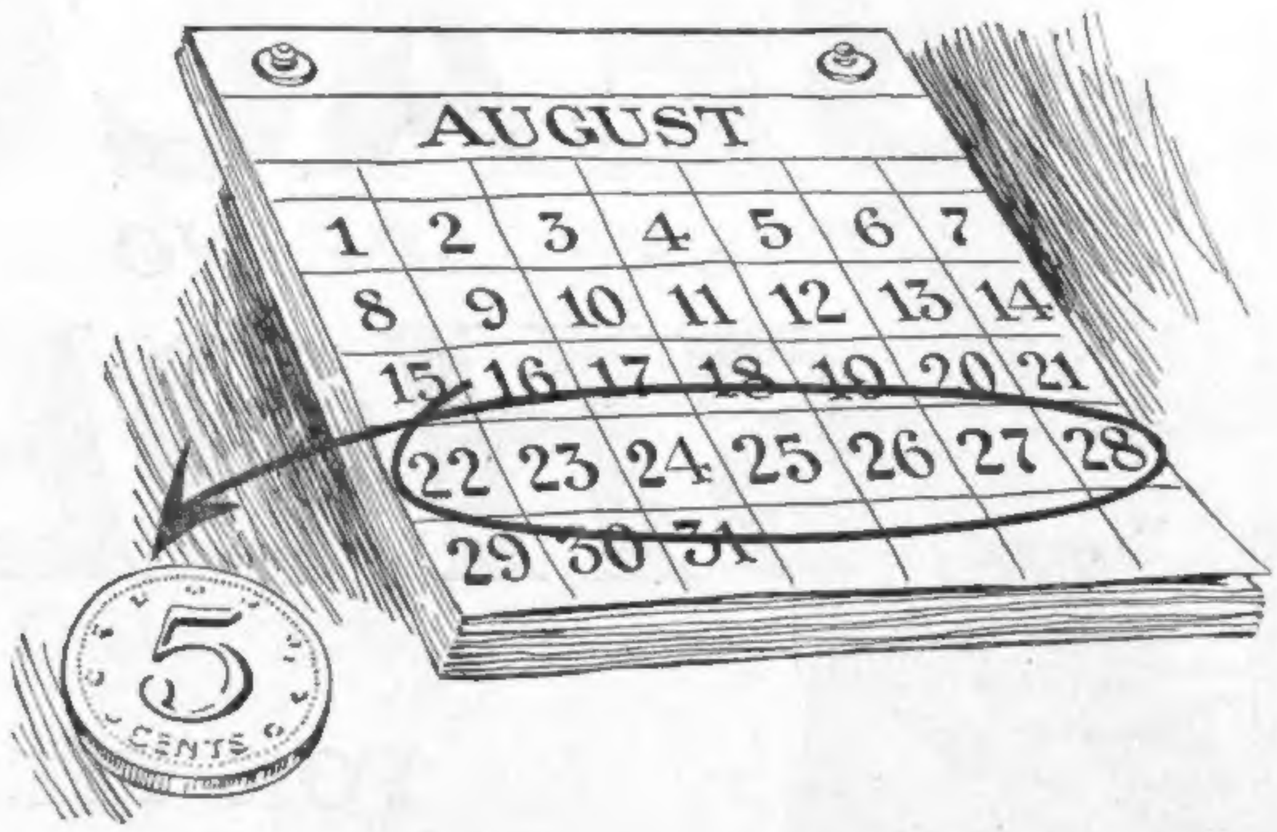
THERE ARE NO BETTER

SHOES

FOR FIT
FOR STYLE
FOR WEAR

No 92 Trend
BURGUNDY BAL

F. M. Hoyt Shoe Company, Makers, Manchester, New Hampshire



Less than a nickel a week

This is all that Swift & Company's profit cost the average American family in 1919.

Here are the figures and authorities for them:

The average consumption of meat per person for a year is about 180 pounds (U. S. Government).

The average American family is 4½ persons (U. S. Census).

Swift & Company's profit from all sources in 1919 averaged less than ¼ cent per pound on all products including meat.

This averages for the family less than the price of—

1 cigar **per week** for father, or

1 street car fare **per week** for mother, or

1 package of gum **per week** for the children.

The complex service which we furnish the public is efficient and economical. The cost to the public in the shape of profit is too small to be noticeable in the family meat bill.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Founded 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 35,000 shareholders

Clicquot Club

Pronounced Klee-Ko

GINGER ALE

They All Like It

AFTER exercise, a bottle of Clicquot Club Ginger Ale is by all means the best refreshment, if only because pure ginger is a safeguard against sudden chill. Very fortunate, this, for active persons, since Clicquot Club Ginger Ale is the very drink they all like, whether they are really thirsty or not.

All over the country people are now saying "Clicquot" when they call for ginger ale. Clicquot taste, Clicquot color, and Clicquot liveliness all *mean* ginger ale to these constantly increasing numbers of persons, because those qualities are the same from every bottle of Clicquot, and the Clicquot blend has won them absolutely.

If you've even once tasted Clicquot, you know precisely what you are getting when you order a case from druggist or grocer.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY
Millis, Mass., U. S. A.

Columbia Grafonola

They all make records exclusively for Columbia

There's an all-star bill appearing every night on the biggest circuit in the world.

Al Jolson, Nora Bayes, Van and Schenck, Harry Fox, Bert Williams, and Ted Lewis' Jazz Band are the headliners on this bill.

The audiences they entertain number millions every night—a vast and growing army of Columbia Record fans.

Stop at some Columbia dealer's. Buy the latest numbers of these song-loving and laughter-provoking Columbia stars. Join the happy family of Columbia fans. Enjoy an all-star bill each night at home.

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, NEW YORK
Canadian Factory: Toronto

The Only Non Set Automatic Stop

Nothing to move or set or measure. Just start the Grafonola and it plays and stops itself. *Exclusively* on the Columbia Grafonola.

Standard Models up to $300
Period Designs up to $2100

Columbia Records
Columbia Grafonola